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WOMAN AND HER ERA.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

Every book of knowledge known to Oosana or Vrechaspatee is by nature implanted in the understandings of Women.—VISHNU SARMA

I pray you, O gracious Captain, save and protect these good women, for had we been deprived of their excellent wisdom, and the manly purpose they do inspire us withal, God only knoweth in what sea of greed, lust and brutish appetite, we had long ago been swamped.—MEDIEVAL HERO.

Women are both clearer in intellect and more generous in affection than men. They love Truth more because they know her better, and trust Humanity in a diviner spirit, because they find more that is divine in it.—MODERN CIVILIZATION.

In Two Volumes.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE FEW BELOVED FRIENDS,

WOMEN,

ON BOTH SHORES OF THE CONTINENT, WHOSE FIRESIDES HAVE AFFORDED ME THE REST AND PEACE OF HOME, FOR THE EXECUTION OF THIS WORK; WHOSE APPRECIATIVE SYMPATHY HAS GIVEN ME BOTH LIGHT AND COURAGE FOR ITS DIFFICULTIES: AND TO

WOMAN,

WHOSE GIFTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES IT SEEKS TO SET FORTH; WHOSE EARNESTNESS IT AIMS TO KINDLE INTO DIVINE, UNITARY CO-WORKING FOR THE BLESSING OF HUMANITY; WHOSE CONSCIOUSNESS IT ASPIRES TO INFORM OF TRUTHS HERETOFORE HIDDEN,

THIS BOOK IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

Her shape arises!

She, less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever,

The gross and soiled she moves among do not make her gross and soiled,

She knows the thoughts as she passes—nothing is concealed from her,

She is none the less considerate or friendly therefore;

She is the best beloved—it is without exception—she has no reason to fear and she does not fear,

Oaths, quarrels, hiccupped songs, proposals, ribald expressions, are idle to her as she passes,

She is silent—she is possessed of herself—they do not offend her,

She receives them as the laws of nature receives them—she is strong,

She too is a law of nature—there is no law stronger than she is.

PREFACE.

Nearly twenty-two years have elapsed since the Truth which is the burthen of the following pages, first took possession of my mind. It has ever since held its place unwaveringly, there. No conflict of theory or purpose, with regard to Woman's nature, the greatness of her responsibility, or the moral magnificence of her destiny, has ever been possible to me since that day. Hence, I have never been able to co-operate with any party on the Woman Question, and have constantly, therefore, been exposed, by its stringency among us, to the disadvantages one always suffers who is a sympathetic, yet dissenting spectator of any earnest movement. It is impossible to escape the reproaches either of its opponents or its advocates. None more than I, has respected the effort for Woman, wherever made, and on whatever theoretic basis. That it has seemed to me, as conveyed in its most current nomenclature, of Woman's Rights, erroneous in philosophy, and in many practical matters, partially mistaken in direction, has not prevented my just appreciation of its value to society, or of the courage and faithfulness of those conducting it. I will yield to none in grateful admiration of those pioneer struggles whose fruits we are now enjoying, in the partial emancipation of

Women from the legal and social disabilities under which the sex has labored from the beginning. If the wife of the dissolute husband can hold in her own right, the means of saving her children from starvation and ignorance; if the ranks of self-supporting Women find new and more remunerative fields open to them; if the Wronged Woman breathes a more human atmosphere of compassion, tenderness, and respect—healers, all, of the hurt she has suffered; if the Society of our day realizes, in its high need, the more fluent power of Woman to purify, inspire, and uplift it to higher motives and better regulated action; if the diviner tenderness of the feminine life is taking more distinct forms of potentiality over the selfishness and ferocity of former ages, we have to thank, more than any other party or organization, the brave Women of our generation who have persistently striven for these objects, bearing, meanwhile, the inevitable reproach and contumely of such a Reform, but never abandoning it. And if the views herein contained, are to receive a more liberal hearing now than they could have at the period of their advent into my own mind, that favorable circumstance, according to my judgment, is due mainly to these efforts. And I am grateful for them—not so much because they have prepared an audience for my word, as for any Truth of Woman, from any source.

In the twenty-two years which the seed of this Truth has taken for its maturing, my experience has been so varied, as to give it almost every form of trial which could fall to the intellectual life of any, save the very few most favored Women. The press of circumstance has crowded me, during those years, into prospective affluence, and again

reduced me to poverty. The revolving wheel of experience has cast me up, and again thrown me down, on the thronged roads where I have had to walk. Joy and grief, happiness and anguish, hope and discouragement, light and darkness, have checkered my lot. Wedlock and widowhood, births and deaths have enriched and impoverished me. I have lived in the thoughtful solitude of the frontier, and amid the noise and distractions of the crowded mart. Years of severe manual labor have been exacted of me for the support and education of my children—years of travel have thrown me among great varieties of men and women; and the capacity to be useful to them, in many private and public ways, has mingled me much with their inmost, as well as their more common, external hopes, desires, fears and purposes. I have seen these in all varieties of character and degree, in both sexes: among the gifted and the stupid, the intelligent and the ignorant, the noble and the mean, the liberal and the bigoted, the criminal, the outcast, the insane, and the idiotic. Each phase of this varied experience has taught me its lesson: each has furnished its test whereby to try the Truth: each has given its measure of culture to the little seed so long ago dropped in my mind.

And this is its product.

I ask no one to take it at my valuation. I only affirm that it has grown steadily through the storm and shine of that quarter of a century, and is, to my thought, as firmly grounded among the eternal Truths, as are the ribbed strata of the rocks, or the hollows of the everlasting sea. I can no more question this than those.

The statement of it here offered, has, I am con

scious, many imperfections, which I perhaps shall never be able to correct. But one I shall seek to remedy at an early day, by a succeeding work. This is the lack of illustration in the closing chapters of the present work. The defect, if such it shall be felt to be, was deliberately permitted, for reasons which entirely justified it to my mind.

For the fullest help of Women, at this initial stage of their development, in becoming co-workers with Nature, in her grand design of Artistic Maternity, copious illustration of the *power* to become so, is needful. For this I have ample stores, from the observations and experiences of these twenty-two years. But as I advanced, I saw that statement and argument must quite fully precede illustration, in order to make the latter most effective. When the foundation is laid, the superstructure will stand secure. I therefore purposely surrender these pages to stating and reasoning the case. They may be taken, also, as the sure promise of more—not from me alone, but from hundreds of apt minds, that will be unsealed to give voice to experience, having seen her in the clear light of the Truth herein unvailed. May the Power who quickens the faculty that is faithfully used, speed the day of Woman's Illumination.

STATEN ISLAND, Jan., 1864. E. W. F.

WOMAN AND HER ERA.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL VIEW.

The ultimate aim of the human mind, in all its efforts, is to become acquainted with Truth. Because Truths are forms of Love, and hence the most direct representatives of the Divine, which, in our earthly capacity, we can possibly know. Broadly as regards the human relation to it, Truth may be said to be of two grand forms, Subjective, or internal; Objective, or external. Subjective Truth is that which lies within the domain of Vitality; the truths of Organization, of Sensibility, Consciousness, Emotion, Will, Intelligence, and Aspiration.

Objective Truth is that which lies without us, clothed in the myriad Forms and Phenomena of the visible Creation. For forms and phenomena are only signs of Truth—they exist because of it, perish when it has been expressed and answered its ends of use, and are but its language, whereby it passes out of the

occult to the sensible, or known. As the thought *is*, in the mind, before it passes into speech, so Truth is, before all form or fact through which it is destined ultimately to express itself.

The visible Creation is, so far as we know, an indefinite series of definite forms, and a vast sequence of facts or phenomena resulting from their development, relation, and decay; and all these are the expression or language of Objective Truth. The logical statement of these forms and facts, *i. e.*, their statement in the order in which Truth occupies and employs them, is Science. We call Objective Truth so studied and stated, Natural Science, thus authorizing the inference that there is a *super*-natural science, or a realm of Truth above the facts of external, visible Nature.

The Subjective Creation is, first, a series of related inter-dependent forms, (organs), making a perfect, independent whole, (the human body), and the facts which issue from these relations, the physical phenomena of human life. Second, a body of Faculties or Powers, the highest earthly signs of Truth, of which the number is not definitely known, but of which we have at present enough knowledge to enable us to predicate certain needs and possibilities, and a certain destiny, as belonging to their possessor. Thus *e. g.*, it is the universal desire of the human species to be loved; it is therefore a need of every individual of that species—a need whose satisfaction is indispensable to the fullness and perfection of each individual. It is one of the pleasures of every human being, arrived at consciousness, to learn what it did not before know. It is therefore a possibility to live in the endless acquisition of knowledge—possibility which must become actual experience to the end of completeness in the

individual. It is the ineradicable desire of every human soul, advanced to a certain point on its road of progress, to expand by love, by thought, by knowledge, by experience, and so unfold continually into a larger power—desire which becomes actual and endless growth after the breath of aspiration has once entered its shriveled chambers.

But I propose nothing more here than the statement that the paramount intention of creating man as he is, with his Subjective wealth of Faculty, and the external world as it is, with its Objective wealth of Form and Phenomena, the diverse garb of Truth, is that the human being shall grow, first intellectually into acquaintance with it, and through that knowledge, intellectually and spiritually into acquaintance with Truth immanent in it, and so into acquaintance with its Author, of whose character this Truth is part. Man's acquaintance with Truth commences in its lowest, its physical expressions. Form introduces her. It is long before he rises above the advantage gained by that primitive introduction. A root of grass, with its leaves, a tuft of herbage or a shrub, are all low forms of Organic Truth: flowers are higher, fruits and grains still above these, and so on endlessly, but always Forms address the intelligence first; then follow the facts which accrue from the presence and relation of those forms, and at each step the faculties employed in perceiving and appreciating what is before them rise to higher action, and advance to a nearer view of the Source of Truth. But from the first embodiment of what we now recognize as the human faculties in our race, whenever that took place, whether at its initial creation or at the end of ages of development, there was possessed by the human soul the power, however latent, either to enter-

tain intuitively or to reach inductively any truth fitted to human comprehension. And so we find that Science, in her broadest development, is taking upon herself, beside the proud offices of discovery, the humble one of confirming occasionally an ancient superstition or "old wife's notion," (a deduction), which her earlier and less liberal reading scouted. Fancies too, which have found general entertainment in the sentiment or the lower intellect, turn out solid Truths, commanding respect, when we can penetrate to their foundation in Nature. So that no truly liberal persons—by which I mean persons not proud enough to reject Truth simply because of her humble origin, nor bigoted enough to be startled by her, however strange her first aspect—no such persons are surprised to find her coming to the rescue of despised opinions, or notions, or poetic fancies, baptizing them in her own pure, strong currents, and setting them up in the world to demand acknowledgment and loyalty.

By this I mean that Truth has two modes of addressing the soul—one, which we will call Intuitive, by which she has in all times penetrated individual lives, often of very humble capacities and sometimes extreme in ignorance; and another, more common method, by which she discloses herself, as we have seen, through the instrumentality of Form, to the Perceptions, and of Phenomena, to the reasoning Intellect. The first is the result of a fitness of relation between the soul and Truth, which may be little above the instinctual capacities of brutes—which employs no reason, develops no correlative of the truths it feels, and rarely arrives at perfect certainty respecting them. It is the later office of Intellect to indorse the respectability and verity of this method. It need not be further

spoken of here, for it is before the world, employing not a few of its ablest brains and most active minds to-day. But so much was needful, before I could ask for one of the most pronounced and universal Ideas, enunciated by this method, the recognition due to a Truth.

This Idea is THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMAN.

The purpose of this volume is to bring to this Intuition of the early ages, of the most emotional, devout lives, and of all souls in their best and clearest moments, the support of such Truths, both of Form and Phenomena, as are at present known to us.

I am not unaware of the difficulties which seem to surround the question, but unless I am incapable of weighing evidence, or of following clear and unmistakable premises to their conclusions, these belong to the outset of the undertaking, and will vanish as it progresses. The development of the *proofs* which are to rescue this idea from its degraded position of an unsupported notion, or mere sentiment, or intuition, and place it among the recognized, effective, developing, capable forces that bear on the human career, is a work which it seems to me only a woman could or would naturally undertake. It belongs to woman to find and open any career that woman is to run. Of my possible success in finding and arraying these proofs, I can only state my full conviction that if I do not achieve it, the failure will be due to my own inability, not to their paucity. What they are or appear to be, so far as I have been able to study them, I shall proceed to define after a few more general statements, which will, I hope, prepare the careful reader to come to their examination in a frame of mind worthy of them, and of the movement to which they point.

We speak of *Scientific* Truths, as if there were, or could be, truths which would not admit of an exposition and relations that would entitle them to that rank —truths either falling below or lying above the sphere of Science. But if the definition of Science given above be accepted, then we shall see that all truths will more and more wheel into rank and order under its broad banner, as we become more widely acquainted with them and their relations, and that the outlying or empirical truths must steadily diminish in numbers and importance, till finally they will all be absorbed; so that to announce a truth will be equivalent to announcing either a science or an addition to a science. I will repeat the definition, that it may stand clear before the mind. Science is a logical statement of the Truths of Form and Phenomena, *i. e.*, their statement in the order in which Truth employs them as her signs or exponents. If we accept this definition, we shall see how narrow must necessarily have been the first basis of Science; with what difficulties, as its history shows, it was surrounded; how vast the outlying kingdoms of mere Faith, (I do not mean in the religious sense), and empirical observation must have been, and how almost unavoidable was the contempt with which Science regarded them.

The first truths which would marshal themselves in its order would be, as has been already said, the lowest truths of the physical world, truths in forms. So Science began in the pure materialism of all its earliest departments, Astronomy, Anatomy, Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, &c., and has only very slowly crept above the study of forms, to the higher and later developed one of phenomena. In proof of this, consider how very young is Physiology, the Science of Vital Phenomena,

compared with Anatomy, the Science of Vital Forms. Abundant illustrations of like character might be offered if I were attempting a history of Science and of the methods of its development. But not to be prolix, I must confine myself to the most general statements that will serve as illustrations. As in all natural development so here, the physical took precedence, and thus the oldest sciences will have the narrowest phenomenal and dynamical development in their later periods, while the younger ones will be rich in these, their secondary phases. Human Anatomy, for example, has received an exhaustive treatment at the hands of a few able masters, but human Physiology is just beginning to unfold to us its grand and sublime lessons on Man. And this not simply because one is old and the other young, but because one is limited in its nature, dealing with Forms, and the other unlimited, dealing with Phenomena or Functions. One is a statement of a definite number of facts of forms, their qualities and relations, the other, treating of the phenomena resultant from the existence and combination of these, is comparatively as much more inexhaustible as the words of our language are more inexhaustible than the alphabet of which they are the combinations. This comparison, it must be remembered, is rather suggestive than just, since it has no parallel to the intrinsic difference between form and phenomena—in other words, between Materiality and Spirituality.

It may with justice be said that until the century which will close with 1870, there were never found among the stores of our knowledge, the complete elements of a Science of Humanity, by which I mean a Science of the three-fold Man, organic, spiritual, and social. Investigation up to that period had scarcely

touched, analytically, the psychological side of the human being. That had been dealt with chiefly by the philosophers and metaphysicians—dogmatists all of necessity—men who mixed the profoundest truths with the gravest errors, and spent great lives in bringing to the light the few pearls for which they had successfully dived in that boundless sea of speculation. Honor to them and their work. Even the physiologists had accomplished comparatively little for us up to the period named, though their field lay so much below this, and had been visited and had its soil turned up to the light by such men as Harvey and Descartes, not to mention the innumerable earlier speculators and discoverers on a lesser scale in Animal Physics. Cuvier and Bichat were born ninety years ago, so that all their brilliant contributions fall within the period I have named, and it could be shown by unquestionable facts, were such my object, that as a science, exposing human functions and capacities, it scarcely had an existence before this date.

On the metaphysical side, the substantial work of analysis commenced with Dr. Gall and his able and faithful disciple, Spurzheim. I speak not wholly in ignorance or forgetfulness of the early philosophers; neither ignoring the inestimable value of the work of later ones—Bacon, Locke, Hobbes, Berkeley, Hartley, Hume, Hamilton—Kant and his gifted followers of the German school—nor the eminent ability of the Scots, represented in Reid, Smith, and Stewart. These men enriched the literature of metaphysics by varied, profound, and brilliant additions thereto; yet was their exposition of truth a chance, as their failure to set one forth at all times when they believed themselves to be doing so, was due rather to accidental missing of it

than to inability to search to any depth and bring it to light, provided they had had a method for finding it. The chief value of their works is in the record they furnish of the Conflict of Development and the Encounter of Ideas. As repositories of truths which we need; as armories of actual and imperishable instruments of Progress—which all true Ideas are—they have as little value, I think, as so much very able, learned, profound, and critical writing well could have.

With every variety of method except the true one, (and even with fragments of that), and with no method; with every conceivable conception and perception of man's psychological nature except those which show its connection with and dependence on the physical; with the deepest longings for the high truths which their earnest souls felt, and of which their acute intellects caught dim and broken glimpses occasionally—these and many others as able piled up speculation upon speculation, contradiction upon assertion, belief upon skepticism, and skepticism upon belief, till, when the last of them had lived and written, there was truly need that somebody should appear who could penetrate the conglomerate to its center, find the material root of inquiry, and declare, with authority that would compel attention, that man is, in all departments of his being, the subject of law, no less than the trees and the animals; and that these laws could be reached only through the study of his material nature. This Gall did. True the religious world denounced him as a materialist, and his discoveries as rank infidelity. But had not the world waited long enough on the philosophers, and fruitlessly enough too, in some senses? It is answer enough to the scorn with which his method

and system have been treated in some quarters, that, whatever may be the errors that have crept into them in unworthy or incompetent hands, the former has dried up the succulent root of metaphysical speculation beyond all hope of renewal. The metaphysicians have perished within the last century and can no more be restored as a school, than the order of the megatheria or the sauria. Gall's method, (of incomparably greater value than his system), opened immense possibilities and privileges to the race, not the least of which is that of having a natural history, a privilege which may be said to have belonged before exclusively to the brute animals.

Thus the Science of Humanity is the youngest of its family, and has the longest vista, not simply because of its youth, but no less because of its subject—the embodiment of the greatest number of the grandest truths that can be grasped by the human intellect. Nor ought the fact to be regarded as any cause of complaint, or as furnishing grounds of impeachment against the natural order of development. The lower must precede the higher; foundation must go before superstructure. The objective world *was*, before us, and in harmony with its pre-existence, we were created with faculties to take immediate cognizance of its superficial facts, and with other faculties, back of them, to take later cognizance of its deeper-lying facts. Of necessity man would thus take a late place among the objects studied by man: so much knowledge must prepare the way for an interest in and appreciation of the knowledge of himself. Finding himself master in the visible world, there was nothing more natural than that he should believe himself superior in his origin and destiny to the nature

with which he was surrounded, both of matter and of life; supernatural, therefore, in the sense of being above an exposition, such as Science makes of its subjects, and so prone to make for his use *arbitrary* systems of Religion, Ethics, and Philosophy. We see and cannot choose but see, how slender is the actual relation between man's organic nature and the institutions in which he has clothed himself; in other words how purely arbitrary they are, neglecting the fundamental laws of his organic and super-organic being, and how the little welfare that he enjoys he gets rather in spite of than through them. Thus there is not in existence, nor has there ever been, a Church which has had its origin in any intelligent understanding of the human being, and which therefore could frame its appeals wisely to his whole nature, so as to bring him forward to a harmonious development, neither to address its consolations and helps to all in him that needs aid and strength from so high a source.

Quite the contrary: the Church, wherever we know its spirit, has despised and trampled on some portion of the nature which needed and sought its help. Our own theological Church, as we know, has scorned and villified the body till it has seemed almost a reproach and a shame to have one, yet at the same time has credited it with power to drag the soul to perdition. It is only beginning, in certain liberal offshoots—the growth substantially of the last half-century—to acknowledge respectability enough in the body to entitle it to be treated as an instrument worth improving for the sake of its tenant.

In like manner there is no Government, nor has ever been, which got itself constituted by virtue of a clear understanding of what is needful for the physical,

social, intellectual, and spiritual well-being of its subjects: nor was there ever a Government which, in its administration, made even a remote approach to any such system of treatment. So no social order ever existed which was founded upon a just perception of the natural claims and rights of those whom it distributed and co-ordinated in labor and business, or society; the motive in all past or existing systems having been self-love, the warrant power. It would be needless to multiply illustrations, since each must be in the relation of a minor proposition to the major one, that without a Science of Man it is impossible that human institutions should be founded in a wise and catholic adaptation to his nature. The parts are included in the whole—we cannot know the latter if we are ignorant of any of the former.

Seeing these things as matters of history, which no intelligent man or woman will undertake to deny—this newness of man to the science of himself—the consequent incompleteness of his institutions and orders of self-service, and the important truth that, standing at the top of the life-scale, his self-study must not only be later but longer than the study of any other object in the creation—we are prepared to receive with unspeakable interest and gratitude any new actual unfolding or exposition of this sovereign race.

But in entering upon it we must not lose sight of the fundamental truth that the human being is to be studied, not only in his lower, but in his higher nature, primarily through the material organization which first makes him known. This is not materialism. Let none be startled by a fear that it is. Neither is it denying that man has a super-material existence. It is simply asserting that organization is the visible hand-writing

of God in the world of Life. What He tenants the living forms with; whether with the individuality of a tree, a brute-animal, or a human and immortal spirit, He will declare to us, first in His workmanship in the thing or creature itself, and beyond this in any manner that best comports with Supreme Love and Wisdom; by inspiration of the spirit manifested in oral speech or written scriptures; or in no manner above its own organic language, which is incorruptible, and will bear but one reading at the last, no matter how many scholars assemble over it.

Progressive life has had in the past ages two leadings, in diametrical opposition to each other. One, the religious, has despised the living organization and the whole of material nature: the other, the intellectual, headed by Science, has despised everything but organization. I am not called on to show which party has exhibited the greater degree of unreason. Each has been grounded upon a great truth of Humanity—the one upon its physical, the other upon its spiritual; and it is not more certain that summer and winter, day and night, will continue to follow each other, than that these parties are destined to become one, making common premises, and throwing down the walls between whatever is left to them as conclusion, after this coalescence. One thing is clear, that the confirmation of whatever is true with her opponent belongs to Science. As she has had to "stoop to baptize charms, and acknowledge simples," and confess the verity of much that seemed, of old, to be mere superstition—so it belongs to her, as the incorruptible expositor of God's will, to try in her crucibles the Basis-Facts and Phenomena of all Truth whatsoever, that can become known to us in the present stage of our being.

Nor does this in the smallest degree diminish the respect due to the spiritual truths which claim her confirmation, nor disparage their dignity. Is man of less dignity, that the earth had to go through thousands of years of preparation to receive him, and publish his wonderful powers to the gazing universe? Is the tree of less majesty or excellence, that the primary strata which are its ultimate support, had to receive a dressing, which it took ages to deposit upon them, before it could grow there?

Spirituality does not go to Science for dignity or authority, but for needed service which the ages they have spent in groping conflict with each other, have made it as necessary for the one to give as for the other to receive. The Spiritual, (religious) party representing the Subjective; and the Scientific, (intellectual) one, the Objective; and the latter taking precedence in its claims upon the human understanding, it falls out quite naturally and inevitably that the day should come when it must pass into the service of the former. For there is no logic required to show that the lower is not only subordinate, but subservient to the higher, and that this relation is the very exaltation, dignity, and harmony of all. So it turns out that Objective Science, which is the utterly correct reading of the external world, is not concluded in itself, but is to pass into orderly and serviceable relation to somewhat higher, namely, the development of the Subjective. So organization, the primitive language of Deity in the world of life, and the sole proof touching it which Science can recognize, will be no more studied as an end, but as a means, employed by the Creator for the development of higher purposes than can be expressed in gross matter; and when this takes place,

the methods of the scientists and spiritualists will be at one, for Science will then no longer despise the Future, which Spirituality has claimed as alone worthy, and Spirituality will no longer despise the Present, which Science has declared to be the all in all to man.

I need not stay to dwell on the numerous evidences that this refreshing day is near at hand. A bare allusion to the two great leading features of our time must suffice here, and be my authority, with what has been before said, for passing from this difficult, because condensed general statement, to the special subject of this work. These two features might perhaps be designated as the reverse and obverse of Nature's highest coinage, the human creature—the one the study of his physical, the other that of his super-physical being, to which the century that another decade will round off, especially the late years of that century, have given such immeasurable impulse and activity. Out of this activity in both departments must come, first, such results in Ideas—*i. e.*, in the knowledge of Truths, through their Forms and Phenomena—as will secure to humanity self-respect, self-reverence, and intelligent reverence of the God who made it worthy of these sentiments, instead of consigning it to a foreknown depravity and perdition; next, such a knowledge of the destiny to which Organization is the infallible premise, as will kindle all manner of noble aspiration toward the highest, and unspeakable yearnings for acquaintance with the hidden possibilities and latent capacities of improvement which both the physical and the spiritual now enfold; and lastly, such unity between Humanity and its elder brother, external Nature, that while the one, in all her diversified forms, places herself in service to the other, it shall be seen

that each is ennobled and exalted by all that the other does to harmonize, adorn, and develop Nature, his home, wherein and wherewith are the sources of his joys, his peace, and his growth into fitness for the higher state which is his destiny when that fitness shall be accomplished.

To further this, to secure the improvement of humanity, and higher yet than any improvement of individuals, communities, or nations, to point out methods, which, if they are true, are God's own plans for this noble work, and which, being developed, become the richest inheritance which one age can bequeath to another, is the noblest privilege life can offer us. Those to whose lot it falls to do one such service, however small, may well feel grateful that God has permitted them such a foretaste, while yet in the mortal form, of the happiness which must be near akin to His as Creator. To bring forth latent, unemployed powers, and show their uses, is something more than to awaken slumbering aspirations: it is to ally ourselves very nearly with One who created those powers and left it to their possessors to discover the fitting season and place for their use in the great plan of Progress. Not indeed that we do discover them, but are perhaps rather instruments, in our best as in our humblest work, in the Divine hands, for the execution and completion of designs and purposes which have apparently been left unfinished that we may the more fully co-work to their development. The stimulus of discovery—almost of Creator—comes to us as, in our walks through the ages, we find these latent treasures, bring them to the light, and fit them into their true relations of use in the scheme of which they seem not before to have formed a part.

This volume is written to place before the minds of those who may read it a Truth of our human life made manifest in both the Physical and Spiritual of Woman, which has heretofore had no logical proof offered in its support, and consequently no intelligent, calm, reasonable acknowledgment anywhere. But truth of any life, is never newly unfolded without revealing powers and capacities in the life before unsuspected or but suspected. And as the truth I have to state is of Woman, the demand is upon her primarily; as it is the most exalted truth of her being, so the demands are upon her highest and noblest powers; and as these must be employed to meet them, the fruit they must yield will be of corresponding value and power in their bearing upon human destiny. Therefore let no one whose soul is worthy the noble and sweet name of Woman, shrink from acquainting herself with the Truth, and worthily preparing herself to exercise the powers it implies and charges her to put to use in her life.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORGANIC ARGUMENT.

I begin with this syllogism:

Life is exalted in proportion to its Organic and Functional Complexity;

Woman's Organism is more Complex and her totality of Function larger than those of any other being inhabiting our earth;

Therefore her position in the scale of Life is the most exalted—the Sovereign one.

The major premise of this statement would seem, at the first glance from even unlearned common sense, to be a self-evident truth; at least to require little more than simple suggestions or hints to secure the assent of such as are capable of intelligent assent to any proposition. We all feel that individual life rises in dignity as it employs additional instruments for its expression. Thus the most ignorant man recognizes his dog as a higher creature than the reptile of the fields or the barn-yard fowl, not because he is better made for his lot than they for theirs, but because his life is the sum of a greater variety of powers. Physiologically speaking, there is *more* of the quadruped, though he be a poodle, than of the reptile, though he be an anaconda, taking an ox to his breakfast.

The boor has a perception of what the savant

knows, that an *Organ* is a sign of a *Power*. Each added Organ is Nature's direct testimony to the presence of an added power, which by so much enlarges and enriches the life. Comparative Anatomy and Comparative Physiology are Sciences by virtue of this great truth, their functions being to acquaint us not only with life, its forms and means of expression, but also with the relation which its various embodiments hold to each other. In ascending the scale which each of these sciences offers for our study, we are constantly making acquaintance with added organs and powers: widening the circle of vital actions and relations which each type and grade of created beings enjoys and holds: and *vice versa*, in descending it, we lose, in our study of the types and grades, powers and organs which we had before. These sciences announce Nature's purpose and method in the world of life, to be its exaltation by the gradual addition to its lowest or fundamental powers, of those which make up its highest manifestation. They employ various formulæ, it is true, but always to express unanimity of meaning.

If I were addressing myself to scientific readers only, it would at first thought seem superfluous to go beyond the third term of my syllogism. The claim in behalf of Woman might be considered as proved in its mere announcement, so strictly scientific is the basis on which it is rested, so inevitable the conclusion in her favor. The wonder would appear to be not so much that it should be stated now, as that it should need to be—that it should stand to-day among the unacknowledged truths. But on looking again, one sees that the case is not so won—no, nor likely to be immediately, by any force or amount of argument that can be offered upon it. And this for two reasons; first, because dis-

ciples of Science are slow to accept conclusions, from their own premises, which they have not reached themselves; and second, because in this special case, the conclusion is the most revolutionary yet reached in our development; and it therefore attacks the oldest usages, the most compact body of opinions, and the strongest prejudices that have been entertained by society in any and every stage of its progress, up to the present time. It would, for these reasons, wear the aspect of error, if there were not in the universal heart of humanity, deeper than its usages, more sacred than its opinions, contradicting its prejudices, an instinct, a sentiment, an intuition of its truth. This, as we advance with the subject, we shall find flowing through the ages—like a pure stream through a broken, marshy country—lost in deserts or wildernesses at times, becoming subterranean here to burst forth in greater power and brightness there—seeking refuge, in the rudest times, in the few chivalrous, or timid, or sentimental bosoms, to come forth and move the million again when the earthquake, and the storm, and the strife, are past. Thus the claim of superiority for Woman is as old as the sentiment toward her in the human heart, and as new as the very latest study of her by the reasoning intellect—so old that it is already conceded by the finer consciousness of mankind—so new that it will probably be almost universally and hotly disputed by its Inductive Intellect. But the period has arrived when human welfare demands that intellectual conviction of the Truth of Woman should take the place, not only in her own bosom but in that of man and society, of the sentimental acknowledgment of it. To this end are my labors; and in going forward with them, I shall, as far as it is given me to see and be faithful to Nature, fol-

low her so closely, that to dispute the one will be to deny the other. All that I ask for Woman is what Nature designs for her. It will fully content me to show so much of that as I am able to see, knowing that to show and to obtain, here, are one.

Let us then see what Nature declares of Woman, through her Organic testimony.

I have said that she operates the elevation of her types and grades by the addition of parts not employed in the inferior types and grades. Vital structure commences with a primordial cell. We may go further back and call it a corpuscle if we please, but the career of every living being, whether vegetable or animal, begins at one of these points (so far as Science has yet ascertained), and leads up to the limits of differentiation of which its type and grade are capable. By differentiation is meant those changes which the primordial form undergoes, in becoming fitted to serve the functions of the life it is destined to ultimate in. Carpenter says, "The lower we descend in the scale of being, whether in the animal or in the vegetable series, the nearer approach do we make to that *homogeneousness* which is the typical attribute of inorganic bodies, wherein every particle has all the characters of individuality, so that there is no distinction either of tissues or organs. * * * On the other hand, as we ascend the scale of being, we find the fabric—whether of the plant or the animal—becoming more and more *heterogeneous;* that is, to use Von Bär's language, 'a differentiation of the body into organic systems, and of these again into separate, more individualized sections,' presents itself. * * The differentiation, both as regards external conformation and intimate structure, proceeds to a far wider extent in the animal kingdom,

in virtue of the much greater variety of purposes to be attained in its existence; and we see this carried to its highest degree in man, in whose organism the principle of *specialization* (differentiation) everywhere manifests itself, no part being a precise repetition of any other, except of the corresponding part on the opposite side of the body."—(Comp. Physiology, p. 48.)

Draper says, "By the differentiation of cells is meant the assumption of a variation in their structure, from which follows, as a consequence, the capacity of discharging new functions." The higher then the degree of differentiation reached, the greater and more various the functional capacity. Homogeneousness being the typical attribute of inorganic bodies, heterogeneousness must be accepted as the typical attribute of organic bodies. Every differentiated part is evidence of an added power or function which expands the life, and multiplies its relations to the objective world. The mollusk is bound to the creation, outside of his shell, by a very slender body of relations compared with those which the cetacea, the quadruped, or man enjoys. There is a long distance in development between the oyster and the whale, and it is the product of those changes from the primordial of the latter, which the former has not reached—which have added to the functions of the oyster the functions of the whale. The quadruped is still farther removed, and the human farthest, because in it is embodied the largest sum of differentiations from the primary form. And with every new relation so established, the creature becomes more universal, and the universal comes more within the creature: every new function is a road opened between the individual and the universal life.

And whatever theory of development we adopt, this law remains as a feature thereof; that rank in the organic scale is determined by the amount of differentiation accomplished by the type and grade to which the life belongs. It matters not whether we reject or accept the terms high and low; whether we determine that there are orders, classes, genera, bearing the relations of inferior and superior, or that the whole world of life is a race, which some types have but just started upon, while others are well advanced, and others still have reached the ultimate of the earth-forms. For still, as determining the question of primal rank, or of place, whichever we agree to call it, we are equally confronted, on either hypothesis, with the truth that the rank is fixed, or the place is found, by means of the number of original powers or functions which the life exhibits. Or to quote the law announced by Von Bär and accepted by all the late authorities, "The relations of any organized fabric to any other, must be expressed by the product of its TYPE with its GRADE of development."

If we refer to the lower series now, for illustration of this law, we shall find that life begins in forms which are but a single remove, and that the smallest, from the inorganic condition. The organic cell is a cell, instead of a mere atom of matter, by virtue of its capacity for developing conditions which serve the functions of Nutrition and Reproduction, these being indispensable to life in every form—the first step in the process of Differentiation. But among the lowest plants and animals they are carried on alike in all parts of the living body, there being, as is commonly known, large families in the vegetable kingdom, in which nutrition is performed by vessels distributed throughout the entire

tissue, instead of being localized in the root and leaf, as in the higher types; and in which reproduction is the simple process of growth from any point of the parent body. "The lowest type of vegetable existence is afforded by those organisms which either consist of *single cells* or of *aggregations of similar cells*, each of which can maintain an independent existence, living *for* and *by* itself, and not needing the co-operation of other cells, save for the purpose of generation, of which the reunion of the contents of two cells, by an act of 'conjugation,' is an essential condition. Any one of these cells may *multiply* itself indefinitely by subdivision; but those products are all mere *repetitions* of one another, and often detach themselves spontaneously, so that the descendants of a single cell may cover a very extended area, as is the case, for example, with the *Protococcus nivalis*, or 'red snow.' There is here, therefore, not the least show of differentiation; no special cells being set apart, even for the performance of the generative act. * * In the simplest forms of this *thallus*, ('the ulvæ'), we do not meet with the slightest trace of differentiation; and every one of its component cells appears to live as much for and by itself, as if it were completely detached from the rest. Every one of them, moreover, seems able to multiply itself, not merely by subdivision, but also by the emission of a portion of its contents, inclosed in a cell-wall, in the condition of a 'spore,' or detached gemma. * * * In the next stage of development, the differentiation of parts begins to manifest itself more decidedly," more especially "in the limitation of the reproductive act to particular portions of the organism, and in the setting apart of special organs for its per-

formance."* From the plants of these lower series to the most complex of the Diæcea there is a long scale of distance, filled by a world of vegetable forms, which take rank according to the differentiation of parts they exhibit; in other words, according to the more or less elaborate organization which the measure of life in them employs for its expression. For everywhere, from the meanest of the Flora to the highest of the Fauna, it is a question simply of "how much" of life? And the quantity is infallibly indicated by the accommodations we find it in. Nature does not lodge the life of an oak in the body of a moss, nor that of an elm in a road-side thistle. She provides a fit house for each guest; and the number of its apartments, (organs), shows her respect for the lodger—or, to speak with more exactness, she sends forth each life clothed with full power to build itself precisely the mansion it needs.

Look now at the Animal World in the light of these statements. Underlying the lowest of the four great divisions of the animal kingdom, there is a lower form of animal life than is found in either—"a group," says Carpenter, "which cannot be regarded as presenting even a rudiment of the plan of conformation that is characteristic of any one of them, and in which scarcely any differentiation of organs is to be discerned." This group is termed Protozoa, and is so low in its manifestation as to have been reckoned, indifferently, in the vegetable and animal kingdom by writers, according to the plan of classification adopted by them. They are now clearly ranked as belonging to the latter, the animal character being proved in the modes of nutrition, and power of motion of one part upon another, and

* Carpenter, pp. 52, 53.

chemically, by the presence of nitrogen, detectable by fire. But there are here no special instruments either for sensation or motion. As every part of the body is, or may rather become, equally adapted for digestion, absorption, respiration, and secretion, so does every part appear equally capable of receiving impressions made upon it, and of responding to them, by a contractile movement. "A large proportion of the Protozoa consists of single cells, or aggregations of cells, in which there is no differentiation of character; in the lowest forms of them there is not even that distinctness of the cell-wall from the cell-contents, which exists in every completely developed cell, but the whole forms one mass of living jelly," in which organic substances, previously elaborated by other beings, are enveloped, dissolved, and appropriated for its nutriment.

From this simplest house in which animal life abides, we depart upward, through the great kingdoms, the populous countries, empires, states; the splendid cities and mansions which it inhabits. Even in the poorest of those it is a little better lodged than here. In the Radiata, the lowest of the sub-kingdoms, there are large families which exhibit no structural marks of a nutritive apparatus. As in the Protozoa, all parts of the organism appear to be alike engaged in carrying it on. And though a reproductive system is differentiated in nearly all the groups of this kingdom, none of its members set life forth in features of much distinctness. In the next, the Mollusca, an apparatus of each of these functions is clearly distinguishable, everywhere above the very lowest members; and here nerve-tissue makes its appearance, in a persistent ganglion—an interior eye of consciousness—the primordial having advanced that length on the road to the high summit

of utmost differentiation. In the Articulata we have a still more elaborate structure, not only of the mechanism of these great primary functions, but also organs of sensation and motion of a far nicer and more complex character than have before appeared: and in the Vertebrata, "the complete differentiation of all these structures is nearly the invariable rule," says the author before quoted.

If it were a moot question whether or not Nature operates elevation of types by addition of powers, or if the present purpose were primarily to establish its truth, it would be an object to array authorities here. But since the first is not true, and since the single, simple purpose in view of this work, is the application of acknowledged laws in determining the position of Woman in the scale of being, it would be superfluous to distill into these pages the opinions, whether conflicting or harmonious, of the numerous writers on Comparative Anatomy and Physiology. Upon the essential force of the great law which illustrates and sustains the first term of my syllogism, there is entire unanimity among men of science. They differ in the form of its statement, but agree as to its essence. Certain minor facts bearing upon it, as where certain groups belong, may be matters of dispute, but the grand design sought through all, is seen always as one. So plain is its character, so unanimous the agreement upon it, that it would have been unnecessary to occupy time in the brief statements already made, except for two reasons: first, that the Truths herein proved are offered for the acceptance of unprofessional readers of both sexes, and second, that they are exposed, by their bearings, to assaults, against which I would fortify them, for the benefit of those who need to find Truth

an impregnable fortress before they can join her service. A few more words then will dispose of this term of our statement.

Taking our stand by the primordial, and looking out thence broadly to life, as a body of phenomena whose function it is to express all the powers that can be embodied in finite forms, the deduction of varied, compound organisms for that purpose is irresistible. Complexity of structure for the service of variety of function—numerous organs, instruments of numerous powers—these present the sum of our existing knowledge of means employed by Nature to carry her primary types toward perfection. We are to regard Organization as a means, not an end: as the clothing which life puts on that it may have adequate expression in a material world—the medium through which it can receive and give—the avenues of exchange, few or many, narrow or broad, between it and surrounding life and matter. Like means, like end. A wind-harp may be made of a single thread, but if the harmonies of sound are to be reported to us, we must have many and various strings. A shining butterfly or even a crawling worm, may suffice to give us a certain range of ideas of vital color, motion, and sensation; but if we would know these in their fullness, we must look to creatures of more complex structure than butterfly or worm. Thus then stands our argument. The simplest form of matter is the Elemental, the Inorganic. In the first union which life makes with it, matter is but little elevated by the conjunction—but a single step removed from its primary condition. It is clothed in the organic form that will barely enable the individual to take nutriment and perform the office of continuing its species. But in the lowest Algæ, Lichens,

and Fungi, neither of these functions is furnished with a special apparatus for its performance: in other words is powerful, nice, individual enough to have elaborated for itself, out of the low mass in which it resides, a special instrument or set of instruments for its use. And the same is true, as we have seen, even in this passing glance at the animal kingdom, of its lowest members. Now how is matter raised above these simplest, lowest organic forms? How does life, of which matter is but the servant, attain to more varied, dignified, powerful expression?

By the modus, it would seem, of action and re-action: Life, by its presence and influence, refining and elevating matter; matter, thus improved, taking on more varied and complete systems of service: Life demanding more as it feels its growing power over the inferior; matter responding to the demand as it is made nobler by the union. Here then is the career opened of this sublime relation. Here are the first links in that long chain of material forms, which, binding life about the globe, has a Highest somewhere. That Highest, if we have discerned the law at all, will be found to be the creature in whom Life is the sum of the largest number of separate powers, (functions), and Organization is the total of the greatest number of complete instruments, (organs), for the use of these powers.

Let us now see whether this being is or not, according to the second term of our statement, Woman.

Three leading features arise out from among the many that might be presented in the argument on this premise: First, the broad testimony of human Physiology; next, that deducible from the nerve-endowments of the feminine life; and lastly, that which takes cog-

nizance of Rudimentary Organs and their significance. I shall deal with them in their order.

I. Physiology is an exposition of the powers of living beings; of their relations to the organic bodies which they inhabit and to those which surround them. Universal Physiology includes the special branches which treat of vegetable life and animal life. This latter is further subdivided into Animal and Human Physiology, and the latter again into Masculine and Feminine Physiology.

Physiological equality is not predicable of any two types of living beings on the earth. Neither is it predicable of any two grades—a distinction marked with a less difference than that which separates types—the very term grade implying that one is carried above the other on the scale of development. The human type crowns the living creation on our globe. It is a type steadily worked up to, through all the forms between it and the primary cell. And it occupies this high place by reason of uniting the most affluent, varied, complex functional life to the most compound organization. It is the Ideal type of the Earth's Physiology, because of this wealth of its functional and organic endowments. It is a proud, exclusive type, embracing only its two sexes. And our whole case for Woman rests upon the questions whether or not these two sexes are also two *grades* of development, and, it being established that they are, then finally, whether or not she is the higher.

What is a grade of development? Evidently it is a difference of development, whatever else it may or may not be. More, it is a difference of physiological quantity, the term, as has been said, implying more and less, higher and lower. Now more means here, as

we know, the expression of an added function or functions, through the instrumentality of an added organ or organs. Let us then look at the human Masculine and Feminine by the light of these definitions.

The broad kingdom of Human Life and Organization is common to the Masculine and Feminine. In the Functions and Organs to which the preservation and welfare of the individual are intrusted, their endowments are numerically balanced. Thus the Nutritive function in each is compounded of an equal number of more special functions, and employs an equally elaborate apparatus of viscera, vessels, and tissues of every sort. The Respiratory and Circulatory functions have the like balanced character and service; so also have those of Secretion, Exhalation, Absorption, and Deposition. In all these respects, the differences between masculine and feminine are differences of relative proportion, not of primary powers; of degrees of relative capacity, but never of kinds of capacity, Man possessing all that Woman does, some in greater, some in less measure; Woman all that Man does, with, of course, the like qualifications. Thus Human Anatomy and Physiology can be studied from the Masculine and Feminine almost indifferently well, up to the limits of those functions and organs which serve and concern the individual supremely. The divergence is established where the Function which clothes them with the most Godlike of their powers, that of creators of their race, comes into the scale of endowments, and henceforward we must study each for the knowledge of its sex, and of the characteristic powers and responsibilities belonging to it.

It is plain now, if we have discerned Nature's purpose in the previous inquiries, that the sexes will prove

to be grades of development, only by proving to be quantitatively different beyond this line of common development. There are the strictly masculine and feminine functions and organs, in which, according to the nicest investigations which Anatomy and Physiology have yet made, they balance each other, part for part, in furnishing the elements for that union, whose sublime result is to be an embodied, immortal, conscious life.

When this union takes place there is immediately required a fit place for the protection of those plastic elements; there are at once employed upon them, functions which have no other employment in all the wide economy of life—powers, which here, and here only, find their expression and use. It need not be said that this sacred repository; this unique, interior, separating organ, belongs to the feminine, with all the powers of every sort, capacities, susceptibilities, emotions that go with it, and make up its super-organic domain. Nor is this the place to offer more than a mere suggestion, a hint, of the expansion of the whole nature which its presence confers on the feminine. Say that the parts of each are balanced up to the moment when masculine and feminine surrender their respective tributes —say, if you please, that that of the masculine is the leading part—though there is not, in all the investigations that Science has yet achieved, a jot or tittle of evidence to this effect, and somewhat, as we shall shortly see, looking to the opposite view—yet grant that it is foremost in importance up to this moment of conjunction, how different, henceforth, is the relation of each to the future being! How embracing, how close, how inseparable, how interfused is the one life; how detached, separated, excluded, removed the other;

walking its wide, devious ways on the earth; perhaps leaving it by death, unconscious even that the life-forces have appropriated anything from it toward another being; always physiologically indifferent whether it be so or not, and capable of being emotionally and morally so likewise. To the masculine, parentage is an incident; it may be much or nothing, according to the accidents, tendencies, and development of the life. To the feminine, it is being set apart by Nature to a sacred trust, which can be violated only at tremendous peril—peril to the moral and physical welfare both of itself and the coming life: peril proportioned to the awful magnitude of the responsibility, and to the divine demands it makes upon the nature; in whose innermost deeps of soul and body, a life is deposited to draw thence, by God's edict, support, form, power, expression; to whom a soul is given to be individualized in some garb of flesh—a spirit to be started on the endless road of the eternities.

And again, when this life has received thence what is its due, (or what it can get), and comes forth into the external world to take its place there, it is not yet superior to the relation of personal dependence on that which has cherished and built it up thus far. Yet another function must serve it—another organ, of a fine, complicated, exquisitely sensitive mechanism, must be employed in its behalf. It must still live by the mother, scarcely less than in its ante-natal period. And hence her organic life is again enlarged by the addition of the mammary gland, a structure which is balanced by nothing in the Anatomy of Man, and her functional life by the capacity of lactation, a power to which there is no equivalent among the normal masculine capacities.

It is clear then that *sex is a grade of development;* and that the Feminine exceeds the Masculine by the differentiation of two organs more than the latter employs—organs of vastly complicated relations, and exquisite sensibilities—organs which are intrusted with the momentous offices of the ante-natal creation, and post-natal nurture, of the race. These may be termed the Superior-Maternal System, in contradistinction to those organs and functions of the reproductive system which, in the feminine, are balanced by their equivalents in the masculine. They are two steps taken by the feminine, under the law of differentiation, of which the masculine stops short. And whether Maternity, (which function, as to its origin, partakes of the voluntary character), is performed or not, in any individual case, the organs testify the presence of capacities and qualities in the feminine which the masculine knows not.

Thus the plus of powers, sensibilities, emotions, experiences, and possibilities, either in happiness or suffering, is hers, not his. And, without fullness of action in this system of organs, there is *an* action which establishes Womanhood—a function anticipative of Maternity, first movement of the Superior-Maternal System, which the masculine balances by no phenomenon of its vital circuit. This unique function separates the Ante-Maternal from the Ante-Paternal period by a world of fine susceptibilities, emotions, affections, yearnings, which transcend, as intellectual power does mere knowledge, or as moral purpose mere intellect, the limits of self-enjoyment which bound the horizon of the masculine. It is the open window of the feminine soul, affording its longest and divinest outlook beyond self and the present, into the wide, vague world

of life and happiness to which, through love, it aspires or yearns to contribute; indifferent in its highest moments, whether it be through martyrdom or ineffable joy that it gives itself, so but the gift be made. Here is the first separating step between it and the masculine. It has entered here a kingdom of its own, set apart, lifted up, sacred to itself, whose sweet atmospheres bathe soul and sense in a new light and warmth; whose pure, up-soaring harmonies set the pulses to a new measure; whose dim, far-seen, but shining horizon, melting into the circle of heavenly maternal love, invites the timid heart along the road full of new and startling mysteries. Here sweeter ardors take possession of the soul; Faith lights the inner fires that have lain unkindled through all the gay years of infancy and childhood—the Ideal opens its jasper doors to the yearning eye—all the mountain peaks, that were before shrouded, shine out in the new-descending light, and life is aglow with bright—it may be shifting—realities and intense hopes. The light foot falters as it treads along the new paths, but turns not back for any revelation they make. For high courage, as well as lofty faith, come more and more into the spirit as womanly experience herein broadens and knits more firmly the web of its relations. But here the feminine must walk alone. No brother, however beloved, can come in hither; no father, however cherished and cherishing, can set foot of companionship within the lines of this sacred circle of experience. It is only as a spectator and a student that man can approach hither—only as a learner, a worshiper, or a profaner, that he can lift his eyes to this inner kingdom, lying above his own consciousness, and compact of mysteries, impenetrable to him. For his intellect can only take cognizance of

the facts, which are but the "signs and shows" of the spiritual realities which they subtend.

Whatever may be claimed or denied, through the intellectual speculations of man, for this periodic action of the Superior-Maternal system, this is clear to all womankind, that through it, Nature gives her first lesson to the *emotional* and *affectional* life of the neophyte. Motherhood is the Ideal State of Womanhood to every female not arrived there—the ante-functional life of little girlhood, nay, even of infancy, declaring the presence of this divine passion. It is so, not because of one phenomenon in the feminine life—not because of any fact or set of facts, however momentous, in the physiological circuit of the feminine, but because of that circle of forces, which sphere every life and focalize it as its own true center. Woman must yearn for Motherhood because she is Woman. Before it is reached, the bow of her Ideal plants its farthest foot there and leads unwaveringly to it. Next it springs across the Great Valley, and bends down into Heaven, whither, when she has them, she would take all her children.

Physiologically, whatever may be claimed or denied touching this office, (the periodic action), whatever mystery shrouds it from the masculine spectator, making of his wisdom foolishness when he would expound it, Woman realizes at least this, that it proceeds from a law of order in the economy of her life, replacing the license of mere waste in the masculine, and feels, according to her knowledge, be it intellectual or intuitive, that it testifies a certain sacredness and value in her resources, as distinguished from the vulgarity and commonness which place those of the masculine at the ever ready disposal of mere sense. And it is further plain to her consciousness, that this function has the finer office of

renewing the most occult forces of her life. Nervous equilibrium is restored by it; harmony between the will and the affections, between judgment and impulse. Maternal love springs afresh from its deepest sources, illuminating all it shines upon. The powers wearied, jarred, dislocated it may be in the tug and strain of life's battle, dip afresh in the strong, pure flood-tide of the susceptibilities, and she who was worn, impatient, irritable, body and spirit-sore, under her burthens, comes out refreshed, harmonized, fitted anew for her labors and responsibilities. How wise, how beneficent, how significant of the momentousness of Maternity, that it should originate now, in this period of strength, and exaltation of the better life! Does it not seem that Nature here sets upon it her seal of sacredness? She honors paternity by no such preparation for it. It is left alike to the lowest as to the highest hour. Not that even unintelligent persons can feel low and high to be alike good, or can fail to see in paternity the highest of man's opportunities for obedience and faithfulness to the divinest law of his life. But this also is equally Woman's, independent of the involuntary preparation. Nature works *with* her, at the very least, in an equal measure as with man, and *for* her, in a way that is all her own.

And here perhaps, as well as anywhere, may be offered what I have to say respecting the comparative value, as a determining force in the nature of offspring, of the Masculine and Feminine. Not a digest of the observations, speculations, and assertions of writers on this perplexing question. Suffice to say that in no department of inquiry are known results more varied, contradictory, confused, and confusing; nowhere is assertion more positive; denial by the succeeding

authority more flat. Nowhere, out of the laboratory and the metallurgist's cabinet, has experiment been more nicely, patiently, and diligently conducted, to lead to such pitiful result—0 representing to-day pretty fairly, the sum of our actual knowledge of *law* herein. Were I to give the bare names of able, earnest inquirers, I should spread a catalogue that would surprise the uninstructed reader—were I to attempt the most meager digest of their labors and the conclusions attained, I might at once abandon all other branches of my subject, since the utmost limits I propose would scarce suffice for these—worse still, I should swamp my readers, with myself, in a wide sea of contradictions, theories and counter-theories, observations and counter-observations, for which I much prefer sending him or her to the original books wherein they are recorded.

One word is due, however, in passing, to the causes which have made these labors so barren of actual result.

What could have withheld from the clear sight of Vicq d'Azyr, Bazaringues, St. Hilaire; the roving vision of Lucas; the insight of Gall, Spurzheim, the Combes; the study of Moreau, Orton, Owen, Huxley; the wondrous patience of the great German school; the critical watchfulness of the Italian, not to mention the great names of the earlier ages, the object of their study—seeing that it is a real object, and must often, in their direct and collateral labors, have lain so very near their hands?

There are, it seems to me, two causes which have hindered, and which will, so long as they exist, continue to hinder the discovery of this inestimably grave law. First, men have generally studied this question

as if all its essential elements were, a force on one side and a simple instrument or medium on the other; second, they have tacitly, if not avowedly, gone to the inferior animals for the revelation of the law which governs results in the human world. Let me not be understood as undervaluing the labors I speak of. Far from it. A great deal has undeniably been learned through them, but not that which was sought; for it is equally undeniable that nobody yet states the law on the question now before us, even as respecting the brute animals—still less then can we expect to find in the conclusions reached, the ultimate law, according to which formative forces are employed in human paternity and maternity.

And it is because of the lack of right method implied in the first of these reasons, that it seems expedient and not uncandid to pass by all these inquiries to such truths, deductions, and suggestions as I am able to offer, on grounds either wholly rejected or but little considered by the inquirers, leaving them for my reader to seek, and receive or reject, according as he is moved by their own merits.

It is fit to say here, once for all, that laws which govern the animal kingdom below the human, can no more be accepted as final and determining to man, in physiological, than in intellectual and moral, action. Human life furnishes, above what is common to it and the inferior kingdoms, its own transcendent, separating premises, which must necessarily lead it to like transcendent, separating results.

The induction has been sought to be established for the masculine, that it holds, in the parental office, a determining, overruling power, as it has unquestionably held such an one in nearly all the other depart-

ments of human life to which the race has yet risen. And though some observers have gathered facts which seem to demonstrate the opposite theory, yet it must be confessed that by far the larger induction yet made leaves the question still open, with a leaning of the balance toward the masculine side. This is especially true of observations upon animals, perhaps also of those upon Man thus far.

I do not look to induction to clear this point up for us, except we first take our stand by the primary law of Nature—the point of deduction. Only this vantage-ground in so vast a field, with such an infinite variety of facts to be classed, can help us to clear, true inductive work here. Elsewhere, after more extended statements of the argument for the superiority of the feminine have been made, I shall present the deductions, to which we shall then be entitled in its behalf, in this special office. Here it must suffice to hint, that the more affluent functional life strongly suggests that in its own crowning office *it cannot be second to an inferior functional life.*

Manifestly the inferior powers are means to the end of perfection in the highest: the more functions the higher is that which crowns all, and the greater the power in it; because, the larger the functional quantity, and the broader the relations with the universal power and life, the broader the capacities to appropriate and embody, in a higher degree and form, whatever belongs to life. How, therefore, can we suppose that being who stands at the head of the functional scale to be second to one below, in the most divine of all the offices conferred on it? Nature does not so work in other departments of her operations. Is it likely that she would forsake her plan here, at the

very highest point in her visible scheme, where she employs every kind of power in the very largest measure, for a result to which all other results contribute? Moreover, even in our human order, the controlling influence in a copartnership, is his who makes the most important contribution to its ends. Whichever of the two partners in this office gives the most essential element, ought to be intrusted with the less essential. A reverse proceeding would exhibit the strange spectacle of a life carried to the highest grade of development, the most exquisite perfection, not only for its own greatness and goodness, but as a means to the divinest discharge of the most exalted office, being called upon to surrender its means, in that office, to the custody and control of an inferior—to put them away from and quite beyond itself—beyond any but an indirect control, which, at the mercy of circumstance or the will of that other, may be wholly cut off or destroyed at any period in the progress of the work. We rarely find the wisdom of men suffering them to fall into such absurdities. How then shall we suppose it of Nature, who is ever wise, harmonious, and steady of purpose?

Again, on the hypothesis of the superiority of the masculine element, we ought to find the truest Maternity in those women who act with the least individual power upon the element received by them. The highest ought not to be invaded by the forces of the inferior nature. In the hands of the inferior it should remain intact, whole, self-exclusive as against every possible approach, save of those forces which are indispensable to give it organic form and life. Individuality of character in Woman would then be a calamity to her offspring, since it would be the development and consequent employment of forces and activities which

must necessarily jeopardize the complete preservation and protection, against herself, of means intrusted to her for a momentous result, in which, if she is second at first, she ought necessarily to be second last, and all the time. We ought therefore to find the truest Maternity, *i. e.*, that which most efficiently and harmoniously advances human well-being, among the most neutral women. These, individually, would be the healthy, normal *nobodies* of civilization, and among nations, the sound, undeveloped, impersonal women of the savage and barbarous races—which is absurd.

If the views here advanced look in the right direction, (and of that I cannot entertain so much as the shadow of a doubt, since they are deductions from Nature's primal truth of the sexes), this claim for the masculine is destined to vanish at no distant day. And this no less though it has received from the more perfect investigations of modern Science, some of its very strongest support. For neither the knife of the anatomist, nor the lens of the microscopist, are infallible interpreters of function. We do not possess ourselves of all of Nature's secrets by cutting up her tissues and fabrics, neither by the keenest inspection of their ultimate atoms, whether fluid or solid. There are some truths withheld from the investigator, however brave, patient, and nice his methods and means, which are given up, in due time, to the Truth-seer, without any method or means, save the intuitive faculty and its unambitious, guileless surrender to the service offered it. Such, it is at least possible, we may find has been Nature's dealing in this occult department. And since we have yet to learn her secret purpose here, and hence are honorably bound to give courteous hearing to any reverently-spoken word that asks for or hints

at light, I shall offer for the reader's consideration the following suggestions, with which I have been favored by a student of Nature, who unites the intuitive faculty with the exact method, in a measure rarely equaled.

"My opinion," says Dr. J. W. Redfield, "is, that the female holds in her ovum the entire living germ of the future offspring. All that the male does, if this opinion be correct, is to supply the food which that germ requires to start it into life. This must needs be the most exciting, stimulating, vitalizing, and nutritious that Nature can furnish. For the germ is dormant, it has no active life, and therefore no lively sensibilities; it makes no demand, and is incapable of appreciating any ordinary stimulation. The first food must also supply the life corresponding to that first awakened in the germ, and the elements of the organs first developed. What man supplies answers to this requisition. The first developed life in the ovum is the nervous, and the first organization is that of the brain and nervous system. The food which supplies this is a living, active animalcule, that looks as if it were a mere nervous ganglion and spinal cord. The vitality is all there, and active, and the elements are precisely what the first organization requires.

"Besides this argument of the relation between the needs of the germ, and what is furnished by the male, it is an analogy, that the father stands to the mother and her offspring in the character of a provider. It is the office of the father to provide for the mother directly, and for the child indirectly, through her. More than this: the first supply of the germ, as we have described it, is the first of a series of manifestations of a *law*, which, if established, must carry the strongest weight of argument with it. The first food of the new

being is the most concentrated, nutritious, and stimulating, possible, as we have described. The second is pure blood from the mother's own lungs and heart, and is a little less nutritious and stimulating than the spermatozoa. The third is milk, which contains the proximate principles of the blood and the elements of the organization in their proper proportions, and is little less than blood divested of its red coloring matter. The fourth is properly the most nutritious, soft, animal and vegetable food, containing little of residuum, or of that which breeds worms and intestinal disturbances. And lastly, coarse and slightly nutritious food suits the farthest departure from the germinal condition.

"That the semen acts as food to the natural capacities, and probably as food to the germ, in which the power of Maternity is concentrated, is evident from this fact, namely, that the bee larvæ, which of themselves grow into sterile females, are developed into queens by being fed on pollen, the male fructifier of plants. The pollen must render the seed of its proper plant fruitful on the same principle that it does the bee; and as it is not a germ, producing its like, in the insect, neither is it in the vegetable. It is certainly food to the bee, and produces the effect, to a certain extent, that the sperm does, and the inference is, that both it and the sperm are food to the germs which they are the means of developing.

"What makes children like their fathers is a different principle entirely from that of *generation*, which I suppose rests with their mother. It is the impression, if I mistake not, made on the mother psychologically, and through the medium of the nervous sensibility, which is exceeding, in such a relation of the sexes. If the sudden presence of a man with club-feet can cause

club-feet in an infant from the fourth month, is it anything strange that the father should 'stamp his image' on the fruit of the womb? Neither in this nor in the material supplied, has the father anything to do with the offspring directly. It is the office of the male, simply to prepare the female for maternity, and all the functions of parentage, in the sense of generation, devolve on her. Anything that he can do directly, for the child, diminishes in the exact degree that it approaches the earliest stage of the child's existence. But the influence he is able to exert through the mother, is much greater than he is able to exert directly, and it diminishes from the conception to the maturity of the offspring."

One word more and we will pass this question by in its present connection with our subject, to return to it at a future time. With less disposition to assert, than to hint or to inquire, I suggest that it appears evident that when the animal is the leading character of the type, whether the species be brute or human, the masculine will (*ceteris paribus*) predominate in Reproduction. This at least seems to be the testimony of the lower brutes and of the inferior races and classes of mankind, and the reverse appears to be true wherever nerve-life is a leading capacity, as in the noble brutes, the horse and dog, for example, and in the more perfectly developed human types. Nerve-tissue is a characteristic of the anatomy of the feminine, as we shall shortly see, and nerve-function of its physiology; and in proportion to their presence in any species or type, *cet. par.*, the female appears to be potent over the character of the offspring. But it must be borne in mind that nerve-tissue is the instrument of impression, as well as a source of power—a means therefore of Object-

ive beside Subjective action on the unborn. But a means to be surrendered or withheld, (within certain limits), at the mother's will, when she is developed and intelligent enough to hold it so. And with the endless volume of experiences and possibilities which this undeniable, almost unquestioned truth opens to us, we find ourselves brought face to face with another aspect of the feminine, which demands examination. This is in itself more than a hint at the greater importance of the human mother in the endowment of her offspring. I allude to the care which Nature takes that the maternal function in woman shall not run beyond the meridian of her powers, while she permits paternity to senility and dotage in man; thus evidently assigning him to a secondary position, and crediting Woman with full powers—employing her to supply the lack which thus becomes comparatively unimportant in him.

Procreation is the highest *function* of life, in whatever form, vegetable or animal. It is the End to which all attainable perfection is Means, the one office for which innumerable inferior types are brought forward to their ultimate stage of development. The imago survives its emergence from the darkness of its larvæ and the sluggish joylessness of its pupa state, wherein it may have lain one, two, or three years, often but a day, sometimes but a few hours—all the long journey having been made apparently for the office of those moments, when life is winged with its fullest powers, and the inner tides overflow to leave the imperishable record of their existence and action in a posterity.

Nature surrounds this office with her wisest and nicest care: makes for it the richest provision of capacity of which the life is capable, thus everywhere testifying the sacredness in which she holds it. Knowing

these patent truths, we are, *à priori*, authorized to expect that we shall find her jealous of its performance by any being under other than the best normal conditions, and that her jealousy will be in proportion as the being is potent in the office. On the other hand, we may expect to find her careless of its performance in any life that approaches rather the character of a condition than of an absolute, determining power in it; and these are the respective positions of the masculine and feminine, in respect not only of the continuance of the function into the period of declining powers, but also of its performance under certain conditions which result from depravities shared by both. Maternity is, happily for social as well as individual well-being, destroyed by vices and abuses which leave the paternal function only impaired or enfeebled. But further; economy of employment is proof of Nature's value of her means. She is prodigal only of the common, the uncostly, in her processes. Weeds grow apace. A roadside thistle will produce more progeny than a forest oak; fishes than birds, birds than mammals, male than female. Would she waste her rarest means so? Indeed, it would seem as if the argument for the more important part of the feminine in this office might be pretty well concluded in the two facts that Maternity bears such a relation to the life that it is only permitted a limited number of times to all the higher creatures; at most to Woman, not as many in all her years as paternity is in a single month to man, and that the *waste* of resource is so incomparably greater in the latter that numerical terms will scarce express it.

Again, the suspension of this function in Woman marks her life by a physical change—an experience

peculiar to herself. The masculine life is divisible, physiologically, into two periods, youth and maturity —ante-paternal and paternal; the feminine into three, Ante-Maternal, Maternal, and Post-Maternal—and the transition from the second to the third is a physiological experience exclusive to Woman, which is balanced by nothing in the functional experience of man.

Now what is the language of natural physiological change? It is advancement—never degradation. It is the unequivocal testimony, in any life which it marks, of a degree of differentiation beyond that of another life, into which it cannot come. And unless we reject advancement as the Aim, and progress from condition to condition as the Method, of Nature, we must acknowledge that it marks a stage of growth in the ultimate, if not in the present powers of the life, at whatever time it takes place and with whatever manifest diminution of existing capacities. I speak not here of the change to old age, which comes upon all living, (though of that also it is equally to be affirmed that it is advancement toward the ultimate), but of those changes which mark functional stages in the life.

Now of this great change in Woman, from the Maternal to the Post-Maternal period, nothing could be more natural than that, in the material ages which are past, it should, happening to Woman alone of all living, have been read as a sign of her descent from a full to a limited life—from capacity to incapacity: an absolute, uncompensated loss of power; because no material compensation appeared, to take its place in the circuit of her corporeal capacities. So that this very evidence, which to future generations will testify her super-exaltation, has been read as testifying its opposite; and this, though everywhere else in Nature, the function

of physiological change has been clearly enough comprehended to be received as evidence of Nature's intention to advance the life which is its subject. The reasons for this misinterpretation, which has cost the sex such countless ages of dread of the inevitable, such humiliation, and nameless martyrdoms which can be known only to itself, are, it seems to me, plain in the light of the present day.* For it is transmutation of power in Woman; the annulling of a set of corporeal functions, and the transfer of the capacity entering into them to a more exalted department of the life—the winding up of a physical series, and the opening of

* My acquaintance with women of the nobler sort has convinced me that many a woman has experienced, at times, a secret joy in her advancing age, and been in herself capable of receiving it gladly, as a privilege, who nevertheless has been so overruled by the universal masculine judgment as to see in it only a loss of Power, and a condition, therefore, that ought to be deplored and commiserated. That day is forever past, thank God, for enlightened women, and will be, in no long time, for their less fortunate sisters. For women developed enough to have opinions and take any ground, teach each other very rapidly. Their presence in the field of masculine errors is like sunlight to the mists of early dawn. Let the idea once go abroad among the sex, that feminine life is divided by Nature into three periods, each of which is an advance—growth, not diminution—and we shall soon cease the wailing and lamentation over the first gray hair and the first wrinkle at the eyes. Let women of all ages remember these three periods and their character: first, the human, or youthful, in which the feminine is least diverged from the masculine; next, the generative, or maternal, in which it has taken its exclusive path and is walking towards its own kingdom; third, the regenerative, or spiritual, in which the others culminate, and where the ultimate brightest glory of earthly Womanhood alone is seen or enjoyed. Who can dread to reach this? Surely none who see what it truly is.

wider channels for the outflow of the affectional and spiritual nature—the closing of one set of avenues, and the broader opening of another, lying above them.

Woman has a right to this deduction in her favor, and not a right only, which she might be too modest or self-denying to claim, but it exists of necessity for her. She cannot reject it if she would; and this no less that through all the ages in which this experience of hers has been misread, the sex has been incapable, by reason of its lack of development, of furnishing grounds for any other than this mistaken conclusion.

And let it be remembered that there is no essential contradiction here of the preceding statement respecting the dignity of the parental function; first, because no function is claimed that ranks that one, and second, because there is a larger sense in which Woman is maternal than the functional sense; in which the maternal soul is generative when the body has ceased to be so; embraces humanity as its child; travails in pain with it for its sufferings, hindrances, darknesses, perversions, and yearns over it, when born into the higher life, with a maternal solicitude and affection. Here Woman is regenerative, and Motherhood takes on a less concentered, but more divine, because more Godlike character, becoming broad and inclusive, like the divine Motherhood, which lofty and tender souls see, and have in all ages seen, in the heavens opened to their inner eyes.

This phenomenon of the human feminine is significantly called by names which indicate a dim perception of its true character. The "turn of life," into new channels—the "change of life," from old forms of expression to new, but never is it, in popular language,

named diminution of life or loss of it. And what an experience to the developed woman, whose intellectual and emotional memory sweeps back over the wide, and infinitely diversified kingdoms, the last of whose gates are about to close upon her forever; whose earnest insight would penetrate the mysteries of that which is awaiting her, and forerun experience on the trackless path which leads up to those vailed hights whose dimness vanishes with each year's approach—the welcome ground her feet are impatient to tread.

In vain will man send forth his Imagination, with pinion all unloosed, to picture this era of Woman's life. There are no dyes in which her brush may be dipped, that will lay in the colors of that matchless mosaic. Look back over the long road she has traveled, since incipient Maternity, in her tiny body, kissed and caressed its first doll—childhood and its natural, graceful, refined, artistic joys; Maidenhood and its timid, shy, palpitating hopes, yearnings, fears, trusts, loves; Womanhood and its deep, grand, awful experiences—all leading up to this mysterious gateway, by which she is to pass to a still unknown, separated, Beyond. What valleys of early hope lie cool and dewy, pure and fragrant, in that far distance which she remembers—what wide, monotonous plains spread all about her, as she advanced—what shining hights, bathed in the auroral airs of love, promised her their fullness of joy, their perfect peace—what hills of difficulty presently arose—what black, forbidding steeps of impossibility—what vast continents, over which the winds of experience blew in alternate zephyr and tornado—what deserts, where death withered every bud and leaf that made life sweet; where sorrow turned fairest flowers to ashes, and sweetest savors to bitterness; where suffering dried

every fountain and parched all the little, gurgling springs, and sucked up the tiny streams, whose flow would have adorned and made vocal the landscape.

O there is no language of Woman's soul that is large enough to contain this, still less then of Man's, to whom every feature of it is denied, as experience. He is but an outside spectator, and must wait his introduction, such as he is capable of taking, at the hand of Woman. He is an infidel here; often alas, a jeerer, a scoffer, lacking faith in what his own consciousness does not report to him of human sensation and emotion. He is a speculative looker-on at what he half or wholly doubts, even while trying to see it; and because each phase of the experience transcends his capacities for feeling and knowing, he is here, whatever his intellectual pride and power elsewhere, but a little child to be led and taught. His material science takes note of the more obvious, physical facts; even his uninstructed intellect admits their reality, but those less obvious to his coarser sense he either refuses to acknowledge as having any deeper existence than the Imagination, wherefore they amuse or vex him; or he commiserates their subject as the victim of mere whims, delusions, fancies, which a sound, vigorous life like his would extinguish at once. The psychical facts, the realities, of which the corporeal phenomena are but the symbols and signs, he mostly refuses to recognize as having any but the most shadowy existence. To him they are but a dream of dreams, all those mighty currents of emotion setting to and fro, from the deepest centers to the uttermost limits of being in the individual. But Man has necessarily thus far been the only student of Woman's nature—the sole expounder of it to himself and her. What marvel, seeing the wide distance between

them, that both are so profoundly ignorant of it? What marvel that, in her desperation, arrived at this great transit, only darkness, mystery and loss of power before—only swiftly perishing capacity behind—around her only skepticism as to the most profound realities of her daily life, happy if it be but skepticism, in gentle, patient form, instead of jeering, sarcasm, or harshness —nowhere a ray of intelligent sympathy—books dumb, persons blind to her emotions of joy and suffering; looking cold or forbearingly askance if she chance to utter so much as a word of some unfamiliar thought or feeling that possesses her—younger women pitying or half despising her—elder women, who give their sympathy, having no real light to give—the husband making the same demands upon her, respecting only corporeal disability—even affectionate children, loving daughters, and tender, manly sons, plainly showing that it is pity rather than reverence that controls their treatment of her; all her relations, in short, shaping themselves to the theory of a diminished instead of an expanded self-hood—what marvel, I repeat, that thousands of women, as good as the best, as true as the truest, have given way, in these fearful years, and drifted into the dreary wilderness of insanity, or rushed to the swift escape of self-destruction?

To one who has passed or is passing through this experience, no marvel surely. The wonder rather is that, considering the complication of the instrument, its numerous and exquisite sensibilities, and the discords which life, in its ruthlessness and riot, is continually playing upon it, it should not oftener give way. This it is, this wondrous endurance, this sublime self-poise, where self-poise would seem to be the last thing we could reasonably expect, which, as much as any other quality of

Womanhood, kindles the reverence of the thoughtful soul towards it. Consider the average Woman of civilization arrived hither. It need not be said that she has suffered, whatever her lot may have been. To be a Woman is to suffer, thus far in the human career. Each of us knows this, and it is not hidden from the noblest men. Yet, though disappointment has shocked, pain has wrung, and grief exhausted her life, the fountain has refilled itself after every drain, from those invisible springs whose deeply-hidden sources even she perchance knows not. Finding that they are, she is thankful; with secret thrills that sound down to the depths of her nature, she takes conscious possession of her riches and moves along her way. From year to year of the thirty or forty that make her middle period, she has accepted life as it came, sustaining herself as best she could when the revolving wheel carried her down, and, as she rose, reaching out to draw others up to her own elevation. The men who set out on the road with her, the husband, brother, friends, are excused if they grow hard, or bitter, or resistant, between the upper and the nether mill-stone, even though they be less bruised than she; but no provision is made for her becoming so. She is counted on to be steadily hopeful, sustaining, compassionate, helpful, loving. The average Woman is so. She is the concrete of those elements in the human society of all ages.

She stands at this portal, now, which separates her past and present from a future that is unknown to her, and that is made forbidding by the theory she has received of it. No wonder that she looks upon these gates, as the condemned upon the door which is next to open the way to his scaffold—that she counts sadly every step which brings her nearer to them—that she

would fain convince herself and the world that she is yet far off; thirty-five instead of forty-five; fresh with youth instead of cosmetics; gay from happiness instead of simulation. For that awful future! Wherein it is not mysterious it is worse; insulting, neglectful, chilling. And, whatever its aspect to her, the near approaches to it are through trials of soul and sense that call for the most delicate consideration, the deepest tenderness, the finest sympathy of the spirit. It is the winding up of a set of functions, the most august of her gifts—of a circuit of nerve-activities, and the transfer of the finer powers, capacities, and sensibilities involved in them, from the corporeal to the psychical level. All this does not take place without perturbations of heart, and nerve, and brain, hard to bear at the best—appalling at times, in the darkness wherein she has to grope her lonely way. First come those fluctuating movements, the ebb of the currents from center to circumference, the earliest hint given by Nature that she is preparing to suspend their centripetal action. But this of the corporeal is only the symbol of a corresponding spiritual action. In the Maternal period centralization was the necessary policy, since Maternity is of a rank to subordinate all contemporary powers, and make them legitimately subservient to itself. Now this function is to pass away from her. The powers which co-worked with it may remain, many of them even in augmented degree, for years, but their direction is to be changed.

Three reasons appear for this change. Doubtless there are many others, did we understand them, but three are apparent; two which concern the race and one the individual. First, the species is to be protected against the wide-spread calamity which must fall upon

it were this office continued into the dotage of Woman, as paternity is to Man. Second, Society, according to its advancement, needs other service from Woman; calls her to other fields in these years, having need of her there, as we shall see by-and-by. Third, the individual is to have a period of repose from the taxes and cares which Maternity lays upon her—a period when the powers are ripened for growth, and when life, through the fullness of experience, has become a majestic, flowing river, whose current passion and sense are no more to lash into foam or break into roaring rapids. Or a lofty mountain is it? whose calm summit has pierced the clouds and now rises in grand repose above their changing, shifting haste and fury. After the earnest, self-sacrificing, absorbing struggles of the maternal years, this season fitly comes—a sabbath-interlude of harmony and peace, to be followed by Heaven. Let any woman to whom Maternity has been what it ought to be in the feminine life, the paramount interest, aim, and office of its two or three middle decades, consider what it would be to go on giving herself thus in that unstinted measure, up to the full term of her years—all the self-sacrifice continuing, all the cares, solicitudes, responsibilities, going on so till sixty or seventy, and she will readily see how beneficent is its suspension, and also how much more her self-hood is involved in it than is that of Man in paternity. Each life has yielded of itself according to the demands upon it: one in self-gratification, the other in self-giving; one in self-love, the other in loving. Instead, therefore, of repining at the change which finally suspends this office to her, she will receive it as a just due—especially if she has been so happy as to give herself freely, wholly, intelligently, loyally, to its

fulfilling—and feel her life made richer, not poorer, by its coming.

But there are nervous perturbations to be borne during this period of transfer, there are mental states to be endured, and outlived as best they can, many of which, coming to him singly, would appall the strong man who indulges a smile at the mention of them. The superior-maternal system is a nervous center of itself, endowed with sensibilities inconceivable to man, and as its action winds up, the nerve-power must coalesce with the permanent cerebral and organic systems. A corresponding psychical action therefore takes place. The mind and affections let go, for seasons, their accustomed objects; the subject of the change finds herself on some day—when all the objective world is occupying familiar, well-beaten ground, every wheel in the outside machinery of life turning orderly in its time and place—standing, as it were, alone in the wide universe, which never before seemed so wide. All relations seem to have fallen off from her, as a dropped garment folds itself silently at her feet. Emotion is for the time gone, its agent and minister, the nervous life, being engaged in searching out and clearing its new homes and paths. Away, and further away, in this appalling experience, retreats every object and bond that made the world a hospitable home before. Wider and wider grows her horizon, naked and more naked the area within it, till she realizes at her profoundest depths, the very truth of the old words that it

——"is not the whole of life to live."

She finds that it is indeed a small thing to breathe the breath of life, to take food and drink, to feed and clothe herself daily, when outside the limits of her ma-

terial being there is nothing, all has perished for her or vanished from her grasp—that, saddest of all, she is scarcely moved to stretch forth and prove whether or not they might, perchance, be recalled; she is indifferent. Then, on another day, as unmarked by any outward event as the previous one, the dislodged wanderer having found, apparently, a kingdom worthy his presence, an acceptable home, walks it with royal serenity, and lo, from the still chambers and the silent courts of heart and brain, there presently issues an august presence whose name is Love Divine. It shines over the family, over the neighborhood, the state, the world, the universe. By that light the soul goes forth to embrace every form of sentient life wherever it exists. Birds of Saturn, fishes of Jupiter, creeping things of Uranus, mighty men and women of Neptune: everywhere, the humblest mortals, slaves in Africa, pariahs in India, terrible criminals—angels in Heaven, the Great Good, all and each move the love that now warms and uplifts this soul, before so empty and desolate. No more the tideless Mediterranean, but joyful, living currents carry the inmost life outwards over all that it can relate itself to; the soul, expanded and warmed, seizes upon its old and its new relations, and for an hour, a day, a month, it asks no pity, feels no poverty because of what has gone in the change that has come to it.

But these fluctuations continue perhaps for years, few or many, the pathological condition of civilized Woman, doubtless prolonging their day. And they terminate, be it sooner or later, in one of two conditions: a being narrowed and impoverished by what is gone from it; or expanded and enriched by that which has come in its stead. It needs not be told to any woman, which is the *natural* result, and must therefore

be the ultimate destiny, of all Womankind. For none can be in doubt on that point. But glance at the conditions for portraits of the two classes into which women naturally separate, whatever their social rank or culture, after they enter upon this period. Those who fall into the former estate—whether they belong socially to West End or Lambeth; to the Boulevards or the Quartier; to Fifth Avenue or the meanest suburb—make up the rank and file of that large army which the world, not being able lawfully to rid itself of, encamps in the quietest nooks at its firesides, and gladly so, withdraws from notice as far as possible; avenging itself, meantime, by the sly indulgence of its undisguised contempt.

Old Woman! It is an easily-spoken word, which flippant young people, and people neither flippant nor young, love to utter when they have reached the climax of polite impatience. It is a representative word, implying that into that creature whom it designates, Nature has put all that can go to the perfect compound of human weakness and feebleness; poverty and narrowness of life, imbecility without the sacredness of idiocy, vacillation, hollowness, blindness to all rational aims and objects, beside every measure of petty, helpless selfishness that the shrunk shell can contain; and that from it she has withdrawn every element of value and power in body, mind, and soul, that had been there.

It is a fate one shrinks from, that of being passed thus from the stage of active, conscious, commanding expression, to a seat at the side scenes, where, as your successors come and go, you are to expect insult, or jeer, or toleration, or pity. Let none wonder that these places are sought with slow, reluctant feet, even

by those who are utterly helpless to approach a more attractive one. But the Old Woman has to submit to her lot, however hard it be; for when she has reached it, neither heaven nor earth can redeem her from it. She has prepared no royal seat for the power which Nature has wisely and kindly dethroned; no avenues are opened for its going and coming to spirit or intellect, and it lies palsied there where it descended. The maternal activities cease—that central light is extinguished on its altars, and all the circumference is sealed against its egress by the higher and broader roads of aspiration and universal love. The radii of her being are lodged, at their periphery, in an armor of chilled bigotry, ignorance, self-complacency, self-indulgence, vanity, ambition, worldliness in some or many of its protean forms, and they shorten continually instead of lengthening. She is like an apple on a winter bough; the frost has diminished its fluid bulk, and the wrinkled rind that was so fair and beautiful has followed the retreating diameters. Soul and body fare alike. Selfishness, darkness, unwomanly skepticism of possible good, of the noble destiny of all; pride, vanity, envy, jealousy, hate, all seal up the outlets of the noble life, wither its proportions, and thus make the fate alike inescapable to the individual and reproachful to the sex. Look now on this picture.

We never say Old Woman of her whose aspiring, loving, growing life has brought her to the higher estate of the Post-Maternal period. Woman is her name, for age is felt to have made her more instead of less, so that she more perfectly represents the ideal than in her earlier period. Few in number are they by comparison? Granted. But the noble few are always prophets of the coming many. And, men or

women, it is but the few who can transcend their accepted theory of life, and illustrate a nobler one. Now Woman's theory of her nature and passing destiny, (it might be said of her eternal destiny too), is taken from Man's study and teaching of her, and these are based upon what his senses discover, through the aid of his external intellect alone. For he can have no intuition of those truths of Woman's nature which transcend the phenomenal limits of his own. Deductively these lie beyond his reach, and their inductive discovery is slow, confused, contradictory, irregular, and fragmentary, because the starting-points for making it not being included in his own consciousness, and not being open to his observation, as in Geology and Botany, can only be approximated by him at best; are long the subjects of mere conjecture, or are openly scouted and rejected. In proof of this, we have only to look at the fact that while he has been compelled to teach an Anatomy, a Physiology and a Pathology of the feminine, and all because of *more*, not *less*, in Woman, he still teaches her inferiority, thus going directly in the face of every law which he rests on for diametrically opposite conclusions, throughout the whole inferior world of life, the identical reasons given for his organic superiority being those which would in part, determine that of the quadruped over him, namely, a more limited range of functions.

Receiving this theory from Man (as in their intellectual helplessness thus far, Women have been constrained to do), and the equally glaring absurdity which crowns it, this of the diminution of Womanhood in the final change to the Post-Maternal period, is it any wonder that they have not yet, in any large numbers, made illustrious this season of divine privilege in

relations, work, retrospect and prospect? Universal Motherhood! the overflowing love which reaches to all, and is happiest when most diffused, as air, light, warmth, God's own love. We revere universal fatherhood in Him, but Motherhood is the perfect type of all that is tender, embracing, inclusive, cherishing, creative *in* and *for* its object. It must penetrate beyond the crust of external needs, touch the inner springs and harmonize them for future independent action. Not to supply happiness, alone, but to create permanent sources of self-supply. Not to generate, which may be of the body only, but to regenerate, which must be of the soul. Not contracted, monotonous relations therefore, henceforward, but widened and varied ones—not a narrow stage of action, but one as broad as the powers can fill. Even shriveled, chimney-corner Womanhood feels something of this stirring at its center, and stretches forth a spasmodic hand, now and then, to lay hold of its true work in some misdirected or undirected life that is going to waste in its sight; is more the grand or great-mother than parallel Manhood is the grand or great-father.* And for true

* The seeing of these truths in their practical bearing, may perhaps be helped by a glance at the classes into which Women in their present stage of development, separate on passing this period. They are three: first, the large common class, in which practical degeneracy from the functional power, and its advantages, to a life narrowed in circuit, diminished in force, enfeebled in purpose, is actually experienced; second, a small class, in whom the suspended power seems to pass over to the masculine side, and re-appears there in greater coarseness of features, action, thought and speech; in more ungentle manners, and a hardness of character which sometimes painfully surprises those who have known the earlier life; and third, the class, not as yet large

Womanhood arrived here there is no growing old. Age refines and enriches, warms and illuminates, expands and exalts her. She is more and more Woman through it; not less and less. The noble life that has led her *hither* is her grand cosmetic. To its close, personal ugliness is impossible: wanting it, no arts, however artful, can save the face of fifty, sixty, seventy years, from the change that will one day be an accusation, proving itself, against its owner. The woman whom youthful beauty has not blessed finds her day and reign here. Her loving friends, charmed the more with her the older she grows, say—"how handsome she is." Every year makes her more beautiful to the eye, more interesting to the spirit. Her intellect, loosed from the golden bonds of corporeal Maternity, rises to the grasp of higher truths. That has been Education for this, which is even a diviner Use. There she was Nature's pupil as well as minister; here she is her honored professor. Society loves to sit at her feet and feel the genial descent into its soul, of the inspiration that flows from hers, as if it realized the saying of the Vishnu, that "every book of knowledge which is known to Oosana or to Vreehaspatee, is by Nature implanted in the understandings of Women."

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in any country or age, but increasing noticeably with every passing generation, numbering more whitened heads and spiritualized faces in this than any day that is past, in whom age is actually the ripening of all the physical powers, the unfolding of the Spiritual, the setting free of the Ideal Woman from her limits and hindrances—the perfecting of the nature. To these, Reverence and Love flow as naturally from surrounding lives as to the Angels and God; and from them they return again as naturally to the givers of them.

It is all expressed, how inimitably, in these few lines:

"O the ripened joy of Womanhood!
O perfect happiness at last!
I am more than eighty years of age—my hair too is pure white—I am the most venerable Mother;
How clear is my mind! how all people draw nigh to me!
What attractions are these, beyond any before? what bloom more than the bloom of youth?
What beauty is this that descends upon and rises out of me?"

II. The next volume of evidence to be opened in our case is that of the nervous structure. And there is no greater need of abstruse, labored statements here than in the points already examined. I shall only endeavor to show some of the physiological relations of nerve-tissue and its comparative and relative quantity in Woman.

Nerve-matter is Nature's highest visible means for the exaltation of life. Where it is most liberally employed, not only are the corporeal offices higher in character and quality, but the psychical forces are relatively stronger. Draper finely observes that, "from the moment we see the first traces of the nervous mechanism lying in the primitive groove, we recognize the subordination of every other part to that mechanism. For it, and because of it, are introduced the digestive, the circulatory, the secretory, the respiratory apparatus. They are merely its ministers. And, fastening our attention on the course which it pursues, we see that it is at once a course of concentration and development. The special is at each instant coming out of the more general, and, from the beginning to the end, the whole aim is at psychical development."

Three facts in the anatomy of the nervous structure

are indispensable to a just physiological estimate of its value to the possessor; first, its size relative to all other parts; second, its complexity of structure; third, the relative proportion of the cineritious to the medullary matter. For although the third seems to be generally dependent on the second, the increase of surface in the same bulk necessarily increasing the investing portion, there is, beside, a difference in its thickness in the same situation in different animals. Thus, while in its transverse and vertical size, the brain of the dolphin is not greatly exceeded by that of man, in the complexity of its convolutions and the thickness of the gray substance, the latter far surpasses the former. And these, as well as the longer antero-posterior diameter, confer on the human brain its superiority over that of the fish.*

The human nervous system is relatively the largest on the earth. For all our present purposes it will suffice, I think, to consider it here in two grand divisions, intra-cranial and extra-cranial—the brain proper, contained in the cavity of the skull, and the nervous matter distributed throughout all other parts of the structure.

The male body exceeds the female in size, by proportions variously estimated at one-twelfth to one-fifteenth. It is needless to be critical here. Those who desire accurate information can obtain it by referring to the statistics of M. Quetélet, Mr. Sadlier, Dr. J. Clarke, Hofaker, and others: for the rest, common observation of human beings of all ages will amply serve us. These proportions below the head, necessitate, by the laws of symmetry in form as well as harmony in use, a cor-

* Carpenter.

responding variation in the size of the head. Woman would be less symmetrical, beautiful, and therefore perfect, if, with her body, she had the cranial size of Man. Moreover, as size is but one element of power, and there are several others, nothing is concluded against her, in respect of brain-power, by this fact, save that which depends on size alone. Nor is this concluded finally by the size of the skull, which is but a casket, of which, in one case, the thickness may reduce the contents to a less absolute quantity than exists in another, where, from extreme fineness and thinness in the containing walls, (as is the case with the female skull compared with the male), the interior capacity is greater than appears. But here, as everywhere, Nature will interpret the facts for Woman, if we will hear her, more perfectly and beautifully than any partisan zeal in the cause can. She has given greater *size* to man in brain as in body—pity for the race if she had not—greater fineness and complexity to Woman, cerebral as well as general. Her brain is finer, as her other tissues are; it is more complex, as her general structure is. Through the fineness comes a higher character, in powers of the same order; more delicate grasp, more subtile prehension and apprehension, more penetrative reach of faculty, a swifter power to seize relations; a state more receptive of illumination and inspiration; a more fluent inner life. Psyche winged instead of fettered—soaring, not imprisoned in the clay she dwells with. It is the difference between a Damascus blade and one of English steel. In the one, quality is subordinate to material—in the other material is subordinate to quality. Through the greater complexity comes more complex power in the nicer shades of action which identical faculties exhibit. One is a color, the other a

blending of many hues. By reason of this nicer structure there is also present a larger proportion of that element of nerve-substance which is the ultimate material source of organic power, the operative force of the whole mechanism, the principal which employs the medullary substance and trunks as its agents and messengers. Every added convolution spreads a surface for this vestment, whose presence invites the gods, and provides their feast.

Again; nerve-tissue grows finer, both in character and function, in proportion as the place it occupies is exalted in the organization. Thus the top-brain is finer in ultimate structure, and more abundant in convolutions, than the medial, this than the basilar, the cerebrum than the cerebellum, and either of these than the ganglia; the ganglia than the nerve-trunks. The masculine type gives breadth, volume, in the middle and basilar regions, and is narrowed at the top. The nisus is toward animal development: The feminine type reverses these proportions: slender base, long antero-posterior and vertical diameters, expanded top; nisus toward the super-animal life. It is the crown of her head which is the autocrat of her intellectual and physical powers: it is the base of man's. Now interpret these facts by the invariable law that size is (*cet. par.*) the measure of power, and that power is the divine, infallible appointment to use, and we shall see that harmony in use as well as in form, requires that the female head should be smaller, since an equal quantity of brain of the finer quality would cause the destruction instead of the development and sustained capacity of the lesser and more delicate body.

I am aware that Tiedeman, an authority not to be lightly questioned, affirms the larger relative size, at

this time, of the female brain. I know not what his evidences are, nor with how much care they were taken, but in their absence it seems highly probable that some error may have crept into the statistical calculations on which such a statement would have to be based. For, beside the grounds for doubting it which we have seen above, there remains this strong one, viz: that *use is the condition of full normal volume* in any organ or system, and *that* the female brain has never yet had. Learning, ideas, necessity of mental solution of questions before her—questions themselves—action, such as drives the bounding brain against its inclosing walls, with a demand for their enlargement, and sets all the little sappers and miners in its employ at work to compass its release, these have never yet come into the destiny of Woman. Their day has dawned, but has not passed its dawn. Its record is not yet imprinted upon the cerebral constitution of the sex. I think, therefore, in the absence of positive proof, the assertion must be regarded as at the least admitting of question. And on the other hand, when men, in their treatment of Physiology, Moral and Intellectual Science, the development and resources of human society, and other kindred subjects, tell us with an oracular wisdom which cuts off appeal, which assumes to be incapable of error on so weighty and well-considered a question, that Woman, with many of the very finest elements of humanity controlling her character, unquestionable commission to its very highest and most responsible offices, is man's inferior in brain-power, *because* her brain is smaller than his, it is very much as if a Chinese savant should pronounce oracularly upon human development, present and prospective, from the premises furnished by his country-

men alone. It is probable that the outside barbarians would dissent from his views.

The error, and it seems to have become imbedded in the masculine thought as firmly as the earliest fossil in its native stratum, lies in assuming man as the standard, and his era as embodying the purest and most permanent forms of human good, and as working according to the highest laws of the human constitution. But the king of Dahomey respects his own statesmanship and sees no better methods or aims than those which he employs. It is wisely ordered that we shall honor our work, while it remains to us for doing.

Of the extra-cranial nervous system, not many words are needed to prove Woman's superior relative endowment in it. Popular ignorance even understands this—the higher sensibility, the more quickly responsive centers, the numerous foci which receive impressions, the finer co-ordinating power in the organic functions, the infinitely multiplied capacities of suffering, each of which is the abnormal side of a capacity for enjoying and doing—a reverse whose obverse is life and power conjoined—all prove her pre-eminence here.

But beyond the system common to both sexes, the feminine has herein its own exclusive endowments in the superior-maternal organs. These are sometimes spoken of by the profession best acquainted with them, as plexuses of nerves in and of themselves, and every possessor of them who has become advised of their extreme sensibility, through its diseased action, knows that it is by no violent figure of speech they are so named. For the suffering they may occasion has so many characters, and each may be so intense, so exquisite, so torturing to sense and faculty, that they make,

of themselves a wide pathological world, of which Woman is the sole occupant—one of whose functions it seems to be to test and measure the utmost powers of human endurance. Fire and rack need not be applied to Woman to prove her courage. These are fire and rack for her, attacking where there is neither passion, nor glory, nor heroism, nor the secret sympathy of a party or a nation to sustain her against them. She is to suffer alone, and the ages are not invited to look back and celebrate her fortitude. *But a pathological can only come through a physiological possibility. Exclusiveness in suffering is exclusiveness in power.*

When, therefore, men congratulate themselves as being superior to Woman because of their exemption from the suffering and disabilities peculiar to her, it is the Orang congratulating himself that he can never lose the cunning right hand which may make a watch or a telescope, and so bring the rolling heavens into the observatory. Much man does escape surely, but there is not an atom of this advantage that is not balanced by the lack of power whose presence would make it impossible. Superior *for* his position and work on the earth man undoubtedly is, in his exclusion from woman's pathological world, as, for the same reason, the fish is superior to him for swimming in the sea, the bird for the upper air, the beast of prey for the severe exigencies of predatory life in the forest; but superior *in* his position and work, no, except less be reckoned better than more, lower than higher. Superiority *for* a place is the most exact fitness for the uses which make up its activities. The worm crawls better than the child; there is no waste of material, power or purpose in its action. But superiority *in* place is quite another thing, which Nature determines infalli-

bly by the number and variety of powers she invests in the being. The animate creation is a *scale* by reason of higher and lower, and positions upon it are graduated by the addition of capacities. The sum of these in any type is the physiology of that type, to which its pathology bears an exact, invariable proportion. So that we are fairly entitled to wonder why, between the Physiologists and the Pathologists, Woman's true position should not long ago have been discovered; still more why Pathology encourages man to hug in a self-complacent exemption, (which it is almost ludicrous that he does not see to be exclusion instead), from the widest pathological world, the notion of his own superiority. He could only set foot therein by becoming physiologically the equal of Woman, and can only be excluded by being in the same sense her inferior. But it is not for us to complain of this, for it is no less true now than ever it was, and no less a beneficent truth here than anywhere, that

—— "who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

From what we have seen of the constitution of the feminine, we are now able to form some not incorrect idea of its true place in the world of action. Somewhat, however, remains to be said, of definite application to this point; which, in these years of struggle for Woman, is practically, perhaps, the most vexed feature of the vast question we are endeavoring to solve. Shall Woman in action be Man; shall she liken herself as nearly as possible to him in corporeal capacities, hence of course in the tastes which control and influence him, as far as he is altogether pure and manly in them? Yes, by all means, promptly answers one earnest party. No, by no means, as promptly answers

another. The affirmative comes from progress, the negative from—the other side. What says Nature? If we attend to her we shall get our question answered; not quite by yes or no, however.

To us who love movement, whose very breath of life it is to be pressing forward to something not yet attained, it may be a little mortifying to find that Nature will not quite turn her back upon that other side; that she will not, according to our order plainly given, flout the party who says no, to the question we would so eagerly settle by yes. And to save ourselves similar experiences in future, we may as well here and now, acknowledge that there must be a measure of truth in any order of things that obtains universally in human society and runs from age to age. If Nature had intended that Woman should be man in her corporeal life, not only would she have done Woman the justice to make her man in physical ability, but she would have given her those mental forces conjoined with it, that would have upheaved the rocky ribs of the globe itself, to burst from their imprisonment and assume their position. I grant Woman's slavery, but had it been *such* slavery, the universe could not have held her in it all over the globe she has inhabited. The superposed life would have been rent in its weak places, (of which there have been plenty), to give vent to her resisting power. Europe would have had its half-dozen volcanoes playing in concert or alternately, and the Western World have been one mere huge chimney, since the second or third generation whence we can date the organic existence of its society.

Woman has been, is now enslaved, but emancipation lies not in that direction. Her slavery has accorded with her nature in part: it has not been a

pure violence to it. Thus its physical features express, in a crude, exaggerated, irreverent, distorted fashion it must be confessed, the truth of her physical inferiority to man, and dependence on him for the material goods of life, while certain features of the spiritual oppression she has suffered, have even more poorly and clumsily shadowed forth her relation of spiritual superiority over him.

Other things being equal, size is the measure of power, says the authority of Natural Science, in comparing one being with another. Let us apply this plain, concise law, first to a comparison of Man with Woman, in reference to the physical capacities of each, and next to a comparison of the powers of each among themselves.

Man is larger in stature than Woman. This is the first condition of the possession of greater power, in those kinds which mere volume may confer. But his large size is made up of a greater relative proportion of the osseous and fibrous tissues, the chief instruments of personal strength. Thus he is not only stronger by size as a whole, but also by possession of special means employed to give this attribute. But there is a third feature of his physique still more characteristic of his personal gifts and place in the world of corporeal action. The value of this action is derived from its adaptation to produce certain results. The results required of the *sovereign* human action thus far, have been those which only the strong arm and the large vital apparatus could secure. King here must, therefore, not only be superior in stature and relatively more fibrous and osseous than subject, but he must have those proportions predominant in his structure which fix his characteristic power in the chest and arms.

These proportions are uniform in the masculine body all the world over, among all types and races. It is by their permanence that he holds his place of lord of the material creation. Were they to depart from him the scepter would fall from his hand. No matter where else it should go, it could not stay with him. For Nature's commission to take and hold the throne of the physical world, to reign over it undisputed lord, in a sovereignty growing more and more complete with the advance of every age, is signed and sealed to man in this form of his body. No other authority could place him there, and holding this, no other can come in to dispute his sway. There is a paramount power or system of powers in every life; the corporeal man's are here. To exterminate, subdue, overcome, remove, refine, recast, develop, educe, are the grand ends of physical action in man. Material Nature is put into his hands crude, coarse, crabbed, barren, wild. He is endowed to transform her by his labor. He loves the work, because that great body is a reservoir of power created expressly that it might be done, and power is in itself a love of use. That capacious chest, those well-spread shoulders, those rugged arms are each a burning passion to lay hold and do somewhat. To fell the forest, to quarry the stones, to fence and plow the fields, to build the houses, to open the roads, to construct the ships and set the lawless ocean and the rebellious winds at work like disciplined apprentices for him; to pry like a law-making burglar into the most private apartments, to open the rock-ribbed safes where treasure is deposited, and drag it forth; to mine, to blast, to pull down and to pile up, to bring remote continents shoulder to shoulder, and mingle distant oceans; to thread wildernesses, to explore frozen seas

and torrid lands, to send mountains into the main and compel waters to give up the land; to build cities, prosecute wars, invent implements of destruction, and use them when invented; to construct machinery, and compel its obedience to his will when made, to subject powerful animals, and destroy ferocious and noxious ones, to organize governments, ecclesiastical and social systems, and play with them by the power of the strong arm, the unflinching body, and the resolute brain; to watch the phenomena of Nature patiently, year after year, as the ox pulls at his draft—these are some of the chief ends of the application of masculine power. Intellect subserves this physical action by discovery, investigation, and invention; moral sentiment directs it; religious feeling purifies, softens, and ennobles it, but it is mainly, sensibly, appreciably bounded within the limits of these motives, so far as the common consciousness of the masculine life is impressed by and to it. The deeper consciousness dwelling in rarer souls, and in rarer hours of common souls, is not denied—the prophets those, the prophetic experiences these, of an ultimate manhood. But herein are contained the conscious purpose toward life and its interests, personal and social, of the great, unindividuated man.

Thus in corporeal capacities man is man by virtue of these three anatomical facts: superiority in stature, superiority in muscular and osseous tissue, and predominance of development in the upper portion of the trunk and its appendages, the arms: and by all these gifts he is appointed to the external offices we have seen to be his, in fact.

Has Woman any characteristic form which equally interprets Nature's purpose in her corporeal constitu-

tion? It need not be said in answer, that the smaller stature indicates a less measure of strength in the whole, nor that the less amount of bone and muscle, relatively to the softer tissues, is also in perfect accord with this fact. These things will be understood, and we may pass at once to study the characteristic proportions of the feminine body as indicating its paramount powers and office.

We find the largest development here, opposed to that of the masculine body, viz: in the pelvic region of the trunk. This is a plain declaration of Nature that she has assigned to this region the paramount corporeal office of the life, that one which is to subordinate all others and make them means to itself as end. This office is Maternity, of which the chief organs have their place here, and are so constituted and related as to draw hither, from the outlying kingdom of the life, whatever is needful to them, becoming, in the periods of their full use, the focus of all the power, action, sensibility, susceptibility, life, movement, force of the general system, which they can appropriate.

Man is created to externalize his power from the moment it issues from its source, be it brain, muscle, nerve, gland, or viscera. When it leaves the fountain it must take a form external to his life, whatever that form be, and henceforth his control over it is modified, circumscribed, hindered, or it may be altogether destroyed. Is he a creator? He must create in the external, cold, confused, jarring world, where Nature affords him no sacred privacy. She turns him off as an apprentice or journeyman, to take his chances in the rough and tumble of outside opportunity. And accordingly he never opens his mouth but to complain that his work is inferior to his thought, the object to his

conception of it. But to Woman is given an inmost, sacred chamber, whose beams are laid in light, whose living walls define a kingdom within her life, wherein may assemble, as to a heavenly convocation, the grandest harmonies she is capable of feeling or receiving, the noblest aspirations she can know, the most tender, divine hopes, the sweetest compassions, the loftiest purposes. Around the conception maturing in the sanctity of this seclusion, may circle the purest and most kindling ideals, for her help; and here at the gates, if they be kept open and pure, sits the soul to shine in and illuminate the illustrious work. It is proceeding on the truest principles of art: the Divine Method, of working *from* a center, and is the only art in which it is given to humanity to surpass its conception, because the only one which is so deeply interior in human life, that Nature, if she is not resisted or repelled by corruption, selfishness, perversity, or ignorance, can be said to work in absolute accord, as one indeed, with the will which is carrying it forward. Its highest success is the most complete reservation of the power and means given for its performance—a reservation that must proceed, not from self-love in any form, but from religious reverence for its own greatness, above everything else that is possible to be compared with it.

Now the manner of this reservation, as to the higher capacities, is one of the most delicate and beautiful of Nature's evidences for the divinity of the feminine, for it is their largest and most religious employment, both subjectively in thought, and objectively in action, that is consistent with the highest attainable health of body and spirit; and as to the lower, it is their use always in subordination to this highest claim. It is the nature of spiritual power pre-eminently, that use is the condi-

tion of its increase. (By spiritual power here is meant every capacity of the human life above the purely corporeal.) And thus she reserves her higher maternal forces most effectually, who lives in the clearest thought she is capable of, the most tender, loving emotions, and the divinest purposes; all which are essential to relations of wise, womanly service, and true, unselfish, womanly endeavor.

This conclusion touching the paramount corporeal office of the feminine, is irresistible from the application of the law of size, in comparing the various parts with each other. It is a necessity of Woman's being, in filling this office, to give herself to it, body and spirit, in a supreme degree; and, (harmonizing with its prime importance in the divine plan for humanity), it is no less the sex's necessity, out of the office, to regard its physical powers as primarily and supremely pledged hereto. No female having the capacity for motherhood has a right to renounce it; and none who does not renounce it has a right to do aught, to indulge any habit of mind or body, that can compromise or implicate her perfect integrity and completeness herein. She is perfect in individuality in proportion as she is perfect for maternity, hence all development that can contribute to these ends, all industries, all recreations, all ease, all discipline that can be made helpful here, *are*, of right, and for her own and humanity's sake, ought practically *to be* hers: and hence equally, exemption from all those labors, and activities of every sort, which call for muscular strength in the executive, effective parts and members, the chest and arms, rather than for light versatile activity.

Woman cannot share the labors which are suited to man, except as an inferior in them, and as the sub-

ject of consequences which are penalties of the misdemeanor. These appear in depreciation in the individual and in her progeny. The personal degeneracy exhibits itself in a departure from the feminine type and an approach to the masculine. Beauty is lost, with grace, harmony of proportion, elegance of outline, fluency of motion. The shoulders broaden, the arms become muscular and rugged instead of round and smooth, the articulating processes enlarge, and the whole structure approximates the angular, knobby character of the masculine form. The psychical life follows in the downward track. Fineness of organic sensibility gone, fineness of mental action, whether in the intellectual or affectional faculties, follows. The unnatural corporeal action has robbed the nobler organs, the brain and nerve-centers, of their due supply of vital forces, and the standards of life are invariably lowered as a consequence. She is dull who should be vivacious, heavy who should be sprightly—the inner light is smoldering, not blazing; the inner chambers are dark and cold.

And it is not simply in overtaxing her muscular powers that Woman's corporeal nature is violated. She will suffer almost equally if there is demanded of her a *kind* of action for which she is not made. Strength in man comes from muscle and nerve-tissue, in a certain relative proportion. The muscular man is capable of sustained, repeated motion, employing the same organs for ten hours of the twenty-four. He is of the Bos or Equine fiber in this respect, and chops wood, quarries stone, or cuts the harvest, with as little sense of violation of his physical capacity in these labors as the ox or the horse in pulling at the draught. But physical power in Woman comes from another combi-

nation of these elements. She is more of the bird or insect type. Her capacities come more from nerve-tissue than muscular fiber; hence she demands constant and frequent change of position and action. She never spontaneously takes to the bearing of dead burthens. Her living child she will often carry with less fatigue than a man with four-fold strength, because the frequency of change demanded by the burthen, while it harmonizes with her versatile capacities, worries his more stolid power.

Both these truths of Woman are abundantly illustrated in the condition of women of the savage and barbarous races and nations; and scarcely less, to our humiliation be it said, in that of millions whom we are accustomed to regard as enjoying the privileges of Christian civilization—the field-peasants, the serfs and chattel-slaves of Christendom, together with large classes of operatives in every commercial and manufacturing nation. The departure in personal development from the true feminine type, which these women exhibit, confirms more than I have asserted here of Woman's peculiar traits, capacities, and claims, in the industrial departments of life. They have rarely anything like beauty in their youth; their maturity and age are haghood. They have lost the typical attributes of womanhood, they can but distantly approach those of manhood; hence by the time they reach maturity, they are physically monsters in form, and spiritually such in their natures—being somewhere between manhood and womanhood, without the graces or gifts of either.

Say that the net profits balance these losses—that so many acres in the harvest—so many tuns of wine—so many bales of cotton—so many yards of

cloth compensate for what has gone in their production: say that individual wealth, national prosperity, and the power which comes from them—exchange in our favor, laden ships plowing every sea, are more worth than all we have given for them in these lost womanlinesses; is the balance struck so between us and Nature? By no means. For these are not all that she will take if we press this bargain upon her. On the contrary they are but a small part of her terms in it. She will add to them with an inexorable sternness, IMPROVABILITY IN THE PROGENY OF THESE WOMEN. It is the great guarantee of right to the mothers that wrong to them is wrong to their children. Society must respect its own well-being. Men are born of women, and Nature has issued an edict, in the relation between mother and child, which compels man, as he becomes enlightened so as to read it, to study justice to her that he may get it himself from her.

Honor to Womanhood—reverence for Maternity, and the treatment which springs from these sentiments as elements of the social system, are conditions of permanency in any people, nation, or race.

Wherever these have not prevailed, as in the Asiatics, or wherever the human nature is incapable of rising to them practically, as the South Sea savages and the American Indians, stagnation is a characteristic, or obliteration the destiny of that people. For whatever their physical perfection, or their intellectual vigor and ability—and there is no lack of either among our Aborigines—they lack the distinctively human, progressive, enduring element which must come from the feminine: *i. e.*, they lack the saving measure of it. For this cannot be embodied in a people so entirely masculine as must be those born of mothers whom no chival-

rous sentiment has ever recognized, no chance ray of light ever illuminated; whom not even the poor fragments and crumbs of a better theory ever strengthened to lift their heads up out of the darkness and coldness of their servitude—to whom the dimmest conception of a truer position never comes, and struggle for it is an utter impossibility.

The old Civilizations, lacking many other things, lacked most fatally of all, Womanhood in this, its crowning power. They might have survived their other defects, and grown into permanence, had they so honored Woman practically that her nature could embody itself in the people. But this was nowhere the case with any of them. The Intellectual system of Egypt paid her no deference, as Woman or Mother, that secured her any of the practical benefits of the life she shared. It worshiped the feminine supremely in its mythology, while it trampled its living women into the dirt as slaves, or corrupted them into mistresses of its lowest pleasures. There was neither the sentiment, philosophy, nor moral feeling in the brightest days of Egypt, that could save an individual woman of any rank from the grossest injustice which man chose to inflict on her, or her sex from the shame and degradation of absolute slavery to his lusts. The Mother was the inferior; the slave, the drudge: the courtesan was the star, the sovereign, the pampered mistress of all that she could desire. Influence went with this lot, not with that.

The artistic system of Greece was little better in these features. For Art here sprang from the senses, and labored to satisfy their demands. Physical perfection was sought, it is true, but as end, not means; and hence corruption in and of Woman was a shameless glaring feature of the social state. For it is indisputa-

ble that wherever art stops at this aim, its highest perfection but contributes to establish the more refined domination of the appetites; its appeals to the senses are the more despotic the more they exhibit exquisite ideals of the physical, which convey no suggestion of a nobler aim and destiny than its perfection and satisfaction. In Greece, she who was not corrupt was nothing in her day. She saw herself eclipsed every hour by her whose power over the senses, whose skill and daring in its exercise, gave its possessor an influence which neither genius, intellect, nor goodness could command, apart from this sensual sway. If Woman was worshiped, it was for her capacity in perversion, not in truth and harmony, to command and minister to man. If she had influence, it was through renunciation of her highest and truest self, and the acceptance of a scepter, whose very touch by her polluted the springs of life in the nation. Holding that scepter, and wielding the power which was inseparable from it, she wrote with her own fair hand the decree of doom over the door of every one of the splendid temples that adorned her land. Riches of genius, science, art, philosophy, statesmanship, generalship, all could not save Greece, wanting that little-great element of nationality, honored Maternity.

Then came the Roman Civilization, which was neither intellectual nor artistic. Neither speculative and mystical like the Egyptian, nor voluptuous like the Greek, but political, it lacked equally with both the one essential element of permanence. True, it had much that they had not. It had them. Their light shone upon it. It had incalculable wealth, both by conquest and industry; enormous power among the pigmy nations; vast armies, eloquent orators, wise jurists, great

statesmen, scholars, literati—generals whose renown rings in martial souls down to our day. But not here either can Woman get or do herself and humanity honor. Still the same degrading relations, the same insulting sovereignty offered, nay, forced upon her: Motherhood an inferior condition to that of the public woman; the few who honored in filling it being celebrated even to our day—how widely separated in this from the mass of women, it is easy for us hence to imagine. When Cornelia and the Mother of the Gracchi live in fame two thousand years, we must suppose that these, who would be but very average mothers of later times, were noticeable contrasts to the unheard of Roman wives. So the imperishable human growth is not possible in Rome either. Her Neros and Vitelliuses *were* because the mother was not, and Rome too went down because she knew not that the compass which could guide her safely over the seas of national peril, trackless though so often traversed, lay in her own bosom, or was hurtled from shame to shame in the pettiest struggles of daily life, disregarded or despised by the proud reason, a little dreaded by the finer emotions, sought and wooed only by the baser appetites.

Imperishable growth, permanency in development, will come to humanity from that theory of womanhood which insures to Woman a system of treatment adequate to her real claims. And this system must be founded, not in pity, not in justice, not in generosity to Woman, but in her actual merits, and their pure appreciation by man. It will be self-reverence in her for the greatness of her office, and reverence in him. Thus only can she be secured against oppression by man, through the demands of what he calls his "inextinguishable appetites," or through the low superiority in corporeal

strength which he enjoys, whereby she may be enslaved and outraged, whenever he wills to descend to the rule of brute force.

It is probable that we shall, ere long, arrive at truer views of Maternity everywhere; and when we do, I think it will be seen that the office has a sacredness in Nature's eyes above all other offices, and that she reserves for it the finest of her vital forces, powers, susceptibilities, and means, of every sort. I believe it will be seen, among the lower animals, that improvability, by generation, bears a uniform proportion, *cet. par.*, to the deference with which the female is treated in all the social relations, but especially in those which result in Maternity. The care taken of valuable animals while gestating, is a proof of man's understanding, (dimly and unphilosophically as he needs must, when the intelligence comes through that variable ganglion, the pocket), the importance of conscientious treatment of the feminine in this office. He will become truly wise as he carries this up, in application, to his own species, and makes it the law of life in that higher atmosphere where the fine woman-nature dwells and waits in this divine service. Hence, I repeat, that it may the better secure the attention even of the careless, that the most developed self-hood to which the human mother can attain, the most refined, exalting, and exalted behavior which the intellect and taste of man can devise, and his honor stimulate him to maintain towards her, are the conditions precedent to the appearance on our earth of its grandest and most enduring humanity.

It is plain, from what we have already seen of the feminine organization, that Woman possesses, in a larger

relative measure than man, those life-attributes which are manifested through the nervous tissue. One of these attributes, which claims our notice here, I shall call Susceptibility. There may be a better name for it, but as none occurs to me now, we will adopt this one.

What is Susceptibility? It is that capacity of the Organic Life through which we hold relations with the Objective world. It is the material side of the mediatorship between the ME and the NOT ME. It is the avenue through which consciousness is reached, and according as it is broad or narrow, exalted or mean, clear or obstructed, will be the amount and quality of that which arrives by it. For although all that is, waits alike for each, each can take of the all but a given quantity. Our rapport with Nature is limited on our side, not hers.

Susceptibility is in direct proportion to nerve-endowment, and the latter being a characteristic of the feminine organization, this is equally a characteristic of the feminine nature. It is a gift dressed mostly in abnormal guise among the Women of Civilization in this day, because it is one that would only find its use in a condition of development which women are but just approaching; at best beholding at a distance rather than realizing as a state to be enjoyed by them. Hence it is the ground of various pretty and silly affectations among us, and of some harmless amusement to men, beside some less harmless vexation, when it appears unseasonably. While its unbalanced action provokes half the weight of accusation against us of weak-mindedness, its deficiency makes the anomalous creature of whom we have lately heard so much, the strong-minded woman. It may surprise some persons to learn it, but

it is true that no sneerer at strength of mind in woman feels his taste complimented if you offer him a weak-minded one. He protests that it is not the weakness of mind that he admires or asks for, although he does unequivocally, and with little delicacy often, object to what he names its opposite. Compelled to analyze his own thought, he is puzzled to say where, exactly, the difficulty lies. When he learns, let him be grateful for the knowledge. It lies just here—nowhere else. In the one this quality is deficient; in the other it is, not always in excess, but unbalanced in action; whence a neat, snug little pathological department, where the doctors sustain a permanent skirmishing service more or less vigilant, with the small arms and arts of their profession.

Hysterics, spasms, convulsions, are the more serious features of this service; nervousness, fidgets, whims, imaginations its more playful aspects. Its primary cause, seen in either of these forms, is counted a weakness in Woman which man is proud and glad to disown. Again it is self-gratulation, exclusion being complacently mistaken for exemption. For the strong-minded woman is man in this respect, and not lovable therefore, either to his or her own sex; and the not strong-minded exempt themselves from these weaknesses the moment they turn this capacity to true use in their nature. Thus a really suffering, feeble woman, or a silly, affected one, may become instantly sublime in heroism, and exhibit the constancy that makes martyrdom glorious. For Susceptibility is next of kin to moral courage, and they two dwell side by side as equals, in the quality called Endurance. There is no Endurance without Susceptibility; there cannot be real Susceptibility without moral courage. Wherefore

it is often seen, in the common experiences of life, that a muscular man, coarse in the grain it may be, of huge frame, but stolid withal, will utterly fail under afflictions which his delicate wife will bear, for herself and him, without a sign of faltering. He will sink down and she will sustain him, and each feels that the action of each is according to Nature. She feels it more keenly, but that fact insures her bearing it more courageously, and having sympathy and support to spare for him.

But there is another office in which this quality has its most noble, sacred, and indispensable relation to humanity, viz: in its ante-natal development and education. The Susceptibility of Woman is exalted during this period, *in order that Objective aid may be joined to the Subjective forces of her life, for the blessing of her unborn.* It is throwing wider open the windows, to the heavenly airs and warmth and light, and inviting them to leave beauty, growth, and power where they visit. The most exalted use which the riches of the universe have for humanity, is that they contribute to its perfection, and this Susceptibility of Woman is the largest and most direct means provided for the accomplishment of this use. Its increase in the times of gestation proves its true character. For Nature does not weaken her ministers in the times when they most need to be strengthened. She does not summon elements to unsettle the life when she would have it most calm. She does not agitate, except to produce a more perfect equipoise. She does not exalt the Susceptibility to absorb the power, but to augment and give it wider relations.

So it is evident that when Maternity is understood, it will be a primary object to provide the more open

receptivity of the state with the fullest measure of the noblest help it can appropriate. Beauty will be substituted for ugliness, peace for conflict, gentleness for harshness, respect for neglect, solicitude for indifference, reverence for curiosity and chilling criticism; harmony everywhere for the discords which have so preyed upon and benumbed the finest creative capacities of the Mother. Beautiful landscapes, persons, objects; art, social refinements, pure manners, relations which inspire, influences which kindle the aspirations and sustain them, all will be felt to be her due who is acting in God's place, with the appreciative and receptive powers kindled to their highest in her soul, *that she may the more perfectly represent Him*, as the Mediator of His elder to His latest work. Of how much do these views imply the withdrawal from the daily life and experience of Woman! Of how much do they suggest the introduction there!

III. Again, there is a class of phenomena known to the physiologist—one of the enigmas which Nature seems to have amused herself by proposing for his solution—under the name of Rudimentary Organs. They have place all along the scale in both kingdoms of physiology: they appear in plants and trees, in reptiles, fishes, quadrupeds, and man.—But not in Woman. A Rudimentary organ is not properly an organ, since it confers no capacity or function on its possessor. It is an appearance bearing resemblance to an organ, and uniformly prophetic in its character, since it points to a following being, in whom the appearance will become a real organ; in whom life will be enlarged by the added function it will bestow.

What Nature begins she intends to perfect, but she

sometimes takes the scale afforded by a whole type to accomplish her well-deliberated purpose. Nor is she reticent of her designs. If she means by-and-by, sight, she will set you a rudiment of an eye on some insignificant head as blind as a block; if hearing, she will hollow you an external ear on some head as deaf as a stone; if walking, she will put you a pair of feet under the skin of the serpent's belly, but leave him to the same locomotion with his brethren who lack them. She is pre-occupied with her ultimate intentions, and thus apparently jumps at them in her present work, always however, being infallible in her care for the present. She puts her hints of the future into it, but they are so delicately managed as never to burthen or disfigure it —often they give it some measure of beauty, the beauty of uniformity when no other is possible.

Now the attribute of the order to which man belongs, is that its young is nourished from the Maternal body, during the period of infancy. In the male mammal the apparatus of the lactatory office is hinted at by a rudimentary form. Its presence gives no normal power; no capacity of action, endowment, or suffering is added by its development. Thus, man for example, would be to all intents and purposes for which Nature designed him, just as perfectly man without this sign upon the anterior wall of the thorax, as he is with it. The exceptional development of the function in him, proves nothing touching the argument, since it is as purely an abnormal proceeding, as is its presence in the virgin female under like circumstances, both, (as is authoritatively affirmed), having taken place under exigencies which have pressed Nature to forego her orderly, spontaneous methods. And beside, if the rudimentary organ contain in its apparently dead tissues

a possible life and use, the development of these is *advancement* to a new power—not retrogression. If lactation has ever been performed by a man, he gained one more power by it, he had an experience not possible to him before; he was *more*—not *less*—a living being by its exercise.

Mr. Darwin, curiously as it seems to me, takes the opposite view of these phenomena, treating what he continues to call Rudimentary organs as remains of lost powers—evidences of recession instead of progression. If such be their real character, it is a misnomer to call them rudiments, for a rudiment is surely a beginning of something, not a residue. More, it is the beginning of a beginning, an "unshapen beginning," and marks the way by which completeness *comes*, not that by which it *goes*.

That disused organs and powers fall, thereby, into disability, more or less controlling their subsequent action for a time, none will deny; but the visible remains of such disused powers are not rudiments; they are remains. A fetus is a rudimentary mammal, but a worn-out organization, or one whose power is gone, from long-suspended action, is a remainder. The fact that subterranean fishes are eyeless, or have only signs of eyes, proves nothing; for if their ancestors were natives of superficial waters, and other branches of the family remaining above ground have complete eyes, then these signs are the evidences of a power lost to those individuals, through the influence of an artificial condition. But if a family occupying superficial waters were found with signs of eyes instead of the complete organs, we should infallibly consider them rudiments, and the class inferior, for that reason, to another in which the eyes were perfect. The Rudimentary organ is that

organ which, in the natural elements, media and relations of its possessor, has, by reason of incompleteness, *per se*, no use in the life, as the mammæ of male mammals, the subcutaneous feet of certain serpents, the abortive eyes, ears, and olfactory apparatus of certain higher mollusks.

The presence then of a Rudimentary organ is prophetic of a higher life coming, in which fullness of development will add a new power, and open new relations. Rudiments do not appear generally in the primary or middle members of a series, but in the later, just where the transition is about to be made to a succeeding type or series. They are finger-posts set up on the borders of a new kingdom. Useless as they are, they prove the elevation of their possessor above other members of the series which lack them; much more then must their full development contribute to elevate the being in which this takes place.

Now the rudimentary mammæ of man, are carried forward in Woman, not only to use, the most momentous to the welfare of the race, but to beauty, the most perfect of the human form, a double distinction to her. They are the source of exquisite delights and inexpressible sufferings. They establish relations on the organic side which are exclusively hers; and on the psychical side they are represented by affections and emotions, which in her nature, as compared with their power in man's, are as the organs to their respective bodies. The bosom is the seat of the deepest, most yearning tenderness that warms and moves the life, and this is strong, permanent, reliable, in proportion as that is perfect in development. Of course I speak not in the individual, but in the general sense, yet somewhat, I have no

doubt more than we think, might be said in the former also.

A rudimentary form being the prophecy of a complete organ in some more complex, perfect being to come after, it follows that in the highest there should be no rudiment, and Woman being at the summit of the organic scale, we may expect to find every part of her organism charged with its full measure of use—nothing incomplete, awaiting fuller development in a successor. Is this so? I *think*, notwithstanding the statement of the books to the contrary, that there is not a shadow of doubt that it is. For it is an absurdity, finding a certain function perfectly discharged in any life, to suppose, that beside the organ or set of organs discharging it, there should be given also a rudiment, pointing to the same action. It is to suppose that Nature, having given the quadruped its own perfect eye or ear, should add a rudiment of the visual or auditory organ of fish or reptile. *Rudiments are not superposed upon function—they underlie and precede it.* For it is not organ, but function, which is Nature's aim and end. She does not multiply parts for their own sake, but for the uses they are to serve. To prove a rudimentary character in any part, it must be shown that a *function is aimed at but not accomplished*, as is true of the mammæ of the male. For lactation in men, under the circumstances alluded to, is not claimed as normal—is not regulated by any law of appearance or disappearance, proclaiming a relation to other functions—must at its best therefore, be less valuable than in Woman, and must degenerate with time, since it is a tax laid upon the system which it has no resource provided to meet. The intimate structure of the organ

also proves that it is a true germ of the complete maternal apparatus.

The part of the feminine organization which is treated in the books as rudimentary, may have been so named for two reasons: first, that expounders were ignorant what else could be said of it, and second, the masculine structure has been uniformly assumed as the standard of highest use. Men will not confess ignorance if there is any cover that will spare them the humiliation. How doubly pleasant a theory which, beside passing for wisdom, flatters their self-love.

But it will be asked, if the rudimentary theory is set aside in application to this part, (and I think it is unmistakably by Nature), what theory is offered in its stead? It is one thing to remove error; another to set the truth in its place. To do the former, neither implies the ability nor creates an imperative obligation always to do the latter. Seeing a falsity, one cannot be held loyal to it, though wholly unable to discern the truth that is to replace it. It is fit here only to suggest; and if the hint given shall be found to point in the right direction, future investigation will do the rest. May not the purpose of the structure in question, be the wider diffusion of nerves, whose more concentrated presence would scarce consist with the functional economies and health of adjacent parts?

Does a like relation to this expressed in the rudiments of the male mammæ hold between masculine and feminine of classes inferior to the mammalia? This is a question for science to answer. I pretend not to say whether it be so or not, or being so in certain of the lower orders, how far down the distinction is discoverable. But this, at least is certain, that in this class it is uniform, and that the character of the femi-

nine throughout this division, corresponds to the organic elevation shown by it. Before proceeding, however, to remark on this point, we must carry our analysis a step or two farther.

The characteristic attribute of the feminine organization is Beauty. As far down as we choose to dip, we find this testimony to its exaltation borne by the forms in which it is clothed. I speak of intrinsic, essential, absolute, inseparable beauty—the beauty of lines and proportions, spaces and bounds, color and grain. The feminine lines and proportions are known as soon as seen, by their beauty. If anything like them comes into the masculine, it is called feminine there. And no less characteristic is the atomic fineness which is an essential element of such beauty. Fineness of atoms presupposes an exalted aim in their combination. This is abundantly illustrated in the mineral world, where compare the diamond with granite, gold with iron ; and it is made visible to us all the way up to the highest living form, where its manifestation is most striking. The anatomist will distinguish the feminine from the masculine fiber by the fineness of its ultimate threads and its more delicate color. The epicure prefers the flesh of the female to the male, for its tenderness and purity of flavor, and this equally of wild and other non-laboring animals. Some of the instinctive tribes celebrate their most reverential feasts exclusively with the flesh of females.

What we call the superior beauty of some male animals, is less beauty than something else which may be confounded with it—power expressed in size, arrogance in carriage, self-consciousness in bearing, as in the male lion, bos, and horse, whose countenances rarely equal in expression and beauty those of the female, and whose

proportions never exhibit the waving outlines, the fine harmonies of form, the grace and flexibility which we find in the former. Or it is extrinsic—the beauty of showy clothing, as in male birds, which conceal under their brilliant plumage the angular, comparatively ugly outlines and proportions of their graceless bodies. The cock and hen are familiar examples of this, the one strutting about, gaudy, arrogant, often mean and tyrannical in his grand habiliments; caring chiefly for himself, or if for others, with noise and flourish of trumpet, with self-complacency and challenge to admiration therefor: the other meek, industrious, care-taking, plain, unpretentious, giving herself to uses, making no show. Strip off the garments in which each is clothed, and pretensions to beauty soon settle themselves. She is fine where he is coarse, graceful where he is ungainly, has beauty for his ugliness.*

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* This point may seem questionable, or rather if not questionable as to the facts, which I believe cannot be denied, of the superior extrinsic beauty of the male, and intrinsic beauty of the female of all feathered tribes, and all the noble animals, it will at least admit of further illustration. And I am glad, therefore, to offer the following note, received nearly two years after writing the above, from my valued correspondent, Dr. Redfield:

"That the male bird has the more beautiful plumage, and is more musical than the female, is unquestionably true.

"Is it not true also, that of the talking birds the male is the superior in that accomplishment? Now it is singular that in the very things in which Woman excels man, the male bird excels the female. For it is certain that the dress of the peacock, pheasant, bird of paradise, cockatoo, and all gayly-plumaged birds, is more like that of woman than that of man, in respect both to fashion and color, and that in singing and speech, birds are more like women than men. There are two principles, I think, involved in the explanation of this phenomenon. The first is, that the male bird represents the external of the feminine, which in

A sentiment of the moral qualities which this superior beauty of the feminine denotes, is expressed very generally in our poetic treatment of inferior animals, to say nothing of their invariable attribution to Woman, in a pre-eminent degree, in all ages and among all peoples, whatever their condition. Beauty is the ex-

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Woman is shown in external feminine accomplishments, corresponding with the characteristics of the male bird: and the second is, that the highest, spiritual, or essential feminine, is destined to be artistic in those things in which the external feminine is simply or substantially natural, and that to this end it is divested of what are called natural clothing and natural accomplishments, except in the germinal degree necessary for artistic development. On the first point I will say, what you very well know, that the *bird*, in contradistinction from the *beast*, represents *woman*, in contradistinction from *man*. 'Birdie,' 'Dove,' 'Nightingale,' would be very inappropriate names for men; and 'beast,' 'calf,' 'old horse,' and the like, are inapplicable to women, under any circumstances. The man-child is called a 'lamb,' but never a 'duck' or a 'dove.' Hence it is obvious that the female bird must represent the essential feminine, and the male bird the external feminine, in woman. And this external feminine is manifestly dress, ornament, color, and musical and linguistical expression. The fact that the male parrot, or the talker, is called 'Polly,' comports entirely with the idea that the male bird represents the external feminine.

"But the deficiency of the female bird, and of the females of all animals, not excepting the human, 'in a state of nature,' in these externals, is the strongest proof of their superiority to the males, who, in their primitive state, exhibit these germinal artistic attributes most conspicuously. Nature clothes the lower animals because she wishes to save them all trouble in that regard; but she makes the human nude because she wishes to confer upon it the honor of doing for itself what the lower animals are dependent upon Nature to do for them. If man's nudity is proof of his superiority to the lower creatures, his hirsuteness, in comparison with Woman, is a proof of her superiority to him. The splendid train of the peacock, the mane of the male bison and the lion, the

ternal sign of a spiritual nature like itself. For as form proceeds from Spirit, the qualities within externalize themselves in it, and are repeated in its character. And as every spiritual quality has a beauty of its own, so has every form; but the total of the beauty will be according to the exaltation of the whole nature above the plane of selfishness, the lowest form of beauty, and its character according to the combinations which act with most power in molding the material.

It is the beauty which proceeds from the affectional qualities that distinguishes the feminine. Affection is the highest attribute; its strongest relations are with life in its highest appreciated qualities; hence the behavior which is typical of love in its nobler forms is always looked for from females, and ideally attributed to them, while that proceeding from power and from the lower forms of love is typical of the masculine.

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larger fleece of the wether, and the more and handsomer clothing of the male generally, are only proofs that Nature does not look so much towards Art in the male as in the female. But in the external feminine, which clothing, color, music, and language are, Nature sets an example for Art, teaches her representative, Woman, to imitate her, and we see that she has learned her lessons well. But as the example is in the male, the male is first in learning the rudimentary lessons. The display which the peacock and turkey-cock make of their plumes, is in the desire and ability to highten their charms, to fulfill the intention of Nature. And so of the artistic accomplishments of the mocking-bird and the parrot. And so of those of the human, as shown in the plumes, gold lace, and military trappings of the soldier, and the pioneership of man in music, painting, literature, and all the arts of civilized life.

"The external feminine in man, (which all these things are), takes the lead of the external feminine in Woman, because in the male it already exists, and in the female it has to be developed; the essential feminine has to be manifested and embodied."

Thus, if we have a fictitious tale of suffering involving man and beast, or otherwise illustrating the brute character, in nine cases out of ten, the nobility, courage, endurance, faithfulness, wisdom, foreseeing instinct, love or what not that is most pathetic or grand, are attributed to the mare, the she-camel, the mother-cat or dog, bird or fowl.

Again, the human face is the organic seat of beauty. In it is expressed, in larger measure than in any other parts of the organization, the individuality to which the life has attained. It is the brilliant focus where the rays from within are centered, where those from without are reflected. It is the register of value in development, a record of Experience, whose legitimate office is to perfect the life, a legible language to those who will study it, of the majestic mistress, the Soul—a mirror where she is pictured for the world's beholding—a volume which Nature opens for his help and consolation, who while he reads would run.

The face of the masculine soul differs from that of the feminine in many details, as that of masculine from masculine, and feminine from feminine, but it differs radically, essentially, primarily in this, that it is provided with a mask which conceals those features that Nature sets forth to view in her, as artists their pictures and statues. Women make a picture-gallery—men a masquerade, and while they laugh or sneer at the artifices and deceptions which women practice, they forget that these are more noticeable than their own only because they are spots on the sun instead of on an earth; that their whole life is a game of concealments and surprises, which are clever in proportion as they are adroitly conducted or suddenly sprung; while Woman, candid, earnest, transparent, beneficent, employs

artifice rarely, chiefly for artistic effects, and more to give than to get, delight. She needs no mask, and Nature has given her none, save those ever-varying shadows which the spirit throws down upon her features; those quickly-changing, mobile aspects which her high sensitiveness trails in its wake, a shining retinue; those auroral gleams from within, which, when concealment is needed, come and go at the instant need of her startled soul, and make the very essence of her dearest beauty. Not a mask of dependent hair.

Now either man's organization is not carried up to the point of exclusion against this hirsute growth which the quadrupeds share with him, or as men sometimes say, it is kindly left to hide lineaments and expressions which are better concealed than seen. Nature bestows such favors sometimes. But whatever the theory of the beard, its absence is a compliment to Woman, since it shows that Nature trusts her as altogether fit and worthy to be seen and read wherever we may chance to look at her. Men say "barefaced" when they condemn bad actions in their own sex that have not been sufficiently covered in the doing, implying that there is a certain merit in concealing an aim, working in a decent seclusion. If it be said that the beard has a physiological use in protecting the face and throat of man from the meteorological changes to which he is exposed, I grant it, and, letting go all else, will stand simply by this as indicating that man is to take the rougher, coarser, more material side of life, and thus interpose himself between Woman and the wolf. That hence he is fitted for the struggle implied in this relation, and she unfitted for it: that supply, protection at his hand are her due, and the due of the race from him *through her:* that he is thus appointed to develop and earn, she to employ

and apply the means he creates, in her higher creation of humanity, *i. e.*, in fitting herself for the divinest maternity, in performing it, and in caring wisely for the children she has brought forth: that hence he is a robber of humanity and a profaner of its most sacred gifts, who compels Woman to *earn money* for him, whether it be in the cane-field, the cotton-mill, the sewing-room, or the farm-house, and that the systems of civilization which embody this feature are an affront to Heaven, and wrong to earth which it can never escape till it puts them away.

All that we have seen of the two organizations points to these positions respectively for their possessors. Man is naturally an earner; a creator of wealth. Nature has made him able, put him into her large field, and stands there, his responsible, sure paymaster for the work he does. She has builded him rugged, strong, and tough in the material, robust; insensitive (by comparison) in the spiritual, for dealing with the external creation. He loves not only to apply himself thus, but to count the gains from doing it.

She has made Woman the opposite of all these things, wherefrom her will clearly appears, that he shall protect and she be protected; he shall supply and she receive; he shall create means for human development, and she, in her nicer wisdom and more loving care, shall employ them to secure that end: in short, that his position and relation shall be those which suit the coarser and more material, hers the finer and more spiritual nature.

Here my limits constrain me to rest the organic division of the Argument for Woman's Superiority. Its incompleteness is more apparent to me perhaps than

it will be to any who may read it, in a candid spirit. For there is matter enough, properly belonging to this part of my subject, to fill a volume far exceeding in size that which I propose to allow myself, and my labor has consisted less in stating than in choosing, and withholding matters equally pertinent with those set down. But I remember that there are other days coming—other pens to follow this crude pioneer. It is the office of announcement to sketch in bold outlines, to mass rather than shade down, to touch the mountain-peaks and show the way the plains and valleys lie, rather than to explore them and report their contents.

I write in the hope of being read by Women—by some who have little time for labored or abstruse reading, and little need of it for seeing the truths which it most deeply imports themselves and humanity that they know. If I were seeking primarily to reach the slower and more doubting understanding of men, elaboration would be necessary. But as the first subject of my mission is Woman, and she is more than half prepared by interior illumination already, to believe the truths of her own nature, I am sure I may, without serious detriment to the cause I love, pass on, after the brief recapitulation necessary to authorize the bringing forward of the third term of our syllogism.

It has been shown, as to the major premise, that Life is exalted in proportion to its Structural and Functional complexity, these being the measure of its Physiological Quantity.

And as to the minor premise, we have seen:

First, that Woman possesses the most complex organism, and the largest total of functional powers, of any being inhabiting our globe—in other words, that

she constitutes the highest grade of development of the highest type of living creatures here.

Second, that for this reason, as well as others, she is more responsible in the parental office than man is; other reasons being in part, that her structural proportions declare maternity to be her paramount physical office (which paternity is not in man); that she possesses finer, more affluent and varied nerve-gifts than he, whereby she is made capable of keener emotions, a greater variety of experiences, a larger body of relations, of the finer sort, with the external world, and thus is specially fitted to transmit, mediatorially, the influences stored in the surrounding creation for the help of her child in its origin and ante-natal education.

Third, that she is advanced above man by the capacity of a physiological change to which there is nothing equivalent in his life; and capacity for change, variation, being Nature's highest manifestation, the artistic power, Woman is thus shown to be the artist in her constitution, though the period of her confessed artistic work has not yet been seen.

Fourth, her greater elevation as an organic being is proved by her possession in full, of the organs of lactation, which, rudiments in the male structure, prophesy the female with the complete apparatus and added function.

Fifth, the same is proved by the gift to her, in a typical degree, of beauty, the characteristic beauty of the most human, as distinguished from the less human beauty of the masculine, this being the *in*trinsic, essential, inseparable beauty of the finest nature, the pure, loving, spiritual affections; that, the more *ex*trinsic beauty of material, of the proud intellect and more selfish affections.

Sixth, it has been shown that her whole constitution, corporeal and mental, make a being to whose perfect development and action Nature subordinates all else, not in a slavish, but in a harmonious, divine sense; not for the narrow object of good to her, but for the broad one of good to all; since by her higher nature and offices she is the accredited minister of the divine to the human, for its generation, regeneration, and enduring development.

Seventh, that neglect to secure to individual women, to communities or nations, some measure of these conditions, is visited, upon the sex in degeneracy from the womanly type, both in the physical and mental; and upon society in stagnation that stays each generation in the footprints of its fathers, progress being forbidden by their constitutional law, to the offspring of enslaved, or deeply subordinated, or overworked mothers; from which it is plain that control of the highest human interests vests in the feminine.

And thus it is proved that Nature has endowed Woman with the most varied Organization and Powers of any earthly being. Wherefore her position in the scale of Organic Life is the Sovereign one.

I recall here, with a pleasure which some of my readers, I am sure, will thank me for offering them also, these broad lines of Arthur Hugh Clough, who appears to have been gifted with flashes of rare insight upon the question we have been considering:

"However noble the dream of equality, mark you, Philip,
Nowhere equality reigns in God's sublime creations;
Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as blossom;
Herb is not equal to herb any more than planet to planet."

And again, half scornful of the pains with which women would cultivate themselves, he says:

"Women must read, as if they did'nt know all beforehand."

I must offer too this little delicious morceau from Patmore's "Angel in the House":

"THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

So when the Lord made North and South,
And sun and moon ordained He,
Forth-bringing each by word of mouth
In order of its dignity,
Did man from the crude clay express
By sequence, and, all else decreed,
He formed the Woman; nor might less
Than Sabbath such a work succeed.

And still with favor singled out,
Marred less than man by mortal fall,
Her disposition is devout,
Her countenance angelical;
No faithless thought her instinct shrouds,
But fancy checkers settled sense,
Like alteration of the clouds
On noonday's azure prominence;
Pure courtesy, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed;
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride;
Wrong dare not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.

In mind and manners how discreet!
How artless in her very art;
How candid her discourse; how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart;
How (not to call true instinct's bent
And woman's very nature, harm,)
How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to charm:
How humbly careful to attract,
Though crowned with all the soul desires,
Connubial aptitude exact,
Diversity that never tires.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

RELIGIOUS ARGUMENT.

It would be easy, from this point, to assume much else as proved, in the conclusion we have legitimately reached of Woman's Organic Superiority. For if the facts, both of Form and Phenomena, already stated, are to have the weight in this connection which they have everywhere else in Nature; and if the laws by which their co-relation and real significance are shown in other beings, are of like application to the nature of Woman, we have but a step farther to go. Organic superiority is in itself proof positive of super-organic superiority. Nature works in such perfect Order and Harmony that the one must go with the other. Prove one and the other is equally established.

But because of the blindness and evil courage with which error and prejudice have ever sprung to self-defense against Truth, and because this Truth advances upon the oldest order of relations; the deepest-rooted, most wide-spread and compact government that has ever been organized by mankind—the government of the physical and intellectual forces incarnate in the

masculine—a government dating back in one phasis or other of it to the creation of the race, and coming down unbroken to the present time; and because reason is capable of behaving like unreason when called on to defend such an inheritance and possession; and because in Revolutionary conflict, whether against Ideas or Arms, we are capable of resisting change both with measures and assertions of which we can only be ashamed after using them, it seems inexpedient to omit any step of the argument, or reserve any proof that can be offered, to knit its parts into the most compact, impregnable whole. According to my ability, therefore, I shall state and illustrate every important point that presents itself as I pass along. If the labor be superfluous here, it may have value there. If it fails in elucidating one point, it may bear helpfully upon some other. And above all, if women do not need the last word that can be given in evidence, let them be assured that it will not be thrown away upon men. For, as we shall by-and-by see of the masculine mind, it believes more from the weight of testimony than that of pure Truth. And at the most so much more will have to be omitted than can be said, that I can scarcely fear burthening my subject for any but the most developed readers, who will, I trust, indulge me with their patience.

Our next step, therefore, will be to prove that the most exalted life is that which comprises the greatest number of original powers in an active form, giving the longest scale between the extremes of good and evil:

That Woman has, throughout the history of the race, proved herself capable of the greatest moral extremes possible to mortal life, and that

Therefore she is the highest embodiment of it on our earth.

The first of these propositions is so self evident, that it requires no argument. We confess its truth every hour in the feelings we entertain toward the different creatures who inhabit our earth; in our sentiment toward the unseen beings whom we suppose advanced above us, and in our reverence for the Great Unseen, who is the perfect combination of all supposable powers.

Power, in the generic sense, is the sum of capacities. Capacities are on the corporeal side, functions—on the psychical, faculties: and between the two there must be, in the perfect Order and Harmony of Nature, a definite, fixed relation. The more functions, the more faculties. Every power below, must have its representative above, and nothing, however humble or obscure its position and use, is denied hearing by its voice, in the Upper Courts where the soul reigns.

We must learn to think of Power in this primary sense, that we may the more perfectly free ourselves from the influence of the prevailing arbitrary, conventional, and very mixed ideas with reference to it. Power is not strength. The one is broad, the other bounded. One is the sea which cannot be compressed into channels narrower than those Nature provides for it. The other a river which may be compressed so that it will chafe and rage against its banks, undermining and spreading desolation as it goes. Power is Life—the Concrete of the Phenomena we name by that wonderful name; Strength is rather a condition of Life. Power is harmony, beauty—strength may be discord, deformity. Human powers are equal in number and one in character in all men; but some are latent in

certain individuals and conditions, some active, and strong characters are the result of this want of equilibrium. In a perfectly harmonious development, it is never strength, but power, which is felt, as for example, in the greatest Artists, Philanthropists, and Philosophers; or to go higher for the perfect illustration, in the Great Power, whom we never for a moment conceive of as Strength.

Powers are Means for the End of Use—Uses are Means for the End of Development. And that life is most advanced which employs, in the service of the greatest number of powers, the most complex mechanism for the End of Use. We have seen the greater complexity of the feminine structure, and its larger circuit of Use. We are, therefore, prepared to find in it the embodiment of a *larger number of powers*, and *higher aims in its Use.* In other words, to find in the feminine a deeper feeling for the Ends of Use, a more abiding faith in, and loyalty to Development, as the one aim that makes life worthy of acceptance and sweet in its passing taste; and on the other hand, to see that its failure herein is more fatal and destructive than it is in the masculine life. Between these two extremes of good and evil, lies the scale of feminine action. Our object now is to show that it includes the masculine, transcending it in both directions.

Testimony is abundant, and its strength is incalculably augmented by the variety of its character and sources. Not out of the mouth of one, two, or three witnesses may the truth be established, but out of every mouth that has been opened from the beginning of recorded human experience down to the last word of our own day.

The weight of evidence will be deductive, but there

will not be lacking, for those who need it, some inductive testimony also. For a deduction, when the warmth has departed from it, serves as a basis for induction. Thus the sentiment of reverence toward Woman, a pure deduction at its root, (springing from the intuitive perception of a nature in her that is worthy of reverence), and appearing, at times, in fragments, among the very rudest people, becomes, as the ages pass, a fact justifying by its existence the claim for a higher nature in her. The inductive mind which cannot see for itself that she is worthy of reverence, will find evidence that she is, in the *fact that she has been held so.*

Deductively from what has been shown of Woman's Organic Life and its offices, we ought to find certain qualities of the spiritual nature distinguishing her from man psychically, as the structural traits distinguish her physically. The elaborate and exquisite character of the dwelling we have examined, entitles us to look for a worthy occupant therein, one "full of excellences and most noble conditions"—a nature enriched by the presence of deep, imperishable love, by inexhaustible tenderness, by divine compassion which passes from sentiment into action before its object; by unshrinking courage of that higher sort which claims and defends the good that is not seen, the rights for which no strong arm has been raised, the dues that are not reckoned by the outward standards of value, the obligations which have not descended to embodiment in constitution, statute, or social law—a courage which follows the inner eye, hears by the inner ear, works in obscurity as cheerfully as in the blaze of the popular admiration, and that faints not in failure, because to it there is no failure, effort being one with success in its

high fields. We are entitled to look for unfaltering Hope, which can bring the light and calm of the Future into the Present, how dim and tempestuous soever it be; for Purity of thought and action, which can preserve alive the finest elements of the soul, giving them a firmer character, a deeper bloom, and a sweeter aroma from year to year of the passing life; for Candor, which is the very reflection of Nature; for Earnestness, which, too clear and wise to be cheated by shadow, lays its unerring hold only upon substance; for Aspiration, which never folds its pinion while there is a higher to be won; for Reverence, Trust, and Faith, which are the Spirit's divine knowledge of things ever higher than the Seen and the Attained, the sustaining certainty of arriving in their presence at last, and the Heavenly consciousness that when so much is achieved, the road of Progress will still stretch before the soul, and her journey will be a delight more exalted and exalting at every stage of advancement upon it—and finally for that Charity which crowns all other excellences, forgives all short-comings, delights in returning good for evil, is kind after all sufferings, and that sees in the capacity for diffusion, the unspeakable value of every joy that the universe affords.

For proof that the feminine nature is distinguished by the dominance of these and kindred qualities, I shall appeal, beyond the testimony already offered, to the earliest expressed human Sentiment, the Religious, in the great leading forms of it that have found acceptance with the growing peoples of the earth; to Art, to History, to the Common Sentiment of humanity, and to the Actual Qualities of Woman's Nature, and the experiences they have brought her.

Evidences of Mythology.

A glance at the systems of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, will suffice to show that they were based upon the superiority of the feminine. It was the fundamental truth of each. The best, the purest, the noblest, the tenderest principles were made personal in feminine deities, as were also those of the extreme opposite; the most evil, the most vicious, the most baleful, dire, subtile, irresistible, secretly dreadful; while the middle ground of good and evil, the medium virtues and the vices of tyranny, revenge, slaughter, robbery, violence, common dishonesty, treachery, fraud, were generally masculine.

The great Egyptian deities were Isis and Osiris. The pretensions of the god to worship, were based upon his parentage, as the son of Saturn, and upon what he had *done*, not what he *was*. He claimed to have led a numerous army to the deserts of India, and to have traveled over many parts of the earth, doing good to its inhabitants. Illustrious origin and good work truly, but rather light in the scale against the claim for Isis, conveyed in these commanding words upon her statues, "I AM ALL THAT HAS BEEN, THAT SHALL BE, AND NONE AMONG MORTALS HAS HITHERTO TAKEN OFF MY VAIL." In accordance with these sublime pretensions, she was universally worshiped, her priests being men of the severest chastity, the most rigid abstemiousness and untiring devotion, as indeed, what less could be worthy her service?

Terra (the Earth) is a goddess, who became the Mother of Cœlus, Heaven). Opis or Ops is her daughter, who, besides becoming by her marriage with Saturn the Mother of the gods, is the deity of benefi-

cence, with her right hand extended, offering aid to the helpless, in her left a loaf, at her feet a tamed lion lying unfettered.

Plenty, Peace, Health, Youth, are all females. Day, with its life, energy, benign opportunities, is Aurora. Spring, Summer, Autumn, representative of growth, beauty, abundance, are goddesses—Winter, stern, fixed, unfruitful, repellant, a god. Domestic Peace is a goddess. All the noblest Virtues, Innocence, Honor, Temperance, Liberty, Prudence, Hope, Clemency, Fortitude, Modesty, Tranquillity, Gayety, Devotion, are female. Truth is worshiped as the Mother of Virtue. Victory was a goddess, as were also Valor and Fortune. Even that very masculine principle, Justice, received adoration as a female, and the administration of her affairs was much intrusted to another woman, Nemesis, who was infallible in her work.

The most sacred purity was attributed only to female virgins, and no male was permitted to enter the temple of their goddess, Vesta, or esteemed worthy to pay her worship. The Soul, Psyche, is a Woman; Wisdom another, who, beside being the patron of the liberal arts, is the creator of the Olive, emblem of Peace. So that every Mythologic origin of peace is in the feminine, and the world's history since those dreams were woven into systems, has well illustrated how true to nature they were.

Each of the Arts whose office it is to refine, purify, adorn, embellish and grace life, is under the patronage of a Muse, no god being found worthy to preside over them. The Graces are feminine—the sovereign of Love is a Queen, the only male personification being a grotesque, ill-mannered boy. Fides is the goddess of

Faith, Oaths, and Honesty, qualities not personified by any male myth.

Beauty is a Queen, not a king: and there is a queen of all the gods and mistress of heaven and earth, Juno, whose character, notwithstanding the cruelties and persecutions to which her well-grounded jealousy of her husband prompted her, is of immaculate purity and brightness, tender and sweet, pure and lovely, compared with his. Jupiter is everywhere set forth as a shameless, lying, tricky sensualist; nay, as the very impersonation of those vices, *wherefore*, and because of his great external power, the ancients held him worthy to be king of all the gods and of men, because he could lead them all in licentious pleasures, and overtop them in the frauds and meannesses of every sort that were needful to secure his gratifications.

Nowhere does Mythology bear more satisfactory testimony to its reverence for the feminine than in the character it attributes to the male sovereign of heaven and earth. Possessed of power to delegate from himself all the included kingdoms of Use, he had, as in their judgment became the highest male being, little left to claim his attention beside the cultivation of his pleasures—a pursuit not so distasteful to his representatives of succeeding ages as to have occasioned any general or violent disloyalty to his example.

It is evident from even this brief statement, imperfect as it is, of the distribution to female Myths, of the pure, the beneficent, the pleasing, and the beautiful offices and powers, that there are few left to be exercised among the gods, and that ruin will be averted by those, let these be never so corrupt. And the study of their character and lives, goes very far to show that it was a wise forecast which left so little of the essential

good to their care and exemplification. For there appears almost everywhere among them, so keen a relish of the freedom from responsibility, such a reckless abandonment to self-indulgence, so eager a devotion to immediate, and generally coarse, pleasures, that one feels occasionally in looking at them, as at their later brethren—neither gods nor myths—that the real blessing and safety of both periods, is that the best good and the highest virtues, are lodged in purer and nobler beings.

Of the few eminent gods, and male personages of inferior rank, whose conduct does not disgrace their sex, are Neptune, Vulcan, Apollo, (?) Atlas, Edipus, Ulysses, Jason, (doubtful) Achilles, Deucalion, Hector, Hercules, Priam, Theseus, Nestor, Perseus, and some others, to whom, as to these, brave, active, and useful lives, unstained by low, outrageous crime or shameless conduct, are attributed. A few males appear to have been wholly unselfish and noble in those dream ages, as in the later ones, but the great majority of male myths are the synonyms of the grossest vices and social evils. Thus after Jupiter, Mercury may be mentioned as the first patron of thieves and pickpockets, his son, Autolycus, being the second. Bacchus, worthy pupil of Silenus, is the god of joyous drunkenness, which soon becomes unjoyous. Priapus is the deity of lasciviousness. The Cabiri, a group of male deities, held in the highest veneration for their power to save in storms and shipwreck, were worshiped with such shocking obscenities and horrors, that authors pass them by with a bare allusion, not having courage to do more than hint at their existence and offices. Now a service is valued either for the good it does us or the evil it helps us to escape, and we seek to

repay it in what we feel will most delight the doer. The Cabiri were valued, not for moral, but material help; not for lasting, but for temporary benefits. And their services were acknowledged in the way supposed to be most pleasing to them. Truly a curious study seems the masculine heart, whether in the bosom of gods or men. There are chambers there one would rather not look into till the windows have been opened and the airs of heaven have swept through and through them.

Saturn is an improvement upon Jupiter in character, chiefly for want of power to be as bad—the Satyrs and Fauns were monsters given up to drunkenness and debauchery. Midas stands for Avarice. Procrustes enjoyed as wide a fame in that day, as a robber, as in this he does for the summary surgery with which he treated his victims. The misers and extortioners in (and out of) Mythology are always masculine. Prometheus excelled the gods and all men in cunning and fraud; Mars is the god of Slaughter, and Pluto sovereign of Hell.

The beneficent gods approach the feminine in type of development as well as in character. Apollo is beardless, and wears long hair like a woman. Vertumnus is a youth crowned with flowers like a girl. Zephyrus is a young man of delicate form, wearing a chaplet of all kinds of flowers which his sweet breath has called from the ground. Those who are not feminine, but still good, either lack sentiment or are churlish, as Neptune and Vulcan.*

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* It is to the purpose to note in passing, that the delivery of oracles in the ancient temples was chiefly, if not wholly intrusted to Woman. A Priestess presided; if assisted by Priests, they

Opposed to the exalted, beneficent, and honorable positions held by the feminine personages of Mythology, we have the extreme of malevolence and evil, represented by goddesses, furies, hecates, whose evil offices prove too subtile for the grosser masculine power, or demand a persistent devotion to diabolism, amounting to self-abnegation, a degree in evil to which the masculine rarely descends, and where it seems altogether incapable of holding itself. The character of gods and men alike show this.*

First of the Malevolents, we may note the Furies, (Eumenides), whose office is to inflict agonies of the spirit—remorse, fear, terror, grief, envy, jealousy. They are the avengers, whom no scheme of ambition, no temptation, no love of ease or of pleasure, no personal motive, object, or interest can turn from their task, whether it be self-imposed or appointed. Kindred to them in these characteristics are the Fates, (Parcæ), daughters of night, whose offices equally require the inexorable suppression of all susceptibility to casual or temporary emotions. They preside over birth, life, and death; and it is worthy of note, that the only beings who are credited with power to defeat or control Jupiter, were these females, the Fates and the Furies.

Nox, the Mother of the Parcæ, brought forth also Death, Discord, and Fraud, beside other less baleful

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were subordinate to her. A clear indication this of the early intuition that the feminine was mediatorial between the masculine and Divine.

* So the Christian Poets also. The worse being in Hell than its Ruler, according to Milton, is a female named Sin. And the foulest conception of the Spenser gallery is also a woman, whom he names Errour—*fountains* of evil both—causes more than effects.

offspring. Bellona is the goddess of war, but the evils of that calling are so external, tangible, and masculine, that the peaceful side of it was characteristically assigned to her, as it has always since been to her sex, Mars enjoying a monopoly of the mutilation and slaughter, as his sex equally has to the present time. The temple of Bellona was not a temple of blood, but of audience with foreign ambassadors, returned warriors, &c.

The Sirens were gifted with a power that was irresistible, to charm men to their ruin, which was ludicrously confessed by Ulysses on the occasion of his memorable escape from them. Hecate had power for good and evil, though the latter, which extended over Heaven, Earth, and Hell, won her most of the fame which distinguishes her among us; while Medea achieved an unenviable reputation by some very bad conduct, much in the fashion of men who revenge injuries by chopping up their injurers, tearing them in pieces, and gloating over their agonies. An aunt of hers too, Circe by name, certainly cannot be esteemed a creditable member of a family. Semiramis may be mentioned as one of the women whose badness her sex could ill afford to acknowledge, except as proof of its capacity for goodness. Cruel, mean, sensual, and ambitious, she enjoys an eminence which the worst men who have ever lived, can scarcely dispute with her.

The goddesses who patronize personal vices exclusively, are very few, though good and evil are strongly blended in the characters of some of those already named. Thus Venus unites the extremes of her circle, Love, which is feminine, and Sensuality, which is masculine. She is at once the mother of Love and

the patroness of prostitution.* Diana we know had numerous amours; notwithstanding which she retained her place, no male Myth ever being reckoned a fitter patron of Chastity.

At Rome there was a goddess of thieves; there was also a female deity who presided over debauchery, and whose festivals were held in secret, as from their shocking character it was necessary, even among all the open depravities of which they formed a part, they should be.

No more evidence of this sort need be added, I am sure, to show the unity of the earliest with the latest expressions of mankind upon this point. I will only beg the reader to note, in his Mythological studies, the very general uniformity with which the feminine, whether benevolent or malevolent in character, is assigned to the control of the spiritual, the essential, the imperishable; and the masculine to that of the present, the transitory, the external, the sensual. And further, that, in accordance with these relations, instinctively perceived by the earliest peoples as by ourselves, it is Being which is required of the Feminine for the end of Doing; and Doing, which is required of the Masculine for the end of Being. The former is

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* These systems originated, it must be remembered, in the minds of men, not women; and this contradiction in the character of the mother of Love, indicates the unregenerate, masculine view of it which is not yet extinct among many sons of Adam, who are proud of having grown far away from Mythological thought and theory in other directions. Assuming, from their own consciousness, that love is of the body more than the soul, and that it lives more by the one than the other, they are capable of theorizing themselves into unhappiness, jealousy, anger, or rage, if its lower demands meet with a check.

divine, and help proceeds from it as such; the latter strives in its noblest effort that it may become so.

Theological Testimony.

Let us now glance at our later religious systems for their treatment of Woman. I have no intention of parading the liberality which Christianity has shown my sex. That statement has been so often and ably made, that I should despair of doing anything that has not been already better done, or of increasing the light at present enjoyed by the intelligent women and men of Christendom. I am not willing to walk among argand-burners with a poor rush-light in my hand: nor would my contribution be worth the pains were I to do it. But I propose to glance at Woman in the origin of our Christian system—in both its primary and secondary origins. And the more fairly and fully to draw from the complex statements to be examined, whatever they contain that is pertinent to our question, I shall speak from the position of both acceptor and rejector of them. They stand in that anomalous relation to the popular mind—accepted implicitly by a very large party, partially by another, and wholly rejected by a third—which requires all these attitudes toward them by one who would take the testimony they bear on a question like this. I shall concede to the first two parties their ground, assuming the truth of the narrative they believe, for the sake of giving it the rational reading as to Woman, and occupy that of the third so far as the irresistible deductions and inferences from these premises may lead me.

I.—*Old Dispensation.*

The first thing one notes, looking in this direction, is the declaration, never yet contradicted by sentiment, reason, or science, which places Woman at the head of the organic creation; namely, that she was the last created member of it—its crown and perfection. And among all the new forms of life which our knowledge of natural science and the laws of modification have enabled us to produce, nothing transcending her, has ever appeared. New fishes, insects, birds, and beasts have come into the scale; new sub-varieties of the human appear as the more marked varieties mix; but Woman stands always at the head in organic gifts and perfections. The biblical statement implies that she was doubly removed from crude nature, in being made of matter already refined by its employment in the structure of man; and the creative energy rested, we are told, after producing her, in the repose of a climax attained.

The second noticeable point, is that Woman stands at the center of both Dispensations which introduce our Christian system. The Bible and Theology impute to her the act which *opened* the first, making the human life a career to be run, with an aim in view, instead of a simple state, a period of time to be lived, with no aim beyond that of daily satisfactions, of a somewhat higher character than those which the nobler brute creatures also know.

To possess ourselves here of the largest measure of Truth that may be within our reach, we must look at this matter as calmly and with a mind as completely divested of prejudice as that we would bring to any other intellectual inquiry. For only thus can we esti-

mate it from the reasonable point of view, which will best qualify us to take the religious one also, if our religion be such as will stand the inevitable tests which time reserves to try it, withal. Truth, it must be remembered, can never disclose one *new* feature of her heavenly physiognomy to us without a little startling us, either by the obliteration of some lineament which the mind had before imputed to her, or by putting something which is unfamiliar in the place where we have been accustomed to look on vacancy. If we accept Truth as the Form of Love, and pay our supreme loyalty to her thus, as the nearest and most direct cognizable Representative of God, the medium through acquaintance with whom we are to arrive at a more and more perfect knowledge of the Adorable, we shall fear nothing that is a part of Truth, but shall rather desire earnestly to learn every aspect, trait and line of her divine form. When the mind reaches this noble estate, Error, however embalmed, is no longer sacred to it—falsehood, however venerable by age and acceptance, even of the wise and good, loses its odor of sanctity, and that only is sacred and sweet which is a part of Truth itself. Only the *open* mind is her fair theater; and, essential as her presence is to the growth of the soul, there is nothing less *forceful* among the moral elements of the universe, than this gentle sovereign. Drop the thinnest vail of prejudice or bigotry before her approaching step, and she will calmly stop on its other side, nor offer so much as to break a thread of your arachnoidean armor. On the other hand, invite her, join hands with her, kiss her cheek with the kiss of love, and the rocky ribs of the solid earth cannot shut you two within them, neither exclude you from your aims. Avert your face, and she is the gentlest

of maidens, who will not claim so much as the most distant glance of recognition from the lover she is yearning to approach: turn to her with open arms, and she comes to you a grave, earnest matron—a Mother, whose tender care for her child penetrates all Nature, and turns her currents to its support.

This character of Truth, while it postpones our acquaintance with her, has the advantage of securing a more perfect harmony when we come together. We can only know her by loving her, and our knowledge must be (as toward her) fairly, openly, and freely gained. Thus she invites free discussion of all topics in which the question of her presence is involved, by offering her royal self as premium thereon.

Aware of the sacredness, to vast numbers of excellent and worthy persons, of the questions we are about to examine; sincerely desirous, if the statements here offered shall result in displacing any article of their faith, or any point of belief of an inferior denomination, to offer Truth instead, or, where I am unable to do this, to make clear the way for her coming, I submit, by way of introduction, the following very candid, noble passages from Mr. Mill's late book on Liberty, convinced that they may aid some readers to see the soundness of the position here taken, namely, that every question, however sacred, not only may, but *must*, in its time, be examined, if Truth lies hidden within it. Whereby I hope to gain, not merely respect for my motives at the hands of readers, but a reservation of censure, till they shall have fairly weighed all the considerations here offered, against the faith, the belief, or the prejudice, to which they may oppose themselves:

"In the case of any person whose judgment is really

deserving of confidence, how has it become so? * * Because he has felt, that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject, is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. * * * The greatest harm done" (by the ban placed on free inquiry) "is to those who are not heretics, and whose mental development is cramped, and their reason cowed, by the fear of heresy. Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral? Among them we may occasionally see some man of deep conscientiousness, and subtile, refined understanding, who spends a life in sophisticating with an intellect which he cannot silence, and exhausts the resources of ingenuity in attempting to reconcile the promptings of his conscience and reason with orthodoxy, which yet he does not, perhaps, to the end succeed in doing. No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize, that as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think. Not that it is solely or chiefly to form great thinkers, that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much, and even more indispensable, to enable average human beings to attain the

mental stature which they are capable of. * * * He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may have been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side; if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that, he is either led by authority, or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them; who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasive form; he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of. Else he will never really possess himself of the portion of Truth which meets and removes that difficulty. * * All that part of Truth which turns the scale and decides the judgment of a completely informed mind, is never really known but to those who have attended equally and impartially to both sides, and endeavored to see the reasons of both in the strongest light. So essential is this discipline to a real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all-important truths do not exist, it is indispensable to imagine them, and

supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skeptical devil's advocate can conjure up."*

I will add that no one can worthily claim to be a teacher, who has not divested the soul of that cowardice which would suppress Truth, or would seek to hide her in its own depths; whither she has come, not for its help alone, but for introduction to Mankind. If we could see that Truth really does never require protection at our hands, but only reception and transmission, we should lay off the heavy garments of many moral anxieties that oppress us sorely at present. For myself, I *cannot* suppress truth, nor that earnestness and candor in inquiry which may lead to knowledge of her. Wherefore those who are not prepared to travel in any such path that may open to us, as we advance in our subject, will, I fear, be apt to part company with us by-and-by, if not here. I can risk everything but the violation of my own conscience and judgment: those I must be permitted to hold sacred, at whatever cost of criticism or censure, whether of friends or foes.

Hence I offer for such attention as they can command, the following views of the Old Testament statement of Woman's part at the origin of the human career. It cannot be passed by, for the reason before given, that intelligently or ignorantly, it is present, in some form or color, near the foundation of almost every religious faith entertained in Christendom. It therefore demands analysis in any attempt at a comprehen-

* I have met with this volume since completing the present work; but feeling the support which Mr. Mill's views give me, and their real helpfulness to all honest, unprejudiced truth-seekers, I have preferred taking the trouble of incorporating them in the text, to risking their neglect in the form of a note.

sive, original view of Woman's moral relations to her race. It is not sufficient to say that it is sacred from inquiry. Nothing is so sacred as the character of God, yet the received conception of Him is held sacred among any people in direct proportion to its ignorance, and is most sacred among the lowest savages, capable of a system of religious worship. Every intelligent soul is forever urging its way to the premises for new and more expansive conclusions touching that inconceivable mystery, with a feeling that the sacredness is not in the conception now or ever entertained, but in the character itself. Nor is it enough, on the other hand, to say that Genesis is a fable which will by-and-by fall to pieces of itself. As well might we fold our hands touching the removal of any error or the development of any truth, assuring ourselves that time will accomplish all. Time and Truth require us as instruments for their work. They fit and prepare us. We are their means for its accomplishment, and being called, have no right to refuse them such service as we can render.

We will take the narrative *just as it stands*. There is no need, for the cause of Woman, to alter or force a syllable of it. First, it appears, as has been before hinted, that the human life became a career, a struggle, through the initiatory act of Eve. What it would have been but for this act, let the book tell for itself. The Eden-life, it informs us, was to have been a life of plenty, ease, and ignorance. They had the spontaneous fruits for their support, the trees for their shelter, and they needed no clothing. These were the physical features of that lot: it had but one moral one, that of blindness; on the voluntary preservation of which, as an inner state, the comforts of the outer state depended.

Now moral slavery is the heaviest of all bondages that can subject man. Even the chattel system of our own country, with all that it involves of monstrous and cruel in its organic features, is more deplorable for the moral slavery it engenders, than for what it is as a physical and social condition.

The human soul abhors slavery and despises slaves that remain such, whether their bondage be of force or of ignorance. Especially does it despise those who voluntarily reject their right to freedom, knowing that it can be won by a certain act or acts which they are capable of, and may make at their pleasure. Moreover, in any such case it is patent that the noblest nature will be that which will most certainly and speedily cast off the bonds that hold it.

Now, Adam and Eve, it is said, were made in the image and likeness of God. It is impossible, I think, to take any idea whatever from this statement, for two reasons; first, that we are unable, and, according to the authority, forbidden to attempt any conception of Deity, as an existence; and second, that as they were created in *ignorance of good and evil*, which is the very perfection, self-hood, and essence of Deity, the *likeness utterly failed in the only point wherein it is possible, or according to its own code, lawful to conceive it.* But, setting aside our reasonable claim to find some intelligent meaning in that which is written for our instruction and guidance, more especially when it is offered as a revelation, for so momentous a purpose as the eternal salvation of mankind, this assertion is a simple absurdity. These are its elements.

First, God is the very embodiment of Wisdom and Love, *i. e.*, knowledge of Good, and choice of it; second, man was made in His image and likeness, yet

was without the one, and necessarily, therefore, destitute of the other; third, a *moral obedience, notwithstanding this original incapacity, was required of him*—he was expected to remain in his bondage and darkness, though informed, (if we can conceive so impossible a being as receiving the information), of the glory and advantage of escaping it, that he should thereby become as a god; fourth, he was to suffer the direst penalty if he attempted escape. In other words, to obey, was to prove himself more unlike God, in essential Godhood, than the ox, which is incapable of conceiving moral freedom, because, knowing it, he was expected to forego it; and if he did not thus brutify himself and his generations, he was to incur the most fearful of penalties.

In these difficult circumstances, it seems clear that the first service which humanity could possibly do itself, would be to vindicate its alleged noble creation, by developing its likeness to God in the very act with which Eve stands charged—the act which clothed it in the divine power to know good and evil. But here we come face to face with a blank impossibility. Before, we have encountered only absurdities: this is a graver difficulty. For how is it possible that a being created without a moral sense, should have desired to exercise it, or have been capable of being moved by motives, to do or not to do, which appealed to it? Who can imagine the orang or the gorilla desiring the moral sense of man, or capable of entertaining, as a motive, any consideration that would move the moral nature? It is not only an absurdity, but an impossibility, which ought to entitle its author to a first-rate position among the metaphysicians. For, we can only desire what we in some degree possess. *The very root of desire cannot*

be in us toward attributes of which our *Consciousness makes absolutely no report. Idiocy commences there.*

But the case of Woman is specially illustrated in the alleged fact that she took the initiative, in this great service to humanity, of developing, or we might perhaps as properly say, creating, its moral likeness to God; and that she was moved thereto by an appeal which could only *address itself to a spiritual nature*, the assurance that she should thereby become as a god! And, whether the serpent represents Wisdom or Wickedness in this transaction, the compliment to the feminine nature is equally distinct, because of the purity and Godlikeness of the motive presented to it. Woman rose out of bondage, *in the love of freedom—that she might become wiser and diviner. Man followed her.* So early dates the spiritual ministration of the feminine. Readers who may feel shocked by these statements, will please bear in mind that it is not the author, but Genesis speaking here. I have employed no ingenuity—forced no meaning of a single word. Let any one who thinks I have, compare the text.

But to return. Masculine and Feminine were placed, according to the record so, in Eden, charged alike to remain as they were, under penalty of death. It is not very clear what they could have understood by this penalty, since the phenomenon of death had not yet come into the world, and they could therefore never have seen it; but whether it had for them the terror of a penalty or the interest of an untried experience; whether it required much or little courage to face it—a strong or a weak will—a high or a low purpose; it was Eve who first dared the trial. Had it been Adam, would men so long have sat under it as a

reproach? I cannot think so: it would rather have been their pride, instead.

The tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil—a noble tree, as we must believe, bearing fair fruit in the midst of a broad garden! Is it not difficult, nay, impossible, to imagine any *living* soul dwelling beneath its boughs, unmoved by the irresistible desire to partake—desire that must *inevitably* grow into purpose and act when the consequences should be fully understood, that thereby it should become "as a god"?

A penalty is the balance to a possible real or imagined good, that is hoped for in incurring it. In this case the good was the very essence of being, and what penalty could balance it? To "become as a god," who would not joyfully face certain death? It is an absolutely unimaginable cowardice that could be deterred. In incurring a penalty, we are moved at once by fear and hope. Fear that we may suffer it; hope that the good we are striving for may be won. Now when the good is absolute—*the* good of the Universe—the highest that life can aspire to, every human creature, according to its light, must honor and revere the soul that dares all for its conquest. Behold the moral attitude of the first Woman toward her race!

Is it not most characteristic and significant that this *first* good achieved for itself by humanity, that good for which all others *are*, and from which they derive their value, should have been won by Woman? May we not congratulate ourselves, every woman of us, that the record is so plain that man cannot by-and-by shift the crown to his own brow? It would not be the first instance of his claiming as an honor what he had before shunned as an obloquy: hence, it seems fortunate for us, that he then, and his sons since, have distinctly

charged and reiterated that it was "the woman who saw that it was good for food, pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise," and who, seeing all this, had the courage to taste for herself, and the generosity to persuade her husband to share the blessing her act had won. It was she who was capable of aspiring to the result which the prohibition was intended to make impossible; she to whom Wisdom, represented by the serpent, could successfully address that greatest of all appeals ever made to the human soul, "In the day that ye eat thereof, then shall your eyes be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil;" she whose moral courage opened the door of a career to humanity, leading up to Heaven—a door which, according to his attempted exculpation of himself, man would not have laid his hand upon. It was she who set the feet of her race in the pleasant paths of progress, discovered its nakedness and poverty, and commenced the career of improvement, whose fruits we may behold to-day, in comparing its naked with its clothed races—Tongataboo with Windsor-palace, Tasmania with the Boulevards, Fegee with Fifth Avenue.

If it be urged that Eve did violate a command, both reason and the enlightened religious sentiment have the right to inquire where are the proofs? Can a few words of doubtful authenticity, a mere fragment of a book sharply and unanswerably questioned on a thousand other points, be rationally weighed against the palpable, universal, irresistible proofs that the consequences of that attributed act are good, and not evil? The benefits of our human knowledge and choice of good, the incalculable and nameless blessings resulting therefrom—the moral distance which separates the most aspiring, developed soul, from the naked, grubbing

savage, achieved through its possession—do they weigh nothing against these few words arbitrarily uttered, we know not by whom, we know not where, but opposed in the arrogance of a purely derived authority, to the vast results of human experience? To me, looking at the grandeur of the human career thus far, and the greatness of its awaiting destiny, there is a chilling Atheism in the bare thought of trusting the one against the other. For what is ignorance of the distinction between good and evil but the animal, infantile state to which moral growth is an impossibility? Do we not clearly know that that which, more than any or all other attributes together, distinguishes the human from the inferior creatures, is just the capacity for this knowledge? Is it not for this knowledge, its growing perfection and use, that we give our noblest and most devout thanks to God in every act of worship? Is it not by its possession, in larger measure than the savage has it, that we bow down before the Unseen God, instead of the dead Image which he adores? Without it, stagnation; a mere vegetative, or diabolic existence. For we can only think of the human being, lacking it, as a more terrible animal for the organic perfection in which he is clothed. His other likenesses to the Divine, of form and intelligence, must have proved his heaviest curse and that of the world in which he was placed, had he remained without this. The gorilla is the most fearful of living creatures because it is so nearly the image and likeness of man, yet unguided by the human intelligence and motives. A locomotive loosed upon a track, under a full head of steam, with no engineer in control, would be the more dangerous, the more perfect its machinery in size, parts, and working power.

And yet we are asked to believe that mankind escaped this terrible lot, and the earth was spared the ravage and desolation which must have resulted from it, by an act of disobedience to a *divine* command. I know the devoutness of spirit, the sincerity of motive, and goodness of purpose in which this view is generally taught and entertained. They are all needed to save its supporters from a taint of unconscious blasphemy against the great, wise, and good Designer of man and his destiny. For how can any rational soul trust, as of divine origin, a command which, had it been obeyed, would have made impossible our development into the spiritual likeness of God, and the other progress contributive to it, which we have achieved and still see before us? Disobedience to a divine law must result in evil. If good comes of the act, we are not simply to question the divinity of the law; we are bound, in reverence to its reputed Author, to deny that it came from him.

If you put an infant into a library, and surround him with apparatus and collections from which he might get all human knowledge, yet prohibit his learning a letter, or touching with a finger the instructive objects about him, thus making resources and opportunities as if they were not; and if, disregarding this prohibition, he learns; grows wise, great, strong, good, helpful—becomes the conscious possessor of Godlike capacities which descend to his offspring—the creator of noblest opportunities and means to those who surround and come after him; if then you charge the violation upon him, I think the onus is fairly shifted to your own shoulders. Instead of putting him upon his defense for violation, you must prove wherein your prohibition was entitled to be considered as authorita-

tive at all; and not diabolic rather than divine in its origin and character. A law requiring us to do evil, or to refrain from doing good, in whatever terms it may be couched, or however ancient its date, can never command the intelligent assent, much less the respect or reverence, of the living soul. When, therefore, the sin of violating the divine Will is urged against the first Woman, it becomes necessary to show that it was the divine Will. For it is so undeniably true, both to Theologians and Thinkers, that to "know good and evil" is the very essence of a moral life and career; and so plain that a moral destiny, based upon growth, which is possible only in this knowledge, is the very God-likeness for which we hunger and toil, that if they could be won only by disobedience, the unanimous voice of the human soul must respond, "disobedience then let it be." We should be much more inclined to attribute the prohibition to an enemy, and the encouragement to disregard it, to a wise, loving friend, than the contrary.

I repeat, that I attempt no forced interpretation of the narrative. I only let it speak for itself of Woman. And according to its plain language, it is clear that she is on the divine side all the time, choosing the highest, in spite of alleged command, warning, and threatened peril; adhering to it, sustaining herself and man through the pains and struggles consequent on her choice—as her daughters since have had to sustain him at his best—drawing him on to see with her clearer vision, and follow in her footsteps. On the whole, I think we could ask of Theology nothing more honoring to our sex than this very attributive history; and there is but a single point further in the Mosaic statement to which I will ask attention. A curse is pronounced

upon Woman, as upon the other offenders in this transaction. Now the simple aggravation of a former natural condition could scarcely be the adequate punishment of a principal criminal in a matter so grave and daring. She could only be justly punished by the reversal of some former estate or law of her life, which, having been her happiness, could so be made her pain and torment. Thus the language used to Eve, clearly implies that before this affair, she had been regarded as the sovereign-being, because her *curse was in being put under his dominion.* If she had been there before, this was child's play. One does not curse the child by placing him under the parental authority; for so Nature has ordered the relation. Hence, it is plain that what politicians call the Organic Act, had made Eve sovereign over Adam, and her curse for the disobedience of seeking light that was forbidden her, lay in its reversal. Was this the *death* that was threatened? I leave the question for others to answer.

II.—*New Dispensation.*

Woman appears also at the origin of the Christian Dispensation, no less prominently than at that of the Jewish. Indeed, the feminine seems to have been the only root of that higher system which the earth could afford. Womanhood was worthy to mother it, but not Manhood to father it. Paternity must descend from Heaven. One remembers here the apt answer made by a reverent woman to a man in captious mood, who disputed the greatness of Maternity: "I never heard of but one that was born without a father." "Granted, but was not he the only perfect one?"

The record is abundant in evidence of the deeper,

tenderer, more lasting sympathy of the Women of Judea, (undeveloped as they were), with the Christ, than of the men. Beside that their watchful, appreciative love was testified in lingering latest at his tomb, and being earliest to announce his resurrection, they had followed him, ministered to him; they suffered with him at the Crucifixion, shut away by the crowds of rude, bad men who pressed up to jeer, and buffet, and torture the divine victim of their own passions. One of the twelve whom he had chosen, sold him for money!—others quarreled who should be first in honor and authority among his followers—the ten were angered against the two, when it seemed possible that they might come to preferred places; and the worldly spirit of Peter was rebuked by him as SATAN.

This Peter will bear a moment's analysis here. Strong-hearted, rugged of will, infirm of purpose, loud in profession, but too weak to abide therein, he seems to have been fitly chosen as keeper of the keys. A man can lock or unlock a door by the brain and hand, the heart having little or no share in the act. A jailor or a gatekeeper, need not necessarily be the illuminated disciple of the cause he represents at its outermost bound. Faithful to his post he ought to be, surely; but he may be this from his brain, his pocket, his ambition, his will; any one of a dozen inferior motives. The power of the cause is not represented in him—locks and wards, not attraction and repulsion, being his means of retaining and excluding. Peter appears to have been the most mannish—observe, not manly—of all the disciples; almost blatant—without hypocrisy too. How weak, with all that noise and protestation. "Though all the world deny thee, yet will not I." Yet, in the next hour, when this divine teacher and

friend has fallen into the hands of accusers; rude, scornful, insulting, blind enemies, he follows, "afar off." How unlike a woman capable of uttering those fervent words, looking prudently to his chances of detaching himself, if need should be, from the falling fortunes: And at a later hour, seeing the tragedy grow dark and darker, as time passes, he swears profanely, "I know not the man."

A Woman, delicate, sensitive, shrinking, terrified by the sacrilegious spirit of that mob, sickened by its wanton cruelty and insult of its victim, would nevertheless have pressed near him, in hope that she might spare him some pain or indignity, by receiving it herself. All human sentiment attributes this to her.

> "She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
> Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

It is fit that Mary should represent the feminine in this great experience, and Peter the masculine; that she should be sung by Poet as divine, and painted in the most exquisite beauty which the tenderest and purest soul of man can conceive, with a heavenly infant in her arms; he, a hard-featured, rugged, tough-looking man, with a ponderous key at his girdle. The portraits may be accepted as symbolical. How like both picture and sermon of Woman, is this beautiful Stabat Mater, by W. J. Fox.

> "Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
> Christians fled in fear and sadness;
> Mary stood the cross beside.
>
> "At its foot her foot she planted,
> By the dreadful scene undaunted,
> Till the gentle sufferer died.

"Poets oft have sung her story;
Painters decked her brow with glory;
Priests her name have deified;

"But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
'Mary stood the cross beside.'

"And when under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.

"But if love be there true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside."

The female followers of the Christ never quarreled among themselves for his favor—never disputed for the honors of his kingdom; never had a thought of betraying him or the cause for their own profit, for envy, jealousy, or any other motive. They sat at his feet for instruction, for sympathy, or for the loving service they could offer him.

But beside this, that disciple *whom he loved*, was a man of strongly feminine type. No contrast could be greater than that between John and Peter, as we have them in Art. It matters not whether we accept them as real or ideal portraits. They are equally to the purpose in either case, since in the one they would represent the actual man, and in the other, the conceptions of artists, who study Nature, and who, being of all men, most familiar with the material lineaments through which she expresses the invisible qualities of the soul, are accepted as authority in such matters.

I speak not of the Christian teaching respecting Woman, because my aim is, not to set forth any system or expose any opinions that have been entertained or rejected; but simply to gather up, wherever it is to be

found, the vague, widely scattered, half-expressed, blind, often misunderstood evidence, that in the human soul there has always existed a *Sentiment* of the superiority of the feminine. I do not say *belief*, but Sentiment. Belief may contradict Sentiment, or ignore it. Thus we have seen how the Sentiment of the Mythologic ages honored and worshiped the Feminine, and how the practical life dishonored, degraded, and outraged living Women. Sentiment stands farther back, and is of nearer kin to Truth than Belief, till Belief is thoroughly enlightened and made one with Truth.

The Biblical evidence for Woman is always implied, rather than direct, and has therefore admitted of every conceivable variety of misinterpretation which the opposing Will, the self-love, and the intellect of man could prompt or help him to—the only unvarying feature of his treatment of it, being the distortion of the facts and narrations, whether they were accepted as literal or allegorical, to face exactly opposite their true point. For here, as in Mythology, while his Sentiment exalted Woman to the *rank* of a superior, his belief and conduct have degraded her to the actual *position* of an inferior.

Farther on, I shall endeavor to show some of the causes of this inversion. Here it must suffice to acknowledge its existence, and to suggest that this is an age of Revolutions, only the *least* momentous of which, are those conducted with arms, and testified in blood. It has been well said, that History is re-written in the light of Modern Science. It is equally true that human nature, with its relations, the fountain and source of history, is to be re-read in the light of the wondrous revelations which this Nineteenth Century is making of its hitherto hidden parts.

CHAPTER II.

ESTHETIC ARGUMENT.

Painting and Sculpture.

Religion is the first-born of the great instinctive systems of Humanity; Art, the second. In the earliest period of their development, the Arts, called liberal or fine arts—those creative of Beauty, as distinguished from the ruder arts, creative of Use—were each under the patronage of a feminine deity or deities, while the latter were assigned to males. In these, the patron god became an artisan, a master-worker; in those, the goddesses employed persons, *whom they inspired.* Is there a prophecy in this, that Art, in its ultimate, belongs to the more beautiful and spiritual sex, and that both must make a long ascent of preparation before they become fitted for actual union, and mutual development through it?

I will enter into no speculations here which may seem fanciful, but will simply show, so far as I am able, the language of Art with respect to the rank it assigns to Woman. Conscious, from my want of acquaintance with Art, of inability to do justice to this branch of my subject, I shall confine myself mainly to a statement of general truths, which, although they may be well known, have perhaps not been considered in the view here taken of them. Also, it should be remembered

that the evidence which Art, were we able to examine it in its length and breadth, might afford us, would necessarily be indirect, because, whatever artists have done that could elucidate this question, they have done while wholly unconscious that it existed or could ever exist. They have worked intuitively, blindly, from the simple, unenlightened power of Nature in their souls, whence, from time to time throughout the whole Art-period, have proceeded such dim, beautiful, confused, far-reaching, ideal proofs of the diviner exaltation of the feminine, as we shall presently see. If Critics had ever written to show what Art has done for Woman in acknowledging her nature; if there were statistics of its treatment of her, on which statements, approximating correctness, could be based; if biographers had told us generally, of gifted artists what is known to be often true, that they loved to employ their power upon female subjects, and felt it rather a descent to man, there would be resources which one would greatly prize for such an effort.*

But the candid reader, considering what must be the nature of the evidence and its scantiness, for all these reasons, will consider the matter rather as indicated than stated in these pages, and will patiently await the fuller development of it, which I hope these hints will call forth from some woman, able in the gifts, and rich in the opportunities which I lack. Whereby our sex may come to the knowledge of what

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* I should like to see Mr. Ruskin's testimony upon this point. No man, I think, has ever studied Art so generally, faithfully, and lovingly. And though he might dissent totally from the theory of the feminine, which, to my judgment, the facts would support, yet the breadth of his observation in the art-world, and his conscientiousness, would give his report an inestimable value.

has been done for it, by those Arts which the early intuition of mankind recognized Woman only, as fit to personify.

It is undeniable that Painting and Sculpture have won their highest honors—may it not be said development too—in the treatment of Woman. A large proportion of the celebrated works in each, treat her either exclusively, or principally, or subordinately. And this in the times when the State refused her all civil recognition; when the Church honored her only as a devotee; and when Society paid her an allegiance which was much more of the appetites than of any higher attributes. Religious Sentiment and Experience are rarely expressed in Art without her, except in literal, historic representation, where fact requires her absence. In legendary and allegorical Art, she is foremost, and redeems and refines them, as her actual presence does the scenes they exhibit. Pictures which illustrate life, are narrow in their appeals to individuals and classes, if Woman is excluded from them, as *e. g.*, pot-house pieces, groups of roystering students, and bachelor fire-sides, whether of miser or reveler.

Between pictures of equal merit, composed one of male, the other of female figures, and putting out of the question a greater power in the subject of one than the other, apart from sex, the audience will always be found before the latter. So of a statue. The Venus de Medici outlives all male marbles. She is not only visited and admired by men, but by women, who either never hear of the Apollo Belvidere, or pay him but a scanty homage, if they do.*

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* If it be said, as I think it may, in fairness, that the earliest Art treats man predominantly, my reply is that that is what might,

In marble it appears to me that the artist's power over the heart is small—above the fields of historic, heroic, monumental or architectural art—except in the treatment of the feminine, and of childhood. The lack of accessories, and the importance of expressing a *body of experience*, or of *interior life*, or of *worshipful beauty*, each more characteristic of feminine than of masculine nature, reduce him almost to the necessity, in imaginative art, of adopting female subjects in whom the *materiel* is either subordinate or so beautiful as to please in itself.

So the Greek Slave is a female, though the out-

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a priori, be expected. Art, like science, had its beginning in the recognition and treatment of the *most manifest*—of the physical therefore, and in the human race, of man, who represents it. Hercules and Perseus both were heroes—so have been all the *material* destroyers and builders up. In the era of the lowest powers, goodness is chiefly, if at all, regarded for its amiability in keeping out of the way—as men now admire the namby-pamby goodness of women who form no opinions, advance no standards, trouble their foul and subversive social state with no questions, yet believe firmly in themselves, *because they remain unspotted from the world*, while those who are faithful to higher views of goodness, are often much bespattered in its fields of conflict. Even beauty is little acknowledged when the physical so far predominates, that rugged bodies, by the ferocity of uses, must needs make ferocious the souls within them. If the beauty of Woman is the inspiration of man to refinement, that he may be worthy of it, nothing is more clear than that any high development of it would be thrown away upon him before he has eyes to see it; as the finest order of spiritual beauty among our Caucasian women, upon the savages of South Africa or Australia. If, therefore, Art should begin among those men, it would commence in the treatment of forms of *strength* instead of *beauty*—would record man, and neglect Woman, till the artists, with the life they were portraying, had risen to the feeling that beauty is a higher *form* of power, whatever its *degree*, than material strength.

ward condition was common to both sexes; and Palmer's young Indian Convert is a girl, in preference to a youth of the harder sex. It is idle to say that the feminine is adopted as an appeal to men. It is an appeal to women also; and if any artist doubts it, let him try a male figure for Faith, Devotion, Hope, Melancholy, Justice, or what other tender or noble sentiment or experience he pleases. He will have to put his own soul into the stone, (if indeed with this feeling he is possessed of one), to save it from ridicule, both of men and women.

The inspiration of the artist is Woman, or the feminine. He paints Nature lovingly, thinking of her as a MOTHER, not as a FATHER—rejoicing his soul in her loveliness, her bounty, her tenderness, her fidelity to all her children. In the treatment of Woman, he is in a measure freed from the hindrances and limitations of the material. He exults in his freedom, while, according to his own power and the resources of his subject, he is either recording the fine organic beauty and perfection plainly visible before him, or drawing forth and making visible the unseen lineaments of the strong, pure, subjective life—the compassion, the tenderness, the devotion, the high courage, the fortitude, the love, of the mistress, wife, daughter, mother, or friend. The canvas glows beneath his hand, as he embodies there the thronging conceptions of his soul, because that is warmed and moved by their presence. He is enlarged in a life greater than his own, and rejoices in his freedom. He does not touch the limits of the experience which has recorded itself in that face, because, while his are possible to her, either in fact or by their correspondents in her own life, hers are not possible to him. She is exclusive in the highest; and

the most enriched description which he can set forth, while it may overstate her personal merits, will not overstate those of WOMAN, to whom her nature, with all its conceivable excellences, belongs. He paints for the love of his work—pure interest in what he is creating, as the representative of the divinest form of being that he can sensibly know.

There are undoubtedly more portraits of females than of males in the world, for this among other reasons. Vandyke, Reynolds, Lawrence, Knellar, felt themselves most honored in their portraits of women, as worthiest of their power, and men who had beautiful daughters, or wives, or mothers, hastened to have their beauty immortalized by the hands that could treat it worthily.

The portraits of Christ are strongly feminine. They suggest much more the gentle, compassionate, loving nature and insight of Woman, than the external acuteness, and rugged masculinity which are typical of the manhood that rushes to battle, that glories in material encounters and triumphs, and that bases its self-respect upon the physical or intellectual, rather than upon the spiritual or love-power it possesses. We love to think of Jesus as associated with women, especially in his sufferings. A descent from the Cross having no woman in the group, nor any head or face of feminine cast, would be painfully cold and harsh to look upon. Woman belongs to such scenes as naturally as man to the battle-field.*

* I am reminded here of a noble and characteristic picture, of which I have seen only the engraved copy. It is Etty's Joan d'Arc—the scene the battle-field. She is mounted on a formidable horse, which, full of the passion and fire of the occasion, is about to trample down an armed foe standing before him,

Scenes which depict the Future Life, depend still more for their interest and power on the presence of females. It is impossible to conceive, from the engravings we see, that Michael Angelo's Last Judgment could warm or move any but a bigoted, cowardly

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whom the rider sees to be aiming at her life. Her heavy sword is upraised, and will descend and cleave his skull; but the face is as womanly and passionless as if she sat in a drawing-room. The sublime, but calm strength of a *great purpose* looks out from it, unstained by the faintest gleam of the passion or ferocity of the warrior. She is gazing *at*, but also *beyond*, the victim before her, and though she knows he will die by her hand, she exhibits no more enmity in her countenance or gesture, than if he were her friend, to whom she would speak the great thoughts that move her. Yet you see that she will *do what is before her* to be done.

I know not what soul of Woman could look on that picture and feel not the dew of thankfulness to the Artist, moisten the eye that gazed. Few men could so perfectly conceive THE WOMAN, in such circumstances. One other man, an artist also, has given us a picture in these lines:

> "Yet who closer marked the face
> That o'erruled the battle-place,
> Much had marveled to discern
> Looks more calm and soft than stern.
> For no flush of hot ambition
> Stained her soul's unearthly mission.
> Raging hate, and stubborn pride,
> Warlike cunning, life-long tried,
> Low before that presence died;
> For within her sainted heart
> Naught of these had found a part.
> God had willed the land to free;
> Handmaiden of God was she.
> Ne'er so smooth a brow before,
> Battle's darkening ensign wore;
> And 'twas still the gentle eye,
> Wont when evening vailed the sky,
> In the whispering shade to see
> Angels haunt the lonely tree."
>
> STERLING'S JOAN D'ARC.

heart. If the copies are true to the original, great brawny angels are pulling huge-bodied, large-limbed, muscular, anxious-looking *men*, up the steeps of Heaven; and there is nowhere the sweet, trusting, calm face, or the tender form of a woman to be seen. One shudders, on looking at it, at the thought of entering a heaven containing only such a population.

Angels are painted as females; and the angelic or divine is sacrificed in proportion as the head and face depart from the feminine type, either in the intellectual or affectional region. In short, here, as in Mythology, and in both, as in life, love, purity, devotion, faith, trust, hope, are uniformly represented by the sex which most perfectly embodies them; or if ever by a male, his portrait, whether in colors or stone, is a St. John, not a St. Paul or Peter.

Poetry.

This being the most popular of the Arts, and therefore expressing, quantitatively, more of the heart-life of humanity than painting or sculpture, is more abundant in the proof we are seeking. In all its sentimental forms, as also in that purely masculine one which is called amorous,* (let us be thankful that its

* It is worth remembering here, that while men make Woman *the* subject of their verse, Women rarely return the compliment. Of course, this curious difference could only arise from the respective natures as *subjects* of Poetic treatment. The earnest, pure poet, is such by the necessity of his or her nature to rise in expression to the higher, the ideal; which the feminine is to the masculine in the broad, permanent, heavenward sense; but which the masculine is to the feminine only in certain narrow, transient, earthward senses. Beside, when women address verse to men, it is either heroic or spiritual in its character, celebrating some

day is well past), Woman is constantly characterized and held up to the feelings as *the* pure, sweet, angelic, divine, heavenly inhabitant of the earth.

I shall offer none of the lighter or lower sorts of proof from this department. Lines, couplets, stanzas, will occur to the memory of most readers. They need not be set down here, and I shall give the space they would occupy, to nobler guests. But before proceeding to the examination, let us premise that our cause would stand without it. It is not a foundation that we are to lay, while wandering among the grand and sweet prophets who have spoken in verse. It is rather the development of exquisite proportions that we are to accomplish, the uprearing of the polished shaft, the unity—by lines of beauty—of detached portions into the perfect, symmetrical whole of an artistic structure.

Like the Painters and Sculptors, the Poets have borne their testimony unconsciously. They have been voices for Nature, who has spoken, through them, the sublime truths which Reason in its crude pride rejected; which Philosophy could not see because its infantile eyes were not yet opened; which Science could not recognize, because she did not yet find within her kingdom the platform of facts whereon it could be rested. Induction can teach no truth, of which the facts are either wholly latent, or so scantily evolved as were those demonstrative of Woman's higher rank and powers, even so late as two centuries ago—as indeed they must

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brave, or humane, or noble deed, or appealing to their aspirations. It is an invitation to men to meet Woman above the common level of life, not below it—an appeal to the higher nature—not to the senses. Amorous verse from Woman to men is unknown in modern times, and I think the authenticity of the little attributed to her in ancient times, may admit of fair doubt.

continue to be, while she remains in a condition of slavery. For bondage can illustrate no being, human or brute. It is darkness, suppression, silence; the character and intensity of these evils depending on the character of enslaved and enslaver. It has done a service to mankind; for through it the inferior intelligence and powers of undeveloped types and conditions have been brought, for the time, under an intelligent control, and thus development, good for all, has been advanced. When intelligent self-love can see and do no higher thing than to seize upon its unintelligent brother, and compel him to feed, clothe, enrich, and make it powerful, better this than the democracy of mere savageism; for so, if we get back to its origin, is all progress begun. It has been the divine plan, we must admit, or else confess that God has been thwarted by his creature. And thus slavery finds an excuse and cause in the early necessities of the race. It made available for human development, the powers which, unguided, would rather have tended to human destruction. But its excuse ceases as soon as society reaches that point on the road of progress wherein it can see a nobler, better way; in other words, as soon as we are approached near enough to the divine, to see, as God sees, that brotherhood is a stronger bond than iron; love a more sure and potent means to good than self-love.

In the low, desperate struggle of the physical ages, even the bondage of Woman had its beneficent aspects for humanity. Her finer nature, in which lies her only freedom, could neither assert nor accommodate itself in those tough conflicts with the material; in that murky atmosphere of storm and battle. Better, therefore, that it should be temporarily ignored by herself,

as well as by the legitimate sovereign of those epochs. For so she could better render the service required of her for the universal good. But now the higher way is visible—is open here at our feet. Freedom to Woman, and with it, universal Freedom, is at the door. We may loose *all* the shackles; for the Lord's year of Jubilee has come.

This condition of Woman in the past, is one of the reasons why all Art celebrates her nature so much more than her action—her Being than her Doing. It would —I speak reverently—have to treat angels in the like manner. The Poet therefore of past time, to have been true on the Woman Question, must have been a man of real insight and Faith—an illuminated man. Imagination, delicacy, and depth of feeling for Nature; patience in her study, large capacity to analyze her, to resolve man and his affairs to their ultimates; the heart to burn injustice and trample its ashes under his feet, to celebrate power, integrity, nobleness in man; none or all of these qualities are sufficient to make the poet whom Woman is to crown—whom her era can accept as one of its immortals. For the truths of her lie beyond this man's ken. They are to be seen only with the prophetic eye of a pure, believing soul, and through the unflawed lens of a real love. The man who is incapable of a worshiping love for Woman, *can never see her*, be he artist, saint, philosopher, or statesman; while she is revealed to him who is capable of this passion, be he ever so humble and rude otherwise. It is only in that experience, that he can rise to behold the higher glories of her nature.

I know the breadth and sharpness of dissent I am about to provoke, at the very outset, here. But I begin my questionings of the poets with him whose fame is

greatest in our English tongue. And, to be brief, concise, and plain, I affirm that Shakspeare has said little of Woman that is to her credit, or his own. His genius was of Sight rather than of Insight. Be patient, O admiring man. Justice, so far as I am able, shall be done him here :—But please remember that it is *you ;* not your wife, daughter, sister, mother or female friend, who is forever quoting him in the chamber, the parlor, the dining-room—on the pavement, in the fields, under the stars, under the sun, under the clouds—by the seashore, and in the forest, in the work-shop, factory, cabinet, school, and council. I admit the greatness; it is only its quality that I would question. It is you who have said "he was for all time." She knows better, for this reason, if for no other, that he *never foretold a better than he saw.*

He is greatest to you, because he is the very incarnation of the masculine fancy, imagination, intellect, perception, and passional life; because he had power to conceive and live the lives of men ; was the very mirror of experience to them. To the imagination and fancy of the poet, he united the intellect of the philosopher, the observation of the scientist, and the passional life of the common man. I do not wonder you name him greatest. Till you see that there is a human horizon which includes your own, you may well think that he filled, to its circumference, the circuit of human experiences. But it was only the masculine circuit, and, as the men of generations in the near future will see, not by any means the largest possible to that.

Shakspeare did not so much *partake* the spirit of his age as he *was* it; resuming in his own individuality, many of the finest capacities the race had ever exhibited. But no ray of prophecy touched that brilliant

orb at any point. He lacked the great poet's real inspiration. He lacked an ideal of humanity and life. He painted external Nature with the hand of a master—he dissected living men and women about him, with either a merciless earnestness, or *bon-hommie*, that was all his own; he lamented feelingly the treacheries, weaknesses, vices, meannesses, selfishness of mankind; but he foresaw no better. He doubtless believed that his gallery would be as real in the twenty-sixth as in the sixteenth century. With such a mind, he could only give up the worldly verdict of his day and precedent history, upon Woman. If he allowed her consequence at all, it was never that of her own individuality, but a result of her being "nobly fathered or husbanded." If she had personal influence, it was by her power over the sensual life of man; which, being a beastly usurper over his higher nature, made him despise, in his better moments, the being who degraded him by ministering to it.

Except that the bountifulness of his own nature made him indifferent to the life he mixed with, he would have been meanly suspicious of Woman; except that, lacking interior, and therefore religious life, he cared little for human purity beyond its decency, he would have estimated her depravity as too deep to be sounded. The goodness that he possessed was spontaneous, and evidently too external to require any profound, theoretic basis for its support. He yearned for no ideal man or woman who should make humanity illustrious, and excellence lovely. So far as I am able to study him, he seems to have been destitute of any noble theory of human virtue—nay, of the very fragments of such; and with this defect in his poetic constitution, it is plain that he must have believed

what is so often hinted in his plays: that women were less gross than men, more from lack of capacity to equal them in grossness, than from any nobler cause—the very basest order of inferiority.

He authorized in his sentiments, all manner of passional, sensual, and drunken usurpation of man over Woman—every kind of force to degrade her, which the law did not punish, and only felt bound to satirize and speak coarsely of *her* after it had been exercised; men who repeated such experiences never so often or basely, being no less heroes for his dramas; fit to lead in council, rule in honorable war, and receive the homage of society. The leading characteristics of the feminine, as he portrayed it, are sensuality, and fickleness, its uniform attendant, (in either sex); capriciousness, vanity, desire to be loved, more for the power than the pure happiness of it; a disposition to exercise that fleeting, petty power tyrannically—so far to play the man on the child's scale; weakness, helplessness indeed, against temptation; and a paramount selfishness, which is only modified or very rarely turned into generosity, toward the man whose love permits her to love in return; for which end chiefly, in its narrowest, most material sense, she seems in his estimation to have been created.

It is true that Queen Constance is a loving mother, and she lacks gross faults. There are millions such, else the world would be poor indeed. Portia and Calphurnia were reputable wives, respected and beloved by Roman husbands. Volumnia was a courageous and patriotic mother. But they are no ideals. Their noblest qualities are but the staple virtues of average womanhood. Desdemona was childish-innocent and affectionate. Is that so rare a character? Portia, of

Venice, was sensible, courageous, and brilliant, without vanity. I know a hundred women who are fully equal to her, and many who surpass her in her own strong points. Cordelia was a better daughter than her diabolical sisters; but is that a model character of Woman? Imogen was pure and loving; but any man or woman in society is to be pitied, who does not know a score or two of far finer girls. Beatrice was bewitching and nothing worse—which appears to have been a pure piece of indulgence to her sex on Shakspeare's part. Rosalind was docile, ingenuous, and honest; as the million of young girls are. Ophelia was innocently crazy, as thousands of unhappy young women have been, and Perdita beautiful and confiding, but with a speech whose freedom would at once exempt her from any charge of fastidiousness. But I find little other power set forth in these characters; little goodness, save the emptiness of evil. The highest virtue they exhibit is in persistently loving a father, a husband, or a son, no matter how great a miscreant or criminal. If to the woman's love there was added the weak obedience of the little child, which conformed in all things, wrong as well as right, gross as well as pure, mean as well as noble—it was all the more to her glory.

Now love and docility to those we love, are sweet and exalting to the spirit—but they *may* also be very narrow, and wither and impoverish the life, instead of expanding and enriching it.

That these views of Woman were of the man, not of the time only, becomes evident, when we turn to his contemporary, Spenser. He, looking with the inner eye upon Man, Woman, Society, Life, and Manners, sees in them quite other qualities; higher uses, and more noble dispositions in the good; and these, widely

removed from the evil and malevolent; not in the outward relations and offices, wherein life constantly intermixes them, but in aims, purposes, and tendencies. The reflex this, in Spenser's earnest, deep mind, of spiritual, hidden truths, which Shakspeare had no eye to see. Spenser attributes the worst and the best to the feminine, and though according to the spirit of his day, and the facts most patent in it, he sets forth largely the sensual in life, yet both womanhood and manhood are constantly being redeemed by noble individuals who appear in the progress of his Poem—the softer sex leading in the virtues and traits that bear a likeness to the divine or angelic.

Take these stanzas from the Fairie Queen:

"He comming home at undertime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terror and with aw
So inly smot, that as one which hath gaz'd
On the bright sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne with too much brightness daz'd;
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

"But the fayre virgin was so meek and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
Her gentle speech applyd, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the Chorle, through her so kind
And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

* * * * * * *

"That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne,
More dear than life she tendered, whose flowre

The girlond of her honour did adorn:
Ne suffered she the midday's scorching poure,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre;
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,
Whenso the froward skye began to lowre
But, soone as calmed was the cristall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred and let it florish fayre.

"Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In paradise whylome did plant this Flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortal men her glory should admyre.
In gentle Ladies' breste and bounteous race
Of womankind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

"Fair ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and reames
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might;
With this fayre Flowre your goodly girlonds dight
Of Chastity and Vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before God's tribunall!

"To youre faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this fayre Virgin, this Belphœbe faire;
To whom, in perfect love and spotless fame
Of Chastitie, none living may compayre;
Ne poysnous Envy iustly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh-flowring Maidenhead:
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

"In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathless she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to finde

The higher place in her heroick mynd:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both increast the prays of womankynde,
And both increast her beautie excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complement."

Wordsworth says of one who had suffered bitter wrong:

"Meek saint! thro' patience glorified on earth,
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty and appeared divine."

And again:

"Show me the noblest youth of present time,
Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth;
Some god or hero, from the Olympian clime
Returned, to seek a consort upon earth;
Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
The brightest star of ages yet to be,
And I will mate and match him blissfully.

"I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
Pure as herself—(song lacks not mightier power)
Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,
Nor sea-nymph glistening from her coral bower;
Mere mortals bodied forth in vision still,
Shall with Mount Ida's triple luster fill
The chaster coverts of a British hill.
* * * * * * * *
"What more changeful than the sea?
But over his great tides,
Fidelity abides,
And this light-hearted maiden constant is as he.—
High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good will,
And like the lowliest reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill;
Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar.
* * * * * * * *

Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops soon to melt
On the flower's breast; as if she felt
That *flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,*
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening."*

Take also this, from the same author, which will never wear out while there is a heart to love our English tongue or revere Woman.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

"And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;

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*—— "you will find that only in a society formed by the mutual love and confidence of women, in which there is no envy or jealousy of each other, but only perfect order and harmony from the unrestrained and unviolated action of these laws, making of all one woman, can the purest and holiest affections of Woman's nature find gratification, and no natural instinct, even of *an animal or a plant, be violated.*"—LETTER FROM DR. J. W. REDFIELD, Nov., 1858.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

Coleridge says:

"Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
In Beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice, as *seraph's* song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow;
Within your soul a voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of woe,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve."

Shelley; the gifted, whose day is not yet, says to his worshiped Mary:

"Thou Friend, whose *presence on my wintry heart*
Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful, and calm, and free thou wert,
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked as *free as light the clouds among*.

* * * * * * * *

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:—
Time may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered to subdue my fears:
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally."

And in that unmatchable poem, Epipsychidion, he says:

"Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the fate
Whose course has been so starless! O too late
Beloved! O too soon adored, by me!
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshiped thine,
A divine presence in a place divine;
Or should have moved beside it on this earth
A shadow of that substance from its birth.
* * * * * *
Seraph of heaven! too gentle to be human,
Vailing beneath that radiant form of Woman
All that is insupportable in thee,
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Vail'd Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art!
I measure
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
And find—alas! mine own infirmity!"

Milnes writes:

"Because from all that round thee move
Planets of Beauty, Strength, and Grace,
I am elected to thy love,
And have my home in thy embrace;
I wonder all men do not see
The crown that thou hast set on me.

"The mirror from its glossy plain
Receiving, still returns the light,
And, being generous of its gain,
Augments the very solar might;
What unreflected light would be
Is just thy spirit without me."

How full of generous, manly acknowledgment is this poem of Schiller's, especially the second and third stanzas:

"I saw her still, with many a fair one nigh,
Of every fair the stateliest shape appear;
Like a lone sun she shone upon my eye—
I stood afar and durst not venture near.
Seized, as her presence brightened round me, by
The trembling passion of voluptuous fear,
Yet, swift as borne upon some hurrying wing,
The impulse snatched me and I struck the string.

"What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
From that wild moment would in vain invoke—
It was the life of some discovered sense
That in the heart's divine emotion spoke;
Long years imprisoned, and escaping thence
From every chain, the SOUL *enchanted broke,*
And found a music in its own deep core,
Its holiest, deepest deep, unguessed before.

"Like melody long hushed, and lost in space,
Back to its home the breathing spirit came:
I looked and saw upon that angel face
The fair love circled with the modest shame;
I heard (*and heaven descended on the place*)
Low-whispered words a charmed truth proclaim—
Save in thy choral hymns, O spirit-shore,
Ne'er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more!"

Here is the testimony of a man of our own country and day, Mr. Lowell. There is nothing equivocal or uncertain in the ring of this Sonnet:

"I cannot think that thou shouldst pass away,
Whose life to mine is an eternal law,
A piece of nature that can have no flaw,
A new and certain sunrise every day;
But, if thou art to be another ray
About the Sun of Life, and art to live
Free from all of thee that was fugitive,
The debt of Love I will more fully pay,
Not downcast with the thought of thee so high;
But rather raised to be a nobler man,

And more divine in my humanity,
As knowing that the *waiting eyes which scan*
My life are lighted by a purer being,
And ask meek, calmed-browed deeds, with it agreeing."

And this prayer comes from still clearer and calmer depths of true poetic insight:

"God! do not let my loved-one die,
But rather wait until the time
That *I am grown in purity*
Enough to enter thy pure clime,
Then take me—I would gladly go,
So that my love remain below!

"O let her stay! *She is by birth*
What I through death must learn to be.
We need her more on our poor earth,
Than thou canst need in heaven with thee:
She hath her wings already; I
Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

"Then, God, take me! *We shall be near,*
More near than ever, each to each:
Her angel ears will find more clear
My heavenly than my earthly speech;
And still, as I draw nigh to Thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be."

The following stanzas are attributed to the same author. I do not find them among his collected poems; but wherever they come from, they are worthy of the best place I can give them.

"My beautiful Irene, my loveliest, my best!
Thou liest all about my soul, thou fillest me with rest;
Thy blue eyes circle round me, as heaven doth the earth;
I only feel how blest am I, that of thy love am worth.

"Thou comest to me when asleep, thou lookest in mine eyes;
And I feel as when the holy stars bend on me, from the skies;
Thou art so very beautiful, so holy, so divine,
That I could know no perfect rest in any love but thine.

"Thou flowest round and round me; thy love is like the air,
Which with an unfelt sympathy doth gird me everywhere;
I do not feel its ministry, and yet I know that I,
Without its silent blessedness, should wither up and die."

Whittier says of one who has departed:

"And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

"The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

"We read her face as one who reads
A *true* and *holy book;*
The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
A canticle of love."

Here is a passage from Tennyson's portrait of Eleanore. It is not a man only who sees such eyes in women. *We* see them and glory in them, but with a different feeling, as much as he. Women who feel Womanhood as a POWER in God's system of things, rejoice in its wealth no less than men in the charms of the one woman whom they admire or love, and wish to call their own. Only we rejoice with thankfulness for a noble woman, wherever she may be, and they with craving, or self-gratulation that she is, and is theirs.

"Sometimes with most intensity,
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,
Slowly awakened, grow so full and deep
In thy large eyes, that, overpowered quite,
I cannot vail, or droop my sight,
But am as nothing in its light:

As though a star, in inmost heaven set,
Even while we gaze on it,
Should slowly round his orb and slowly grow
To a full face, then like a sun remain
Fixed—then as slowly fade again,
And draw itself to what it was before;
So full, so deep, so slow,
Thought seems to come and go
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleanore."

Consider too the part of Woman in the historic fact, rendered in the following poem from the same author:

"Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, 'If we pay, we starve!'
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
'You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?'—'But I would die,' said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
'O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!'—'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, 'Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;' and nodding, as in scorn,

He parted, with great strides, among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street;
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's foot-fall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity.
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,

And dropt before him. So the Powers who wait
On noble deeds, canceled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name."

How characteristic of Woman's courage, and of the causes that summon it to action. Not conquest, not glory, not gain, not the hope of self-advancement—simply the divine necessity to help those who need help—not regardless of cost to herself, but setting it aside, so but the good be won. I wonder that no artist has put these exquisite pictures into colors.

Here are some lines from a noble poem, "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," published several years since, though but little known, except to a small class of readers. This writer would well feel the difference which Mr. Carlyle suggests between the universe seen by Newton, and that by his dog Diamond. He knows that while a man's eye naturally seeks and *takes in* images and impressions, a woman's as naturally *gives them out.* The kingdom of action, for us, being *without* him, and *within* her.

"I was walking along some two miles from the cottage,
Full of my dreamings—a girl went by in a party with others;
She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for rain was beginning;
But as she passed, from the hood I saw her eyes look at me.
So quick a glance, so regardless I, that altho' I felt it,
You couldn't properly say our eyes met. She cast it, and left it:
It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it was. I had seen her

Somewhere before I am sure, but that was not it—not its import;
No, *it had seemed to regard me with simple superior insight,*
Quietly saying to itself, ——"

And later in his story, this writer says:

"Why when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak uneasily wakes me,
Find I a cry in my heart, crying up to the heaven of heavens,
No, Great Unjust Judge: she is purity; I am the lost one.
—— crush me, if thou wilt, who deserve it."

And again, Shelley in the Cenci:

"—— Yet I fear
Her subtile mind, her awe-inspiring gaze,
Whose beams anatomize me, nerve by nerve,
And lay me bare, and make me blush to see
My hidden thoughts."

Mrs. Hemans contributes to the same thought these lines:

"And, as her cheek flush'd thro' its olive hue
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien;
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming to their child-like faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken."

And Miss Jewsbury, I think it is, who says somewhere—I have forgotten the connection of the lines:—

"Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught
Save Woman's quietness of thought,
And yet around her is a light
Of *inward majesty* and *might.*"

In a different vein, but evincing the same perception of the peculiar character of Woman's power, is this declaration from Alexander Smith:

"She grows on me like moonrise on the night—
My life is shaped in spite of me, the same
As Ocean by his shores."

Spenser, whom I recall here, says:

"Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful Eyes, which lighten my dark spirit;
Yet found I naught on earth to which I dare
Resemble the Image of their goodly light.
* * * * * * * * *
Then to the *Maker's self they likest be;*
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see."

Such poems as this of Reverence, by W. E. Channing, give one a glowing spark of needed inspiration for the coming issue. Thank God for every soul of man that sees with such clear womanly eyes. Souls of women there will be many to see thus when the light shall reach them.

"——— But what to all true eyes has chiefest charm,
And what to every breast where beats a heart
Framed to one beautiful emotion—to
One sweet and natural feeling, lends a grace
To all the tedious walks of common life,
This is fair Woman—Woman, whose applause
Each poet sings—Woman the beautiful.
Not that her fairest brow or gentlest form
Charm us to tears; not that the smoothest cheek,
Where ever rosy tints have made their home,
So rivet us on her; but that she is
The subtile, delicate grace—the inward grace,
For words too excellent; the noble, true,
The majesty of earth; the summer queen:
In whose conceptions nothing but what's great,
Has any right. And O! her love for him,
Who does but his small part in honoring her;
Discharging a sweet office, sweeter none,
Mother and child, friend, counsel, and repose;
Naught matches with her, naught has leave with her
To highest human praise. Farewell to him
Who reverences not with an excess
Of faith the beauteous sex; all barren he
Shall live a living death of mockery.

"Ah! had but words the power, what could we say
Of Woman? We, rude men, of violent phrase,
Harsh action, even in repose inwardly harsh;
Whose lives walk blustering on high stilts, removed
From all the purely gracious influence
Of mother earth. To single from the host
Of angel forms one only, and to her
Devote our deepest heart and deepest mind
Seems almost contradiction. Unto her
We owe our greatest blessings, hours of cheer,
Gay smiles, and sudden tears, and more than these,
A sure perpetual love. Regard her as
She walks along the vast still earth; and see!
Before her flies a laughing troop of joys,
And by her side treads old experience,
With never-failing voice admonitory;
The gentle, though infallible, kind advice,
The watchful care, the fine regardfulness,
Whatever mates with what we hope to find,
All consummate in her—the summer-queen.
To call past ages better than what now
Man is enacting on life's crowded stage,
Cannot improve our worth; and for the world
Blue is the sky as ever, and the stars
Kindle their crystal flames at soft-fallen eve,
With the same purest luster that the east
Worshiped. The river gently flows through fields
Where the broad-leaved corn spreads out and loads
Its ear as when the Indian tilled the soil.
The dark green pine—green in the winter's cold—
Still whispers meaning emblems, as of old;
The cricket chirps, and the sweet, eager birds
In the sad woods crowd their thick melodies;
But yet, to common eyes, life's poetry
Something has faded, and the cause of this
May be that Man, no longer at the shrine
Of Woman, kneeling with true reverence,
In spite of field, wood, river, stars and sea,
Goes most disconsolate. A babble now,
A huge and wind-swelled babble fills the place

Of that great adoration which of old
Man had for Woman. In these days no more
Is love the pith and marrow of man's fate.

"Thou who in early years feelest awake
To finest impulses from Nature's breath,
And in thy walk hearest such sounds of truth
As on the common ear strike without heed,
Beware of men around thee. Men are foul
With avarice, ambition, and deceit;
The worst of all, ambition. This is life
Spent in a feverish chase for selfish ends,
Which has no virtue to redeem its toil
But one long, stagnant hope—to raise the self.
The miser's life to this seems sweet and fair;
Better to pile the glittering coin, than seek
To overtop our brothers and our loves.
Merit in this? Where lies it, though thy name
Ring over distant lands, meeting the wind
Even on the extremest verge of the wide world.
Merit in this? Better be hurled abroad
On the vast whirling tide, than in thyself
Concentred, feed upon thy own applause.
Thee shall the good man yield no reverence;
But while the idle, dissolute crowd are loud
In voice to send thee flattery, shall rejoice
That he has scaped thy fatal doom, and known
How humble faith in the good soul of things
Provides amplest enjoyment. O my brother,
If the Past's counsel any honor claim
From thee, go read the history of those
Who a like path have trod, and see a fate
Wretched with fears, changing like leaves at noon,
When the new wind sings in the white birch wood.
Learn from the simple child the rule of life,
And from the movements of the unconscious tribes
Of animal nature, those that bend the wing
Or cleave the azure tide, content to be,
What the great frame provides—freedom and grace.
Thee, simple child, do the swift winds obey,
And the white water-falls, with their bold leaps.

Follow thy movements. Tenderly the light
Thee watches, girding with a zone of radiance,
And all the swinging herbs love thy soft steps."

Take also these exquisite lines of Patmore's, than which I know nothing more richly uniting the most delicate fancy with most substantial Truth of the subject treated.

"When I behold the reckless brook
That casts itself from some tall crag,
Leaving its shade along the rock,
And wavering lower like a flag;
When I behold the skies aloft
Passing the pageantry of dreams;
The cloud whose bosom cygnet-soft
A couch for nuptial Juno seems;
When I behold the mountains bright,
The shadowy vales with feeding herds,
I from my lyre the music smite,
Nor want for justly matching words:
All powers of the sea and air,
All interests of hill and plain,
I so can sing in seasons fair,
That who hath felt may feel again.
Elated oft by such free songs,
I think with utterance free to raise
That Hymn for which the whole world longs,
A worthy Hymn in Woman's praise.
But when I look on her and hope
To tell with joy what I admire,
My thoughts lie cramped in narrow scope,
Or, in the feeble birth expire.
No skilled complexity of speech,
No heart-felt phrase of tenderest fall,
No likened excellence can reach
Her, the most excellent of all,
The best half of creation's best,
Its heart to feel, its eye to see,
The crown and complex of the rest—
Its aim and its epitome.

Nay, might I utter my conceit
'Twere after all a vulgar song,
For she's so simply, subtly sweet,
My deepest rapture does her wrong;
My thoughts, that singing, lark-like soar,
Soaring perceive they've still misprized,
And still forebode her beauty more
Than can perceived be or surmised.
Yet is it now my chosen task
To sing her worth as Maid and Wife,
And were such post to seek I'd ask
To live her Laureate all my life.

"I know not how to her it may seem,
Or how to a perfect judging eye,
But in my true and calm esteem
Man misdeserves his sweet ally:
Where she *succeeds* with cloudless brow,
In common and in holy course,
He *fails* in spite of prayer and vow
And agonies of faith and force:
Or if his suit with Heaven prevails
To righteous life, his virtuous deeds
Lack beauty, virtue's badge; she *fails*
More graciously than he *succeeds*.
He's never young nor ripe; she grows
More infantine, auroral, mild,
And still the more she lives and knows,
The lovelier she's expressed a child.
Say that she wants the will of man
To conquer fame, not checked by cross,
Nor moved when others bless or ban;
She wants but what to have were loss;
Or say she holds no seals of power,
But humbly lives her life at school;
Alas! we have yet to hail the hour
When God shall clothe the *best* with rule.
Or say she wants the patient brain
To track shy truth; her facile wit
At that which he hunts down with pain

Flies straight, and does exactly hit:
Nay, tho' she were half what she is,
He twice himself, mere love alone
Her special crown, as truth is his,
Gives title to the loftier throne.
Her privilege, not impotence,
Exempts her from the work of man;
Humbling his proper excellence,
Jeanne d'Arc led war's obstreperous van.
No post of policy or pride
Does Heaven from her holding grudge;
Miriam and Anna prophesied,
In Israel Deborah was judge;
Countless the Christian heroines
Who've blest the world and still do bless;
The praise their equal courage wins
Counts tenfold through their tenderness;
And ah! sad times gone by, denied
The joyfullest omen ever seen,
The full-grown Lion's power and pride
Led by the soft hands of a Queen.

She whom the heavenly Books declare
The Crown and Glory of the man,
Is much too dearly near my care
For me with sequent thoughts to scan.
From order and the Muse's law
What wonder if I fondly err—
The wisest man that ever was,
Became a fool for love of her."

NOTE.—My acquaintance with language is, unfortunately for the range of my poetic selections, confined to my native tongue. But along with all the world, I know how much Beatrice was Dante's inspiration; that Laura is interior to Petrach's fame as a fountain to its stream; that Catarina was the light of Camoën's life, and projected its brightest rays to us; that the Margaret of Goethe's Faust became a redeeming angel; and that Homer also drank at this fount of artistic expression, and though he sung of War, Travels, and masculine achievements principally, offered his homage to the nature, life, and person of Woman.

"Not only are his Women becomingly draped," says a writer

in the Cosmopolitan Art Journal, of June, 1860, "but they are beautiful. Every mother's daughter of them, from princess to waiting-maid, all are beautiful. If Homer would embody an idea of deformity, he selects some luckless representative of his own gender; twists him with fancy's circean wand, into ugliness; then bids him stand out and be laughed at. The gentle sex always have gentle treatment. In his poetic capacity, with his thoughts and feelings in a fine frenzy surging, Homer could not conceive of a woman as otherwise than pleasing in shape and gesture. She had no business to be ugly. Her destiny was to mix gracefully, lovingly, with the grosser forms of humanity, and to lift them away from their earthliness with a power as subtile and resistless as that which lifts from the grass the dew of the morning.

"Homer's specimens of female depravity are comparatively few, and these few are but faintly sketched, as if done with a certain reluctance and disrelish that paralyzed the artist's pencil. Homer well knew how to draw villains of every shade and sex. If the villain chanced to be of his own gender, like Thersites, the deformed blackguard, the drawing was done with a will, an evident relish, and a masterly vigor in the handling of words. But when lovely woman stooped to meanness and wickedness, Homer hated to publish to the world her infamy. His hand trembled amid the chords of his lyre—

> 'And back recoiled, he knew not why,
> Even at the sounds himself had made.'

He hated to believe it possible that such inborn kindliness could become acrid; that such divine sweetness could be changed to the bitter poison of malice and hypocrisy. He keeps insinuating the idea of foregone temptations, and subsequent repentings and remorses, to soften down our verdict of condemnation. Like Burns, he would have charity remember not alone what has been yielded to, but what has been resisted. He is careful to represent the vicious and criminal of his own sex as wholly or partly blamable for the womanly vices and crimes whose record is drawn like threads of dark through the bright woof of his song.

"It must be claimed that Homer magnified his epic office, and brought luster to his name, by his chivalrous defense and illustration of true womanhood. Every man who is himself great, will recognize a greatness in Woman. Napoleon recognized it by banishing from Paris the authoress of Corinne; Homer, by enthroning Arete, the wife of King Alcinous, in the hearts of her subjects. Napoleon's act was brutal and cowardly; Homer's was worthy of himself."

I could wish to extend this too tempting branch of my argument, but must not even stay to name the numerous men and women whom I have been obliged to deny hearing here. The few extracts I have indulged myself in giving, will but suffice to suggest the great stores that are left behind for some fortunate woman to collect and bring to the light.

Literature also exhibits, as we might *a priori* suppose it would, a like allegiance to the truth, herein. The Ideal Masculine and Feminine bear here also this relative character. The hero of the novelist is clothed with a more powerful interest for us, and has a profounder appeal to the heart, when he embodies, with the perfection of masculine attributes, some elements of the feminine. Thus the magnanimity, fineness of feeling, tenderness, gentleness to inferiors, delicate consideration for others, the still fortitude in suffering, the love of purity in word and deed, which make the woman-nature, are felt in man also as elements of exaltation and real greatness, however humble the estate of their possessor. The feminine-masculine character in short, is the highest character of man, as the organization of that type is the highest physique which the masculine exhibits.

But the heroine must be all womanly. Any spark of the masculine nature manifest in her as such, suggestive of what is manly, is felt instantly to be a foreign *and degenerating* element, whose introduction we can never quite forgive to her creator. We ask neither the intellect, the will, nor the courage of man, in Woman; for of each she has her own kind, which must be higher than his, or we should as instinctively delight to find his in her as we do to find hers in him. The man must not lack his own; but if hers be added thereto, he is the better for it—more perfectly man. She must not lack her own; but the addition of his, does not improve her—it lessens instead of augmenting her womanhood. The masculine rises to approach the feminine type; the feminine descends in approaching the

masculine. This is practically well illustrated in the differences between inferior and exalted social conditions. In the former, women are masculine; in the latter, men partake of the feminine—are *gentle*men—become refined, courteous, and more delicate in organization, perception, and feeling. In other words, we see that Society has its development in the approximation of the masculine to the feminine type, and suffers degeneracy in the reverse movement. Finally, the artists* themselves, are often men of a strong feminine type. Raphael looked in his youth, like a beautiful and thoughtful maiden; and he bore strong marks of that resemblance after the superficial signs of masculinity were developed in his face. Spenser has a head and face that remind one of an earnest, affectionate mother. The portraits of Chaucer, though exhibiting the strongly marked features of a man, show also a purity and elevation of expression worthy a gifted and good woman. You feel, beside, an utter lack of the shrewdness, worldliness, and capacity for *mere passion, of any sort*, that characterize the masculine countenance. The same is true of Shelley and Wordsworth in an eminent degree. Also, of Sidney, Herbert, Cowper, Keats, White, and many others, both of early and later times, whose portraits, but for the hair and beard, might almost be mistaken for those of women. Tennyson has beauty enough, (if the engravings of him

* I leave the mention of Music here for a reason which all will acknowledge as good and valid—that I know nothing of it, and little of its masters. With a deep feeling for the Art, which I esteem the divinest of human expressions, I know even less of it than of those which I have felt constrained to refer to—an excuse for silence touching it, than which, no better I am sure could be demanded.

are to be trusted), to be sung as he sings some of his ideal women. And though it partakes of the sensuous more than we see in the highest order of women, and is a shade less reverent than complacent, such as it is, it would dower more than one of our sex for immortal song.

I might go on thus indefinitely, with the names of contemporary and departed artists, but if any one doubts the truth of my assertion, let him illustrate it to his own conviction, by comparing the heads of Martin Luther, Henry VIII., Dean Swift, Walpole, Wellington, Bonaparte—the gladiators—the Nimrods —the pleasure-lovers, whether in chase, banquet, or chamber, with those I have named, and others of like nature, and it will be seen, as Spenser says, that:

> "———Every Spirit as it is most pure,
> And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
> So it the fairer Body doth procure
> To habit in.
> For of the Soul the Body form doth take:
> For Soul is form, and doth the Body make."

CHAPTER III.

HISTORIC ARGUMENT.

History does little toward defining Woman for us, in any respect. It celebrates, rather coldly, a few good women; but a larger number who are of the opposite character. Having to do almost purely with externals, Man is its hero: whatever Woman may do, or omit, it reserves its enthusiasm for him. And rightly enough, since it is he who makes the material for history. Its origin is in his passions; its growth in his intellect, acquisitive loves, and inventive powers of every sort. These change the face of society, disturb the equilibrium of possession, develop the resources of human life—both subjective and objective—incite man to his great deeds and his little ones, and therein urge the perception, the memory, and the pen of the historian, to their work. I say perception and memory, because, as yet, other capacities have but a subordinate part in this work.

Now in all these movements, Woman in the external, manifest sense, is so seldom a *principal*, that she may be said to be generally an *incident*, as are the acts and speech of a little child in the presence of the parents and guest, interrupting the stream of their earnest talk. They descend from the graver themes, at certain moments, to pay a passing attention to these; the con-

descension charming alike themselves and its object, if not too often demanded or too much prolonged.

Woman is a child in the presence of man and his spectator, History, when they meet. The latter comes to him, that she may record, not his motives and aims so much as the acts which are the shows and appearances of them. The acts are his, and it is of infinitely small consequence, apparently, so far as they two can judge, that Woman has been at the root of them. One does not go from the friend's house and ask attention to what the child has said, but rather to the thoughts and speech of the grown persons; and so History holds her sessions with, and reports man; because to both, as yet, the spiritual and affectional motives which control the nature of Woman are weaklings—babes—whose place is in the nursery of human action, and whose function out of it is silence, except when patronized by them into brief and passing expression.

For these reasons History remains purely inductive, grossly empirical, indeed, to this day. Its predications are only the most general and irresistible. It traverses the great currents of human motive continually, in seeking to account for actions; or it sets them down without accounting for them, as a merchant makes his invoice, or a librarian his catalogue. It sees no law, or only broken, detached fragments thereof; but its distracted eye is fastened to the confused, rolling, tumbling sea of facts. Into this it clutches desperately, seizing when it can, those of largest proportions, and letting the lesser go. It deduces nothing from Truth, the great law and force of life; but spends its strength in endeavoring to induce certain conclusions from the Babel-voices of its many-tongued facts. So that what should be an analysis of human conduct, is

only its record, and often so imperfect, even in that character, that precious time is sadly wasted in its study.

Mr. Buckle, who has made the first footmarks in the last and highest field of the masculine historic era, and who is, in many respects, admirably gifted for carrying it well forward for his successors, seems, in some others, to be painfully insufficient for his work. With abundant intellectual power and acuteness of vision, the spiritual element is so very latent in him that he does not trust even the existence of its universal root—the Consciousness. Thus some of the noblest, and, at the same time, most assured facts of human experience, are rejected by him, or read as mere superstitions and bigotries. He is so severely masculine in mind, that he doubts, nay, he disbelieves the very existence of the distinguishing feminine attribute—the spiritual nature. He has not eyes to see it. With a singularly clear head for the recognition of feminine and masculine in the intellectual kingdom, he fails so fatally to trace the line of distinction in its higher reachings, that the work which his great power and prodigious labor would have made immortal, might perish without any fatal loss of Truth. He rather points the way we may expect Truth to come, than introduces us to the sacred presence. He doubts her noblest aspects: mistakes them for a mask of fanaticism; sets down her finest edicts as superstitions, and even flouts, in scholarly style, some of her plainest intentions. Denying all other elements of progress in mankind, save the intellect, (a denial which could scarce come from *any* woman, of much or little ability), he is reduced to the necessity of setting aside laws of Nature, which the average laborer feels in his consciousness, if he does not understand in his reason.

If he did not employ the term man generically, one

would feel less dissent from the statement of his premises. For man, in the super-physical, representing the intellect, as distinguished from the spiritual, Mr. Buckle finds in the history of Progress, so far as he (man) has carried it, but slender support for any nobler views. Human progress has been, in the main, undeniably intellectual and material, rather than spiritual; as it needs must be while it remains so exclusively in masculine hands. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." Yet since proof of spiritual progress, and of its dearness to the soul, is found in the successive origins of religious systems; in the continually-recurring battles for newly-discovered truths; and, most of all, in the growing love for light, progress, and knowledge of things spiritual, and in the unflinching devotion with which men of moderate intellect have, in all times, sacrificed themselves to the preservation of systems and opinions which they were less able to appreciate than to love, one cannot but wonder over Mr. Buckle's pages.

Intellect is never intense or devoted; it is only tenacious. It acquires with pleasure, acquisition being action, and all action delight; but it is itself indifferent whether what it gets be diffused or retained. Conjoined with noble emotions, it may be warmed into near relation and similitude to their own life-giving power; or, with almost equal facility, it may become the instrument and minister of passions, which its devices help to consume and reduce, along with itself, to ashes.

Intellect has no moral character. It only leans with a neighborly courtesy, rather this than the opposite way. It never led a martyr to the pile. It *finds* Truths, Ideas—the instruments of Progress—but its office may almost be said to end with the finding. It

cares little for putting them to their noblest, divinest uses. Something else in the soul must ask its co-operation, that they may be warmed and molded into artistic proportions—refined and fitted for their highest service—raised to the heart-worship which makes pain and death for them the joy of individuals and of generations, if it be only so that they can be rescued from oblivion, or the impossible extinction which seems to threaten them.

Without intellect, it is certain there could be no progress, because no relation between Truths and the human spirit. The ox would be little more isolated from them, though dwelling in their midst, than man. But intellect is not the goal of Truth: it is only her road to the Spirit—the medium through which the grand conjunction is effected. The power of discovery with which it is endowed is that of the squirrel to find and lay up its winter stores, without the apparatus of mastication and digestion whereby they could be assimilated and converted into materials of growth. Truth must be *loved*—which is a step beyond finding her—if we would have service of her. Ideas, how clearly soever seen, must have heart-homage before they can lay hold of the life, and stamp upon it the characters of nobler use.

How many vital truths lie torpid now in the midst of our keenest strifes, doing the world the smallest measure of service, because the heart-life of the societies *knowing* them is too cold, too debased with selfishness, to receive them. Wherefore, avenging this neglect, they fall into torpor among us, as indifferent to us as we to them, till the day when our human hope and need shall demand their risen, acting, and moving presence. The truest grandeur of life is in the union,

in the same soul, of the power to discover Truth, with the sensibility to love it supremely, as the means of human development and happiness. For this is the divinest use to which God, its Author, can put it in our world, and we so far identify ourselves with Him as we work lovingly in His ways, to His ends. But the love of Truth is more exalting than the knowledge of it when they are separated. Who is colder or more inert than the man gifted with intellect but lacking love? He dwells in a chilling mist of speculation, or an atmosphere through which gleam the electric lights of discovery. But no genial sunshine, expanding and nourishing that whereon it falls, surrounds him. What matter to him, if he have his delights, that the millions suffer or perish—that his whole generation goes astray, wanting light, which he, perchance, could give it? He loves his inquiries and speculations more than human happiness. He delights in the acquisition of Truth, but is indifferent to its diffusion, and wonders at the weak enthusiasm of some admirer to whom he opens his treasury, and who, with a tithe of his intellect, but a hundred-fold his love, becomes instantly concerned that the hoard he beholds shall be scattered abroad, to ease the aching hearts and lift the too heavy burthens. This man is a re-former because he is a lover, and would lovingly help to re-make what is imperfect. Put him in possession here, and forthwith there commences agitation, conflict—a double-rooted phenomenon—which springs from the truths that were cold till he found them, and from the love in his soul which was helpless till they came to it.

I repeat that since such is the relation between the Spirit and Truth, one cannot refuse to wonder at Mr. Buckle's position and statements. For the service he has

done, I am, no less than any one of his thousands of readers, profoundly grateful.* If it be true, as has been said, that the past Historic Period culminates in him, it is no less true that he faces so firmly toward the Coming One that he may be hailed as its pioneer. Beholding the Old with a clear view of its defects, he partly also sees the New; its prominent features, if not its ultimate tendency. And he has so far released its sub-strata, that we shall, not long hence, see his labor appropriated by some more expert and large-souled builder, who, embracing the Spiritual with the Intellectual, will give his grand generalizations a place

* It is mournful that we have already to speak of this great mind and its work as belonging to the past. These pages were written between the appearance, in this country, of the first and second volumes of "An Introduction to a History of Civilization in England;" and then we fondly hoped, not only for much more work at the writer's hands, but for a beautiful growth, through it, into the higher fields of Truth. Even the few critical remarks, thrown out here and elsewhere in this volume, seem, in view of the loss we have sustained in that untimely death, to be spoken almost in an uncordial spirit. Death does not, indeed, change the character of Truth or Error in any man's work, but it inclines us to prize more sacredly, purely, and generously, what he leaves us, and in our criticisms to discriminate more carefully and tenderly between the noble purpose, if such it was, and the false result. I dissent as broadly now from Mr. B.'s views as four years ago; but my heart would deal more gently with his errors, since he has passed beyond the stage where they might have been rectified in the same manner as they were uttered. It is most comforting to know that, as he advanced in his work and drew nearer the close of his earthly career, he inclined more and more to look spirit-ward for the springs of human action, and the sources of human power. Another kingdom of motive, warmer than the intellectual, and lying above it, began to open before his lengthening vision, which he has entered into possession of, making that inestimable gain through our inestimable loss.

worthy their vastness and substance, at the foundation of a plan of History, of fairer proportions and truer elements than the world has yet seen.

In that plan, Woman, as the representative and embodiment of the interior, spiritual forces, will have her place. She will bring to light its depths of motive; she will explore its loftiest pinnacles of aspiration. She will, of herself, take her position, sustain her own part, and diffuse herself, as an elevating, purifying power, through *all*, which so, will be made worthy and fit for her presence.

I shall introduce but few women who appear in History, as well for lack of room as for the reasons already hinted at, that it is for the most part a succession of shams and shows, or of appearances, that cause us to forget the realities which they as often misrepresent as represent; and because, springing from the egotistic intellect of man, it utters no pure human sentiment of Woman, such as we have found in Art and Religion, but only acknowledges her when compelled to by the accident of birth, or rough adventure, or by revolution, which, breaking up the order of society, introduces her to unusual places. And, moreover, my subject has such wealth of resource, that I have need but to hint at rather than exhaust any one of them.

My object, therefore, will be, not to show what women have been celebrated, (since even that, scanty as is the record, would require volumes instead of a few pages), so much as that some have been; and that History, cold as it is toward them, and often suspicious, treating them in the spirit of a detective policeman, by construing into evidence of wrong or guilt, whatever it cannot understand in their conduct, has nevertheless

more or less recognized this truth of them, that in times of great emergency, and in seasons that have tried souls most deeply, they have often contrasted nobly with men, and still more frequently excelled them in the calmness which evinces courage, the fortitude which proves devotion, either to persons or to great causes, (when they have, by accident, become acquainted with such), and in the self-abnegation which testifies the greatest love.

The Eleventh Century produced the woman whom I shall name first, as illustrating a higher generosity, a nobler delicacy, and a more intense love in her sex, than we look for or find in man. This woman, Heloise, beloved by and loving a man who was a candidate for honors in the Papal Church, gave all to him, and refused to take from him anything that would have constituted a protection for her against the sneers of enemies, the persecutions of her family, and the scorn of the world, because the only protection he could give her was marriage, which could save her but by ruining him. But I will let Mr. Lewes tell the story in his brief way:

"His career, at this period, was brilliant. His reputation had risen above that of every living man. His eloquence and subtilty charmed hundreds of serious students, who thronged beneath the shadows of the Cathedral, in ceaseless disputation, thinking more of success in disputes than of the truths involved. M. Guizot estimates these students at not less than five thousand—of course not all at the same time. Amidst these crowds, Abelard might be seen moving, with imposing haughtiness of carriage, not without the careless indolence which success had given; handsome, manly, gallant-looking, the object of incessant admiration. His songs were sung in the streets, his arguments were repeated in cloisters. The multitude reverentially

made way for him, as he passed; and from behind their window-curtains peeped the curious eyes of women. His name was carried to every city in Europe. The Pope sent hearers to him. He reigned, and he reigned alone.

"It was at this period that the charms and helpless position of Heloise attracted his vanity and selfishness. He resolved to seduce her; resolved it, as he confesses, after mature deliberation. He thought she would be an easy victim; and he, who had lived in abhorrence of libertinage—*scortorum immunditiam semper abhorrebam*—felt that he had now attained such a position that he might indulge himself with impunity. We are not here attributing hypothetic scoundrelism to Abelard; we are but repeating his own statements. 'I thought, too,' he adds, 'that I should the more easily gain the girl's consent, knowing, as I did, to how great a degree she both possessed learning and loved it.' He tells us how he 'sought an opportunity of bringing her into familiar and daily intercourse with me, and so drawing her the more easily to consent to my wishes. With this view, I made a proposal to her uncle, through certain of his friends, that he should receive me as an inmate of his house, which was very near to my school, on whatever terms of remuneration he chose; alleging, as my reason, that I found the care of a household an impediment to study, and its expense too burdensome.' The uncle, Fulbert, was prompted by avarice, and the prospect of gaining instruction for his niece, to consent. He committed her entirely to Abelard's charge, 'in order that whenever I should be at leisure from the school, whether by day or by night, I might take the trouble of instructing her; and should I find her negligent, use forcible compulsion. Hereupon I wondered at the man's excessive simplicity, with no less amazement than if I had beheld him intrust a lamb to the care of a famishing wolf; for in thus placing the girl in my hands for me not only to teach, but to use forcible coercion, what did he do but give full liberty to my desires, and offer the opportunity, even had it

not been sought, seeing that, should enticement fail, I might use threats and stripes in order to subdue her?'

"The crude brutality of this confession would induce us to suppose it was a specimen of that strange illusion which often makes reflective and analytic minds believe that their enthusiasms and passions were calculations, had we not sufficient evidence, throughout Abelard's life, of his intense selfishness and voracious vanity. Whatever the motive, the incident is curious; history has no other such example of passionate devotion filling the mind of a woman for a dialectician. It was dialectics he taught her, since he could teach her nothing else. She was a much better scholar than he; in many respects better read. She was perfect mistress of Latin, and knew enough Greek and Hebrew to form the basis of her future proficiency. He knew nothing of Greek or Hebrew, although all his biographers, except M. Remusat, assume that he knew them both; M. Michelet even asserting that he was the only man who did then know them. In the study of arid dialectics, then, must we imagine Abelard and Heloise thrown; and, in the daily communion of their minds, passion ripened, steeped in that vague, dream-like, but intense delight, produced by the contact of great intelligences; and thus, as the Spanish translator of her letters says, '*Buscando siempre con pretexto del estudio los parages mas retirados*'—they sought in the still air and countenance of delightful studies a solitude more exquisite than any society. 'The books were open before us,' says Abelard, 'but we talked more of love than philosophy, and kisses were more frequent than sentences.'

"In spite of the prudential necessity of keeping this intrigue secret, Abelard's truly French vanity overcame his prudence. He had written love-songs to Heloise; and, with the egotism of a bad poet and indelicate lover, he was anxious for these songs to be read by other eyes besides those for whom they were composed; anxious that other men should know his conquest. His songs were soon bandied about the streets. All Paris was in the secret of his intrigue.

That which a delicate lover, out of delicacy, and a sensible lover, out of prudence, would have hidden from the world, this coxcomb suffered to be profaned by being bawled from idle and indifferent mouths.

"At length even Fulbert became aware of what was passing under his roof. A separation took place; but the lovers continued to meet in secret. Heloise soon found herself pregnant, and Abelard arranged for her an escape to Brittany, where she resided with his sister and gave birth to a son. When Fulbert heard of her flight, he was frantic with rage. Abelard came cringing to him, imploring pardon, recalling to him how the greatest men had been cast down by women, accused himself of treachery, and offered the reparation of marriage provided it were kept secret; because his marriage, if made known, would be an obstacle to his rising in the Church, and the miter already glimmered before his ambitious eyes. Fulbert consented. But Heloise, with womanly self-abnegation, would not consent. She would not rob the world of its greatest luminary. 'I should hate this marriage,' she exclaimed, 'because it would be an opprobrium and a calamity.' She recalled to Abelard various passages in Scripture and ancient writers, in which wives are accursed; pointing out to him how impossible it would be for him to consecrate himself to philosophy unless he were free; how could he study amid the noises of children and domestic troubles of a household? how much more honorable it would be for her to sacrifice herself to him! She would be his concubine. The more she humiliated herself for him, the greater would be her claims upon his love; and thus she would be no obstacle to his advancement, no impediment to the free development of his genius.

"'I call to God to witness,' she wrote, many years afterwards, 'that if Augustus, the Emperor of the world, had deemed me worthy of his hand, and would have given me the universe for a throne, the name of your concubine would have been more glorious to me than that of his empress; *carius mihi et dignius videretur tua dici meretrix quam illius imperatrix.*'

"Gladly would Abelard have profited by this sublime passion; but he was a coward, and his heart trembled before Fulbert. He therefore endeavored to answer her arguments; and she, finding that his resolution was fixed, a resolution which he very characteristically calls a bit of stupidity, *meam stubitiam*—burst into tears, and consented to the marriage, which was performed with all secrecy. Fulbert and his servants, however, in violation of their oath, divulged the secret. Whereupon Heloise boldly denied that she was married. The scandal became great; but she persisted in her denials, and Fulbert drove her from the house with reproaches. Abelard removed her to the nunnery of Argenteuil, where she assumed the monastic dress, though without taking the vail. Abelard furtively visited her. Meanwhile Fulbert's suspicions were roused, lest this seclusion in the nunnery should be but the first step to her taking the vail, and so ridding Abelard of all impediment. Those were violent and brutal times, but the vengeance of Fulbert startled even the Paris of those days with horror. With his friends and accomplices, he surprised Abelard sleeping, and there inflicted that atrocious mutilation, which Origen in a moment of religious frenzy inflicted on himself.

"In shame and anguish, Abelard sought the refuge of a cloister. He became a monk. But the intense selfishness of the man would not permit him to renounce the world without also forcing Heloise to renounce it. Obedient to his commands, she took the vail; thus once again sacrificing herself to him whom she had accepted as a husband with unselfish regret, and whom she abandoned in trembling, to devote herself henceforth without hope, without faith, without love, to her divine husband.

"The gates of the convent closed forever on that noble woman whose story continues one of pure heroism to the last; but we cannot pause to narrate it here. With her disappearance, the great interest in Abelard disappears; we shall not therefore detail the various episodes of his subsequent career, taken up for the most part with quarrels—first with the monks, whose disso-

luteness he reproved, next with the theologians, whose hatred he roused by the 'heresy' of reasoning. He was condemned publicly to retract; he was persecuted as a heretic; he had ventured to introduce Rationalism, or the explanation of the dogmas of Faith by Reason, and he suffered, as men always suffer for novelties of doctrine. He founded the convent of Paraclete, of which Heloise was the first abbess, and on the 21st of April, 1142, he expired, aged sixty-three. '*Il vecut dans l'angoisse et mourat dans l'humiliation*,' says M. de Remusat, '*mais il eut de la gloire et il fut aime*,'"

It is well known how Isabella, of Castile, honored herself and her sex, in her support of Columbus, when *all men* failed him, and heard with cold incredulity the hypothesis on which he built his hopes. And how, lacking the means which they, (Kings and Princes), could have commanded for the purpose, she placed her personal ornaments and treasures at his disposal, or rather gave them to the service of Humanity and Progress, as represented in him—for the man was to her only the representative of his Idea and his Hope.

She exhibited, too, in the general administration of her affairs, a spirit not less wise than courageous—not less courageous than faithful to her convictions—not less faithful than just, where she could see justice amid the rude strife and conflicts of her day. She put an end to much of the private warfare and the indulgence of the bitter personal feuds which had kept up a barbarous social condition among her people. Her American biographer says, " The history of this campaign is indeed most honorable to the courage, constancy, and thorough discipline of a Spanish soldier, and to the patriotism and general resources of the nation; but most of all to Isabella. She it was, who fortified the timid counsels of the leaders after the dis-

asters of the garden, and encouraged them to persevere in the siege. She procured all the supplies, constructed the roads, took charge of the sick, and furnished at no little personal sacrifice, the immense sums demanded for carrying on the war; and, when at last the hearts of the soldiers were fainting under long protracted sufferings, she appeared among them like some celestial visitant, to cheer their faltering spirits, and inspire them with her own energy. * * * The sympathy and tender care with which she regarded her people, naturally raised a reciprocal sentiment in their bosoms. But when they beheld her directing their counsels, sharing their fatigues, and displaying all the comprehensive intellectual powers of the other sex, they looked up to her as to some superior being, with feelings far more exalted than those of mere loyalty. * * *

"She contemplated the proposals of Columbus in their true light; and refusing to hearken any longer to the suggestions of cold and timid counselors, she gave way to the natural impulses of her own noble and generous heart. 'I will assume the undertaking,' said she, 'for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury should be found inadequate.'"

How magnanimous and altogether womanly her treatment of the great discoverer after she had espoused his despised undertaking. "No sooner were the arrangements completed," says Mr. Prescott, "than Isabella prepared, with her characteristic promptness, to forward the expedition by the most efficient measures. She undertook the enterprise when it had been explicitly declined by other powers, and when probably none ether of that age would have been found to countenance it; and after once plighting her faith to Colum-

bus, she became his steady friend, shielding him from the calumnies of his enemies, reposing in him the most generous confidence, and serving him in the most acceptable" (and one may add the wisest and most practical) "manner, by supplying ample resources for the prosecution of his glorious discoveries.

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"The French and Italian writers join in celebrating the triumphant glories of her reign, and her magnanimity, wisdom, and purity of character. Her own subjects extol her as 'the most brilliant exemplar of every virtue,' and mourn over the day of her death as 'the last of the prosperity and happiness of their country.' While those who had nearer access to her person, are unbounded in their admiration of those amiable qualities whose full power is revealed only in the unrestrained intimacies of domestic life."*

Carlisle gives us the portraits of two women little known in general history, but well worthy a

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* However justly the later developments of the secret history of those times may abate these high claims for Isabella or even deny some of them altogether, it canot be disputed that she did some of the noblest work of her time. The Simancas papers disclose somewhat in her career it must be confessed, that one would rather not have to believe of man or woman, but a good deal is attributable to her age of bigotry and cruelty; and not a little also to the stringency of her personal feeling of religious obligation, which rather outstripped than lagged behind the theoretical religion of her day. Her most bitter assailants, I think must admit that she showed enough of conscience in its finer phasis, namely, the *love* of right, as distinguished from the mere stern, it may be ungracious and harsh sense of duty, to have justified the warmest eulogiums of her admirers, had she lived in an age of greater enlightenment.

place here*—the grandmother and great-grandmother of Frederick of Prussia. Of the former he says:

"She was, in her time, a highly distinguished woman, and has left, one may say, something of her likeness still traceable in the Prussian nation, and its form of culture, to this day. Charlottenburg, (Charlotte's Town, so called by the sorrowing widower), where she lived, shone with a much-admired French light under her presidency—illuminating the dark North; and, indeed, has never been so bright since. The light was not what we can call inspired; lunar rather, not of the genial or solar kind; but, in good truth, it was the best then going; and Sophie Charlotte, who was her mother's daughter, in this, as in other respects, had made it her own. They were deep in literature, these two royal ladies; especially deep in French theological polemics, with a strong leaning to the Rationalist side.

"They had stopped in Rotterdam once, on a certain journey homeward from Flanders and the Baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, to see that admirable sage, the doubter Bayle. Their sublime messenger roused the poor man, in his garret there, in the Bompies—after dark; but he had a headache that night; was in bed, and could not come. He followed them next day, leaving his paper imbroglios, his historical, philosophical, anti-theological marine-stores, and suspended his never-ending scribble on their behalf, but would not accept a pension, and give it up.

They were shrewd, noticing, intelligent, and lively women; persuaded that there was some nobleness for man beyond what the tailor imparts to him, and very eager to discover it, had they known how. In these very days, while our little Friedrich at Berlin lies in his cradle, sleeping most of his time, sage Leibnitz, a rather weak, but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs, is seen daily in the Linden

* History of Frederick the Great.—Vol. I.

Avenue, at Hanover, (famed Linden Alley, leading from Town Palace to Country one, a couple of miles long, rather disappointing when one sees it), daily driving or walking toward Herrenhausen, where the Court, where the old Electress is, who will have a touch of dialogue with him to diversify her day. Not very edifying dialogue, we may fear; yet once more, the best that can be had in present circumstances.

"Here is some lunar reflex of Versailles, which is a polite court; direct rays there are from the oldest written Gospels and the newest; from the great unwritten Gospel of the Universe itself; and from one's own real effort, more or less devout, to read all these aright. Let us not condemn that poor French element of Eclecticism, Skepticism, Tolerance, Theodicea, and Bayle of the Bompies *versus* the College of Saumur. Let us admit that it was profitable, at least that it was inevitable. Let us pity it, and be thankful for it, and rejoice that we are well out of it. Skepticism, which is there beginning at the very top of the world-tree, and has to descend through all the boughs, with terrible results to mankind, is as yet pleasant, tinting the leaves with a fine autumnal red.

"Sophie Charlotte partook of her mother's tendencies, and carried them with her to Berlin, there to be expanded in many ways into ampler fulfillment. She, too, had the sage Leibnitz often with her at Berlin; no end to her questionings of him; eagerly desirous to draw water from that deep well—a wet rope, with cobwebs sticking to it, too often all she got; endless rope, and the bucket never coming to view—which, however, she took patiently, as a thing according to Nature. She had her learned Beausobres and other Reverend Edict-of-Nantes gentlemen, famed Berlin divines, whom, if any Papist notability, Jesuit Embassador or the like, happened to be there, she would set disputing with him in the Soiree at Charlottenburg. She could right well preside over such a battle of the Cloud-Titans, and conduct the lightnings softly, without explosions. There is a pretty and very characteristic Letter of hers, still pleasant to read, though turning on

theologies now fallen dim enough, addressed to Father Vota, the famous Jesuit, King's Confessor, and Diplomatist from Warsaw, who had been doing his best in one such rencounter before her majesty, (date March, 1703), seemingly on a series of evenings, in the intervals of his diplomatic business, the Beausobre champions being introduced to him successively, on each evening, by Queen Sophie Charlotte. To all appearance, the fencing had been keen; the lightnings in need of some dexterous conductor. Vota, on his way homeward, had written to apologize for the sputterings of fire struck out of him in certain pinches of the combat; says it was the rough handling the Primitive Fathers got from these Beausobre gentlemen, who indeed, to me, Vota in person, under your Majesty's fine presidency, were politeness itself, though they treated the Fathers so ill. Her Majesty, with beautiful art, in this Letter, smooths the raven plumage of Vota, and, at the same time, throws into him, as with invisible needle-points, an excellent dose of acupuncturation on the subject of the Primitive Fathers and the Ecumenic Councils, on her own score. Let us give some Excerpt, in condensed state:

"'How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?' she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books; especially of his method in that Book, *Commentary on the Galatians*, where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation, and even of hypocrisy. 'The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact,' says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse; and Jerome answers, 'I followed the Commentaries of Origen, of'——five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them in coming years!

"'And to confess the honest truth to you,' continues Jerome, 'I read all that; and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense.' In

another place (in the Book itself farther on) he says: 'I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, to say the thing better or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he cannot endure to wait.' Here is a sacred old gentleman, whom it is not safe to depend upon for interpreting the Scriptures, thinks her Majesty—but does not say so, leaving Father Vota to his reflections.

"These were Sophie Charlotte's reunions; very charming in their time. At which how joyful for Irish Toland to be present, as was several times his luck. Toland, a mere broken heretic in his own country, who went thither once as Secretary to some Embassy, (Embassy of Macclesfield's, 1701, announcing that the English Crown had fallen Hanover-wards), and was no doubt glad, poor headlong soul, to find himself a gentleman and a Christian again, for the time being—admires Hanover and Berlin very much, and looks upon Sophie Charlotte in particular as the pink of women—something between an earthly Queen and a Divine Egeria; 'Serena' he calls her; and, in his high-flown fashion, is very laudatory. 'The most beautiful princess of her time,' says he—meaning one of the most beautiful: her features are extremely regular, and full of vivacity; copious dark hair, blue eyes, complexion excellently fair; 'not very tall, and somewhat too plump,' he admits elsewhere. And then her mind—for gifts, for graces, culture, where will you find such a mind? 'Her reading is infinite, and she is conversant in all manner of subjects;' 'knows the abstrusest problems of Philosophy,' says the admiring Toland: much knowledge, everywhere exact, and handled as by an artist and queen; for 'her wit is inimitable;' 'her justness of thought, her delicacy of expression,' her felicity of utterance and management, are great. Foreign courtiers call her 'the Republican Queen.' She detects you a sophistry at one glance; pierces down direct upon the weak point of an opinion; never, in my whole life did I, Toland, come upon a swifter or sharper intel-

lect. And then she is so good withal, so bright and cheerful, and 'has the art of uniting what to the rest of the world are antagonisms, mirth and learning'—say even mirth and good sense—is deep in music, too; plays daily on her harpsichord, and fantasies, and even composes, in an eminent manner. Toland's admiration, deducting the high-flown temper and manner of the man, is sincere and great.

"Beyond doubt a bright, airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue—which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him; his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was 'an expensive Herr;' much given to expensive ceremonies, etiquettes, and solemnities; making no great way any whither, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust-vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him, from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover, he was slightly crooked, most sensitive, thin of skin, and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, 'Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!' * * * * * *

"That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive. Samuel Johnson, too, had a young lady friend once 'with the acutest intellect I have ever known.'"

There is also a sister of this Monarch, Princess Wilhelmina, who seems to have been one of the characters holding a strong and wise influence over her brother through all his early years. She is industrious, studious, spirited, yet patient; self-asserting in matters

of unquestionable right, yet submissive and self-sacrificing when she saw that the happiness of those who had claims on her was at stake—affectionate, beloved, trusted for much management, in an honest, worthy way, of a Father and Mother whom nobody else seemed able to manage; and almost worshiped by her great and royal Brother, who introduces his bride to her on the evening of their arrival at the paternal palace, in these words: "This is a sister whom I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, and help you with her good counsel. I wish you to respect her beyond even the king and queen, and not to take the least step without her advice."

"—— Poor Princess, she has a heavy time of it, but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift saber, not to be quenched in any coil, but always cutting its way and emerging unsubdued."

Maria Theresa, of Austria, we also know for a woman of great power, intrepidity, firmness, and justice. She abolished in her dominions the inquisition and rack, as well as the order of Jesuits; prohibited males or females, under twenty-five years, from becoming members of convents, founded new schools and improved old ones; granted prizes to successful students, patronized very substantially the Arts and Agriculture; cultivated peace as far as her times permitted; but, driven to war, conducted it with spirit, ability, and humanity, so far as was possible—was an affectionate wife, a loving, pains-taking mother, and, better than Empress, Wife, or Mother, because it includes them as parts of itself—was for her day, a noble, tender, brave Woman.

Robertson, in his History of Phillip III., tells us of

an Italian woman, Galigai by name, wife of Coucino Concini, who went to France in the train of Mary de Medeci. They became unpopular during the agitations of her regency, and their death was so desirable to the party coveting their power, that Coucini, then Mareschal d'Ancre, was torn to pieces in the most horrible manner, by the populace, who were stimulated by his enemies, and his wife was arrested and tried for sorcery. "She exerted on her trial, and in her last moments," says the historian, "a constancy and strength of mind, which the melting spectators compared with the fortitude of Socrates, and *contrasted with those tears which, not many years before, disgraced the exit of the intrepid Duke of Biron.*"

I will only remind the reader of the fortitude, modesty, sweetness, gentleness, and firmness displayed in the character of that young woman, who, to gratify the ambition of selfish and heartless men, left her studies and teachers, and submitted, against her own wishes, to be proclaimed Queen of England. Every one knows how bravely and sweetly she met the terrible fate which descended upon her, after nine days of painful pageantry, which she had never any heart in, were over. And how, though only seventeen, a tender, loving bride of less than a year's experience, she gave from her full heart of courage and faith, a smile to her husband as he passed to execution, which cheered and supported him on the scaffold where she would in a few minutes stand in his foot prints—the weak sustaining the strong—not in escaping, but in sharing his fate. Was Lady Jane Gray an exception to all young women of her day and nation, or were there many others as noble, who lacked only the experience that would have furnished occasion to prove their nature?

From the private journal of Lavater, the celebrated Physiognomist, Mrs. Child makes the following extract in her "Biographies of Good Wives":

"January 2d.—My wife asked me, during breakfast, what sentiment I had chosen for the present day. I answered, 'Henceforth, my dear, we will pray and read together in the morning, and choose a common sentiment for the day. The sentiment I have chosen for this day, is, 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' 'Pray how is this to be understood?' said she. I replied, 'Literally.' 'That is very strange indeed!' answered she. I said with some warmth, 'We at least must take it so, my dear; as we would do, if we heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce the words. 'Give to him that asketh of thee,' says he, 'whose property all my possessions are. I am the steward, and not the proprietor of my fortune.' My wife merely replied, that she would take it into consideration.

"I was just risen from dinner, when a widow desired to speak with me. I ordered her to be shown into my study. 'My dear sir, I entreat you to excuse me,' said she; 'I must pay my house-rent, and I am six dollars short. I have been ill a whole month, and I could hardly keep my poor children from starving. I must have the six dollars to-day or to-morrow. Pray hear me, dear sir.' Here she took a small parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and said, 'There is a book enchased with silver; my husband gave it to me when I was betrothed. It is all I can spare; yet it will not be sufficient. I part with it with reluctance, for I know not how I shall redeem it. My dear sir, can you assist me?' I answered, 'Good woman, I cannot assist you.' So saying, I put my hand accidentally or from habit, into my pocket. I had about two dollars and a half. 'That will not be sufficient,' said I to myself; she must have the whole sum; and if it would do, I want it myself.' I asked if she had no patron or friend, who would assist her? She answered, 'No; not a living soul; and I will rather work whole nights,

than go from house to house. I have been told you were a kind gentleman. If you cannot help me, I hope you will excuse me for giving you so much trouble. I will try how I can extricate myself. God has never yet forsaken me; and I hope he will not begin to turn away from me in my seventy-sixth year.' My wife entered the room. O thou traitorous heart! I was angry and ashamed. I should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other, because my conscience whispered to me, '*Give to him that asketh of thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.*' My wife, too, whispered irresistibly in my ear, 'She is an honest, pious woman, and has certainly been ill; do assist her, if you can.' Shame, joy, avarice, and the desire of assisting her, struggled together in my heart. I whispered, 'I have but two dollars by me, and she wants six. I will give her something, and send her away.' My wife pressing my hand, with an affectionate smile, repeated aloud what my conscience had been whispering, 'Give to him who asketh thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.' I asked her archly, whether she would give her ring to enable me to do it? 'With great pleasure,' she replied, pulling off her ring. The good old woman was too simple to observe, or too modest to take advantage of the action. When she was going, my wife asked her to wait a little in the passage. 'Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?' said I. 'Indeed I was,' she replied. 'Do you think I would sport with charity? Remember what you said to me a quarter of an hour ago. I entreat you not to make an ostentation of the Gospel. You have always been so benevolent. Why are you now so backward to assist this poor woman? Did you not know there are six dollars in your bureau, and it will be quarter-day very soon?' I pressed her to my heart, saying, 'You are more righteous than I. Keep your ring—I thank you.' I went to the bureau and took the six dollars. I was seized with horror because I had said, 'I cannot assist you.' The good woman at first thought it was only a small contribution. When

she saw that it was more, she kissed my hand, and could not, at first, utter a word. 'How shall I thank you?' she exclaimed. 'Did you understand me? I have nothing but this book, and it is old.' 'Keep the book and the money,' said I, hastily; and thank God—not me. I do not deserve your thanks, because I so long hesitated to help you.' I shut the door after her, and was so much ashamed that I could hardly look at my wife. 'My dear,' said she, 'make yourself easy; you have yielded to my wishes. While I wear a golden ring, (and you know I have several), you need not tell a fellow-creature in distress that you cannot assist him.' I folded her to my heart and wept."

I give this little narrative at length, because it eminently illustrates the Man and the Woman. Lavater was ready enough with the theoretic (intellectual) acknowledgment of Charity. There is no doubt he could have defended it ably, had his wife ventured to deny the practical character of the injunction he had chosen for the day's reflections, instead of contenting herself with simply stating that she found a difficulty in seeing it.

But the time for *Doing*, is the hour that proves the *soul*, and what stuff it is of, more than the *intellect*, and what it is capable of. Doubtless it is good to have true theories, and intellectually, if no deeper, to entertain a conviction of the beauty and duty of Charity, Compassion, and the other Christian virtues. The world is moved by theories well-stated, and earnestly and bravely defended; but in high matters, like these, the *nature* is more proved in one spontaneous, true act, like Mme. Lavater's, than it would be in a dozen able, and even glowing discourses on Charity. Lavater evidently needed a day's reflection on the sublime passage he had chosen, and some work in its spirit too; though he would no doubt have laughed at the

idea of his wife, a person whom the world had never heard of, helping him to a clearer understanding of it than he, a divine and man of genius, could help himself to.

"How is it to be understood?" inquires the woman, a little at a loss in her thought.

"Literally," of course, is the man's reply; prompt and complacent. But Mme. L. had probably never furnished herself with a theory of Charity, and was not, therefore, prepared to give any clearer meaning to the passage than its own words conveyed. She reflects. He goes on to expatiate upon it, putting himself, in doing so, in the position of her teacher, and making himself seem, before her reverence, almost one with the original utterer of those words; while her doubt, then and there expressed, unquestionably had the effect to make her seem to herself and him, far less divine and Christlike than himself, and a fit person to receive instruction from him, upon the high themes of the Christlike attributes and deeds of the human life. Yet mark the issue. He makes a little ministerial flourish about obedience, his own stewardship of his fortune, &c., evidently meaning at the least, a gentle rebuke to the worldliness of spirit he finds in her, to which she meekly replies that she will consider the thing; and there can be no doubt that, had the subject been returned to in conversation ere it came up practically before them, he would have felt bound to insist on his own higher views, and convert her to them if possible. But when "she that asked," stood before them, which was the *doer* of the Charity he *inculcated?*

There is a genuine grace in his telling the story so circumstantially and candidly, notwithstanding its bearing upon himself, and a womanly frankness and

tenderness in the confession with which he closes it, that are altogether charming.

There is somewhere in French history, a pleasing and interesting account of a woman named Anne Biget, who was for many years porteress in a convent at Besançon, and who, retiring upon a very small pension, when she was quite advanced in life, devoted herself to the care of the crippled and wounded soldiers, the sick and suffering, and prisoners in Napoleon's wars. She was known as Sister Martha, and was so indefatigable, tender and faithful in her charitable works, that, in spite of herself and her simplicity of life and character, she became famous among the monarchs who assembled in Paris; for all whose subjects she had cared equally, so far as they fell in her way; and was rewarded by them with medals, crosses, gifts of money, and pensions; and what was much better, treated by them with a respect which testified their acknowledgment of her noble virtues.

Lamartine introduces one of the leaders of the Girondists in these words:*

"The ardent and pure mind of a female was worthy of becoming the focus to which converged all the rays of the new truth, in order to become prolific in the warmth of the heart, and to light the pile of old institutions. Men have the spirit of truth, women only, its passion. There must be love in the essence of all creations. It would seem as though truth, like Nature, has two sexes. There is invariably a woman at the beginning of all great undertakings. One was requisite to the principle of the French Revolution. We may say that Philosophy found this woman in Madame Roland.

"The historian, led away by the movement of the events which he retraces, should pause in the presence

* History of the Girondists, vol. I.—Book VIII.

of this serious and touching figure, as passengers stopped to contemplate her sublime features and white dress on the tumbril which conveyed thousands of victims to death. To understand her, we must trace her career from the *atelier* of her father to the scaffold. It is in a woman's heart that the gem of virtue lies; it is almost always in private life that the secret of public life is reposed."

Madame Roland united the tenderness, grace, and spirit of a woman, with the intellectual clearness and comprehensiveness that belong peculiarly to women, and make them objects of profound trust by men in times of trouble. The devotion, loftiness, aspiration, courage, patriotism, and love of humanity that moved her, have been rarely equaled, and were never surpassed, in the bosom of any man. With an exquisite and noble beauty of person, with the power to charm the senses and hearts of all who approached her, with the finest genius for controlling human passions to noble purposes, with a loyalty to truth which made it impossible for her to waver in its support, Lamartine says:

"Heroism, virtue, and love, were destined to pour from their three vases at once, into the soul of a woman destined to this triple palpitation of grand impressions. * * * * * * *

"It was impossible that the name of Madame Roland should long escape the resentment of the people. That name alone comprised an entire party. The soul of the Gironde, this woman might one day prove a very Nemesis, if permitted to survive those illustrious individuals who had preceded her to the grave. On the 31st May, Madame Roland was committed to the prison of l'Abbaye. * * * * * The examination and trial of Madame Roland was but a repetition of those charges against the Gironde with which every harangue of the Jacobin party was filled. She was

reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph, Madame Roland admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, of her friends with respect, and of herself with dignified modesty; but borne down by the clamors of the Court whenever she gave vent to her indignation against her persecutors, she ceased speaking amid the threats and invectives of her auditors. The people were at that period permitted to take a fearful and leading part in the dialogue between the judges and the accused; they even permitted the persons tried to address the Court, or compelled their silence; the very verdict rested with them.

"Madame Roland heard herself sentenced to death with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and slightly bowing to her judges, said with a bitter and ironical smile, 'I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered!' She flew down the steps of the Conciergerie, with the rapid swiftness of a child about to attain some long-desired object: the end and aim of her desires was death. As she passed along the corridor, where all the prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. This was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny—joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many who were incapable of weeping for their own fate, shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers.

"On that day a greater number than usual of carts laden with victims rolled onwards towards the scaffold. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside a weak and infirm old man, named Lamarche, once directory of the manufactory of Assignats. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees; her complexion, purified by her

long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp, frosty November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the coarsest threats and most revolting expressions. 'To the guillotine! to the guillotine!' exclaimed the female part of the rabble. 'I am going to the guillotine,' replied Madame Roland: 'a few moments and I shall be there; but those who send me thither, will not be long ere they follow me. I go innocent, but they will come stained with blood, and you who applaud our execution, will then applaud theirs with equal zeal.' Sometimes she would turn away her head, that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly, and she kindly and cheeringly encouraged him to bear up with firmness, and to suffer with resignation. She even tried to enliven the dreary journey they were performing together, by little attempts at cheerfulness, and at length succeeded in winning a smile from her fellow-sufferer.

"A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk; the scaffold was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she rode. Just as the executioner had seized her arm, to enable her to be the first to mount to the guillotine, she displayed one of those noble and tender considerations for others which only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. 'Stay!' said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. 'I have only one favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me.' Then turning to the old man, she said, 'Do you precede me to the scaffold; to see my blood flow, would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punish-

ment.' The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.

"What a proof this of a mind imbued with a sensibility so exquisite and delicate as to forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an aged, an unknown old man! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death; this one closing act of her life should be sufficient to vindicate her character before both God and man.

"After the execution of Lamarche, which she heard without changing color, Madame Roland stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for which she was about to die, exclaimed, 'O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!' She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it."

It is known how the monster of the French Revolution, Marat, met his death at the hands of a young woman, who, feeling that it was necessary to the honor of France, that his enormities should end, devoted herself to his destruction, knowing that her own must follow. It is worth while, in illustration of our idea, to note the calmness of this girl, who had seen but seventeen summers, and who, inexperienced, was yet developed, through much thought, religious meditation, and earnest love, to a fitness for the highest work the hand of man or woman could then do in France. Let it be remembered that in those days blood was almost as familiar to French men and women as the water of their rivers—that hundreds of lives were daily sacrificed to the passion for it in those who had the power to condemn the victims, among whom were the noblest and purest persons of both sexes—and that this wretch was the insatiable fiend of the time, whose cry was

"kill, kill!" His name became the synonym for blood—it was spoken with a shudder; horror and fear seized upon brave men and good women at the sound of it. His death was desired by all, but those of his own party, and evil-minded people who had become hardened into indifference to his terrible deeds. Yet there was not found a man to undertake it. Men must be moved by enmity, more or less of personal hatred, or envy, or revenge, and so moved, they do not go to their work as Charlotte Corday went to hers—free from passion—unstained by selfishness in any form—fronting her own death all the way, and looking it calmly in the face, so that she should but accomplish what she had undertaken:

"The true cause," says Lamartine, "was her patriotism. A presentiment of terror already spread over France at this moment. The scaffold was erected in Paris. They spoke of speedily carrying it through all the republic. The power of La Montagne and Marat, if it triumphed, could only defend itself by the hand of the executioner. The monster, it was said, had already written the lists of proscription, and counted the number of heads which were necessary for his suspicions and his vengeance. Two thousand five hundred victims were marked out in Lyons, three thousand at Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand at Paris, and three hundred thousand in Brittany and Calvados. To check such an effusion of blood, Charlotte desired to shed her own. The more she broke her ties on earth, the more agreeable would she be as the voluntary victim to the liberty which she desired to appease.

"Such was the secret disposition of her mind; but Charlotte desired to see clearly before she struck the blow.

"She could not better enlighten herself upon the state of Paris, upon men and matters, than through the

Girondists, the parties interested in this cause. She wished to sound them without disclosing herself to them. She respected them sufficiently not to reveal a project which they might have possibly regarded as a crime, or prevented as a generous but rash act. She had the constancy to conceal from her friends the thought of sacrificing herself for their safety. She presented herself under specious pretexts at the Hotel of Intendance, where the citizens who had business with them could approach the deputies. She saw Buzot, Pétion, and Louvet. She discoursed twice with Barbaroux. The conversation of a young, beautiful, and enthusiastic maiden, with the youngest and handsomest of the Girondists, under the guise of politics, was calculated to give rise to calumny, or at least to excite the smile of incredulity upon some lips. It was so at the first moment. Louvet, who afterward wrote a hymn to the purity and glory of the young heroine, believed at first in one of those vulgar seductions of the senses with which he had embellished his notorious romance. Buzot, totally occupied with another image, hardly cast a glance upon Charlotte. Pétion, on crossing the public hall of the Intendance, where Charlotte awaited Barbaroux, kindly rallied her on her assiduity, and making allusion to the contrast between such a step and her birth, 'Behold then,' said he, 'the beautiful aristocrat, who comes to see the republicans!' The young girl comprehended the smile, and the insinuation so wounding to her purity. She blushed, and vexed afterwards at having done so, answered in a serious yet gentle tone, 'Citizen Pétion, you judge me to-day without knowing me; one day you will know who I am.' * * *

"The gayety which Charlotte had always mingled with the gravity of her patriotic conversations, vanished from her countenance on quitting forever the dwelling of the Girondists. The last struggle between the thought and its execution, was going on in her mind. She concealed this interior combat by careful and well-managed dissimulation. The gravity of her countenance alone, and some tears, ill-concealed from the

eyes of her relatives, revealed the voluntary agony of her self-immolation. Interrogated by her aunt, 'I weep,' said she, 'over the misfortunes of my country, over those of my relatives, and over yours. Whilst Marat lives, no one can be sure of a day's existence. * *

"Finally, on the 9th of July, very early in the morning, she took under her arm a small bundle of the most requisite articles of apparel, embraced her aunt, and told her she was going to sketch the haymakers in the neighboring meadows. With a sheet of drawing paper in her hand, she went out to return no more. At the foot of the staircase she met the child of a poor laborer, named Robert, who lodged in a house in the street. The child was accustomed to play in the Court. She sometimes gave him little toys. 'Here! Robert,' said she to him, giving him the drawing paper, which she no longer required to keep her in countenance, 'that is for you; be a good boy, and kiss me; you will never see me again.' And she embraced the child, leaving a tear upon his cheek. That was the last tear on the threshold of the house of her youth. She had nothing left to give but her blood.

"The freedom and harmlessness of her conversation in the carriage which conveyed her towards Paris did not inspire her traveling-companions with any other sentiment than that of admiration, good will, and that natural curiosity which attaches itself to the name and fate of an unknown girl of dazzling youth and beauty. She continued to play during the first day with a little girl, whom chance had placed beside her in the carriage. Whether it were that her love for children overcame her pre-occupation of thought, or that she had already laid aside the burden of her trouble, and desired to enjoy these last hours of sport with innocence and with life.

"The other travelers were Montagnards, who fled from the suspicion of federalism, to Paris, and were profuse in imprecations against the Girondists, and in adoration for Marat. Attracted by the graces of the young girl, they strove to draw from her her name, the object of her journey, and her address in Paris. Her

loneliness at that age, encouraged them to familiarities, which she repelled by the modesty of her manners, and the evasive brevity of her answers, which she was enabled to terminate by feigning sleep. A young man, who was more reserved, seduced by so much modesty and such charms, ventured to declare to her his respectful admiration. He implored her to authorize him to ask her hand of her relations. She turned this sudden love into kind raillery and mirth. She promised the young man to let him know her name and her disposition in regard to himself, at a later period. She charmed her fellow-travelers to the end of the journey, by that delightful conduct from which all regretted to separate themselves. * * * * *

"A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. 'Thank,' said she to him, 'those who have had the attention to send you; but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal.' The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnees*. 'This,' said she, 'is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality.' She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd who blocked up the squares, and bridges, and streets along which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her with the fiercest imprecations; but, insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

"The sky cleared up, and the rain, which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like that of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell on her head, and her complexion, hightened by the red chemise,

seemed of an unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins, had placed themselves on her passage, to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination, were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them on the morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance, appeased and transfigured, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eye could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honore, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. 'He engraved in his heart,' to quote his own words, 'this unutterable sweetness amidst the barbarous outcries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating—these vivid flashes which broke forth like burning ideas from these bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which would have melted a stone.'

"Thus an enthusiastic and unearthly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal re-union. The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but, soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than her impending death; then, turning to the guillotine, she placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer even than life."

I would refer in this connection to Josephine, but that the story of her power—so great, yet so peculiarly womanly—has been so often told, that it will scarcely bear repetition here within the compass of my plan.

"It is extraordinary to consider," says the Margravine of Auspach, "how great an influence she possessed over Napoleon. She could curb his passions, which at times were violent, by her *look alone.* One day he entered her apartment, displaying signs of great anger, having received letters which had caused that effect. He walked with violence about the room, giving way to a gust of passion. Josephine, with an eye of fixed regard upon him, said, "*Napoleon! thou forgettest.*" He became instantly pacified; and taking her hand, which he kissed, said, "yes, my dear wife, it is thou who savest me always."

The same reasons which forbid more than this bare reference to her, prohibit me also from introducing the unfortunate, but now vindicated, Marie Antoinette, whose tender, unostentatious, womanly charities, in the days of her happiness, alone would fill a pleasant little volume, and whose courage, fidelity, and dignity, in the tragical close of her life, commanded the admiration even of such bitter and brutal enemies as surrounded her; or the excellent Madame Elizabeth—or the Princess de Lamballe—or the faithful Madame de Polignac, who died of a heart broken with grief and sympathy for her noble Queen and friend.

It would be a pleasure to go farther, and rescue the names and careers of other noble women in which this field abounds, from the misunderstanding which dims their memory, but I must forbear. Revolution is pre-eminently the movement for which woman is fitted by her sympathies with humanity, her hopes in the future, her unreserved devotion to the good that she sees to be possible, and her quick faculty for seizing on the approaches to it; and if France was disgraced by her sons in their Reign of Terror, she was vindicated by

her daughters, many of whom bore testimony to the nobility of the nature which thousands of men seemed to live only to degrade, in the eyes of all who had before yielded it respect.

In Roscoe's Life of Sismondi, I find the following tribute to a woman:

"To his mother, a woman of superior mind and great energy, Sismondi appears to have been mainly indebted for the germs of those excellent qualities, both as a citizen and a writer, which later in life were so powerfully developed and so admirably displayed. From her the future historian received his first intellectual impressions, no less than that early discipline of the heart and mind, without which no high, inspired, and virtuous efforts are long sustained, or crowned with perfect success. And it was of no evanescent character, but extended its beneficent influence through the many vicissitudes, the early toils and disappointments, the manly struggles, and the late matured triumphs of his literary career. The lofty and almost aristocratic feeling—however modified by popular principles—the pure sentiment, rising above every corrupt or vulgar taint, that sense of man's dignity and enlightened love of the people, everywhere so manifest in the writings of M. Sismondi, and which give to his profound researches a peculiar interest and charm, added to that of a singular vivacity and liveliness of style, may in part probably be referred to the same origin of early maternal instruction, and an influence which imbued the thoughts, formed the task, and seemed to tinge even the language and expressions of the author."

Schiller too was indebted to his mother for the gifts of mind and heart which distinguished him. His father was a stern, severe man, of good character and great probity, exemplary and faithful as a citizen, but utterly lacking in fancy, in the poetic taste, and the love of the Beautiful Good, which made his son one of the lights

of the eighteenth century in Europe. But his mother, while she was a woman of rare acquirements in her rank, was also a serious, thoughtful, tender, ideal person, fond of poetry, and somewhat given to writing it. (See Carlyle's Life of Schiller).

Carlyle writes thus of John Sterling's mother:

"Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty; then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother, and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain rural freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure, always of a kind of Quaker neatness; the innocent, curious face, anxious, bright, hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways, the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice too, with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light, thin-flowing style of mirth on occasion, was characteristic; she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulous sensitive nature, strong, chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights, and activities that depend on these: truly a beautiful, much-suffering, much-loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature, its piety, clearness, sincerity; as from his father, the ready, practical gifts, the impetuosities and the audacities, were also (though in strange new form)* visibly inherited.

*The "strange new form" was the result of the noble tempering and high bent which the paternal qualities received from the over-ruling spirituality, the love, and the poetic qualities of the mother-nature through which they flowed; and of their combination with "the piety, clearness, sincerity" which came from her. Had she been wanting in these, or had they been replaced in her by their opposites of impiety, muddiness, and insincerity, it is easy to conceive that "the practical gifts, the impetuosities and

A man was lucky to have such a Mother; to have such Parents as both his were."

The purity, tenderness, and elevation of life that distinguished Felicia Hemans, as much as her poetry, are known wherever that is read. Mrs. Sigourney says, "In her we see the true poetic genius producing its highest effect, the sublimation of piety. Cheering, by its versatile powers, the darkness of her destiny, and gradually throwing off all stain of earthliness, it desired at length to breathe only the songs of Heaven. 'Deep affections and deep sorrows,' she writes, 'have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from, without sense of dereliction.' "

She grew heavenward by the pure attractions of a nature whose divinity was foreshadowed in a pious, spiritual-minded, loving Mother, who was the solace of her happiest years, and the center of her sympathies long after she became celebrated.

Here is the tribute of Hans Christian Andersen,* to a woman still living, and whom many of us have seen and some have loved as he does: "At this period of my life I made an acquaintance which was of great moral and intellectual importance to me. I have

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audacities" might have turned out, to use Carlyle's own phraseology, something quite other than the gifts which made the noble, fascinating, pure nature of John Sterling. One learns to feel, in regard to these things, that if a man gets into his nature from his mother, "a delicate aroma, piety, clearness, sincerity," and love, it does not, for his highest eternal good, greatly matter whither "its audacities and impetuosities" come from, nor indeed so much that they be there at all.

* True Story of My Life, p. 196.

already spoken of several persons and public characters who have had influence on me as a poet; but none of these have had more, nor in a nobler sense of the word, than the lady to whom I here turn myself; she through whom I, at the same time, was enabled to forget my individual self, to feel that which is holy in Art, and to become acquainted with the command which God has given to genius. * *

"Through ——— ——— I first became sensible of the holiness there is in Art; through her I learned that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have had a better or more ennobling influence on me, as the poet, than ——— ———* As she makes her appearance on the stage, one feels that she is a pure vessel, from which a holy draught will be presented to us."

Miss Bremer says of the same woman, "Speak to her about Art, and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind, and will see her countenance beaming with inspiration. Converse then with her of God, and of the holiness of religion, and you will see tears in those innocent eyes; she is great as an artist, but she is still greater in her pure human existence!"

The Brontë Sisters are characters for History. Their advent into the world of authorship marks a period in

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* How many men in private as well as in public life, might truly make this declaration of women whom they have known, and who, unconsciously, perhaps, to both, have become standards for a nobler measurement of life, and a purer use of its opportunities. I have heard such language from the lips of various men, sometimes in the rudest walks of life; as who has not, that ever searched the untroubled depths of any good man's heart, or even of a depraved one, in an hour of peaceful withdrawal from the world, or of earnest self-examination?

novel writing prophetic of a nobler, more interior, analytical, and courageous appeal to society than had ever before been made by novelists. Charlotte, the star of first magnitude in this shining little constellation of women and sisters, has commanded a recognition, and sent abroad a social influence, through her own country and ours, which were never equaled, as the fruits of so brief a career, in the history of Woman.

With Woman, as the chief subject of her books, but apparently with no better *philosophy* of her—no more advanced *theory* of her life or social relations than then prevailed, she yet makes new footprints of her own, in the field of fiction. At once clear and strong, intuitive and practical, courageous and gentle, swift, yet tender, and full of the sweet humility, which is an essential of womanly greatness, she presents her heroines to us always *as Women*—Womanly hopes, needs, loves, braveries for disappointment; fortitude and unwavering faithfulness to the true, as they see it, through all trial, destitution, sorrow and pain; steadfast, pressing—never noisy, yet never faltering, for some inherent right—these are the characterizing traits of her ideal women, beside that they are, withal, lovable, active, and careless of nothing that adorns womanhood. Such women were rarely shown—indeed their like in all points, was never seen in novels before hers; but when, beyond all, they are seen to be independent or self-dependent, as need or other circumstances require, and above everything else, successful in maintaining themselves, not alone in the material, outer, and lower things of life, but in the inner, mental, spiritual, and higher goods essential to real growth and maturity of character, we recognize in their creator a prophetic, inspired spirit.

Jane Eyre, Shirley, and Lucy Snowe, are phenomena

among the creations of novelists, and though neither does or says anything hinting at a new, or more rational theory of woman's life and relations, than they were addressed to, yet they each contribute to the self-respect which women of the better sorts are beginning to enjoy in being natural; in following their intuitions, and in recognizing their own right to have and to acknowledge to themselves, affections which Nature may create in the heart of woman as well as of man, without first asking leave of the one or the other. No person endowed with a soul can read Jane Eyre, and feel that she was likely ever to have done aught that would misbecome the most refined and delicate female, or that the life whence her fine ethereal proportions sprung, was capable of a sentiment or act which could dim the brightest luster of womanhood. Charlotte Bronté saw, through her intuitions, the approaching day of woman's emancipation, and her vivid imagination foreshadowed it independently of reason. The experiences by which she sketched, rather than filled or shaded the pictures she has left us, are so sharply defined that they possess us ever after we become acquainted with them, as if our dearest friend had lived through them. We consent to them because we see their fruit in genuine growth, which we know can spring from no false seed. We rejoice that Jane Eyre tells Rochester what she does in the garden—that Shirley defied her stolid uncle in behalf of Louis Moore, and that Lucy Snowe did, contrary to the history of all heroines from time immemorial, love Paul Emanuel after Dr. John fell in love with the pretty little Countess. But all this good service to her sex, (and we cannot yet estimate the body of more liberal sentiment toward the freedom of Woman, which these widely

read books have called out of its latent form in thousands of minds), was rendered purely from the intuitions of their writer, and it consequently appealed to the same in her readers. Not one in hundreds of the young especially, who read Jane Eyre, can tell why they are satisfied with her declaration of her feelings to Rochester. They can only say that whereas, before reading that book, they must have felt an unconquerable repugnance toward a woman capable of such a thing, they are glad *she* did it, and can no more return to their old feeling about it, in any true, delicate, and self-respecting woman.

A great advance was made in novel writing through these books, which leave but one regret in the mind of every reader, viz: that their author did not live to double or treble their number. And here I cannot forbear saying a word which I am sorry her gifted biographer has left unsaid. It is that the grand mistake of her life lay in persistently acting on an erroneous notion, older than any she attacked, but one very likely to control a woman at once so conscientious and so little enlightened; that, namely, of almost unlimited self-sacrifice in imaginary duties to those who were unable to appreciate her generosity, and who, therefore, never set any limits to its action.

She laid down years of her bloom and best power, and finally her life, beneath the Juggernaut of duty, fettering and impoverishing herself, and robbing the world of its dues from her, that she might offer herself a living sacrifice to those who knew not what they were receiving—as if a slave should have drunk the Egyptian Queen's pearls.*

* Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Bronté fails to make apparent this grave moral error in her career. On the contrary, the

Our own country has produced, beside many others worthy an exalted place in the records of Woman, one whose name makes illustrious the small company of intellectual and good women whom the ages have furnished, Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Her life, not long in years, was rich enough in powers and uses to have

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noblest and most ardent young readers are left to give it their full admiration, and imitate it if they are moved to, with entire self-approval. One cannot read those weary pages from the Journal and letters of that matchless woman—which hint at, though they never parade, the repeated, never-ending sacrifices wherein she gave up joyousness, health, power, time, and achievement, to paltry services which a faithful servant could so much better have performed—without feeling impatient that no wise, fit word follows, warning the pure and aspiring, who, because they are capable of such self-immolation, are best worth saving from it, that a life so religiously misspent, is really no standard for others.

Another and more important point in which these volumes fail, is their utter neglect to furnish any analysis, or even moderately critical estimate of the nature of the woman who bore these six children—the most remarkable family, one does not hesitate to say, ever born of one mother. Six children of whom each of the five females, according to her age, gave the signs or proofs, of genius enough to have made her name celebrated—and the world full of speculation upon the origin of character, the inheritance of mental power, conditions of its transmission, preponderating influence of the mother, &c.—and we are only told of this woman that she was Miss Branwell, born and reared in Penzance; that she was an orphan at twenty-five or six; twenty-nine before her marriage; patient about the loss of a box of goods at sea, pious, elegant, and of simple tastes. We are told more about the state of society at Penzance than about Mr. Branwell's family or his daughter; and some connection is hinted at between this social condition and Charlotte Brontë's character and genius; though it is admitted that these influences, whatever they were, were quite as likely to have been received from "Mr. Brontë, whose intercourse with his children appears to have been considerably

made good, before her tragical death, the noblest position that the mind or heart of a woman could ask. If I were making a plea simply for the mental equality of Woman with Man, under circumstances that favor equally her development, I should need to name but Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Margaret Fuller, and Mary Somerville, to complete the proof that such development is possible. But I seek to establish a higher claim for woman than man asserts or aspires to for himself, and for this claim Margaret Fuller is a steadfast, clear-eyed, strong-hearted witness. In her the loftiest, the most tender, unselfish, and Godlike nature was exemplified. No finer mind of our own or the late preceding ages, was ever more faithfully bound to angelic uses, than hers in her maturer years. No clearer insight penetrated human weaknesses, no tenderer charity sought to put strength in their stead. Her sympathy was a crystal stream flowing from a fountain high toward the heavens. It took wide and widening sweeps, and at last embraced mankind—losing sight of the lines of separation between classes, sects, parties, nations, and races. Like her gifted cotemporary, Mrs. Browning, it was sufficient claim upon her to be human—nay, to be alive, if far lower than that, secured her reverence and ready care.*

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restrained; (was that a reason for his becoming a medium for the social influences which surrounded them?) "or from an aunt who came into the family when Charlotte was but six or seven years old, to take charge of the children after their mother's death." On such slight and uncertain threads of circumstance, according to Mrs. Gaskell, may the rarest powers enter and take possession of the human soul!

* How many women who are unheard of beyond their fireside, have as divine a reverence for right—as living a sympathy with the fullness of perfection toward which all truly natural life

It is asserted that women have no patriotism. That the charge is disproved in the history of hundreds of noble, brave women, of all civilized countries, who, without the passion that nerves and sustains men as warriors, have freely sacrificed to this feeling all that could make life desirable—husband, children, home, friends, fortune; all means both of worldly and social happiness, and finally life itself, seems to be a fact having no weight, or but little, with men who make it. But such a life as Margaret Fuller's, redeems her sex from the charge, by showing that a larger love replaces in it, the lesser one in man. A man is a patriot who loves his country and its institutions, though they be

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tends, whether in the vegetable or animal world, and which is to be attained only in a divinely enjoyed freedom. How reverently and tenderly girls treat living things, whether in field, garden, or farm-yard, compared with boys. The one *fosters* and *cherishes*—delighting in the joys of her *proteges*—the other has in the same objects, not so much proteges as *subjects*, either of *authority* or *investigation*, out of which he is destined to get, at any cost, all varieties of expression and manifestation which the widest course of experimental treatment he can devise, will bring.

This divergence of the two natures was admirably illustrated recently by a couple of little creatures, mere babes, of nearly the same age, (between three and four), in the family of an acquaintance of mine. The mother was entertaining her little son by counting his toes, after he had been prepared for bed, and symbolizing, with their help, the five little pigs of various fortunes, famous in nursery lore. When she came to the fifth, which of course squealed in the approved style, because he could get nothing to eat, the little hopeful said promptly, "Kill him, mamma." Mamma, somewhat astonished at the proposal, and withal, pardonably amused, was relating her experience to her guest in presence of her little daughter, a few months younger than Sir Dragon, who cried out earnestly, "O no—don't *till* 'im; but *div 'im sumpun t' ea' !*"

far inferior to those of another land—nay, productive of unutterable evils and pains to millions of his fellow-beings; but a woman who would be patriotic in any worthy sense, would rise by the spirituality of her nature, and her more universal sympathies, to a higher and broader love. The globe would become her country, or the universe, as it is God's; and all human beings her countrymen—all living things would share her soul-tenderness, her thoughts, and efforts for their good. They can bear the charge of being unpatriotic, who prove that they love all lands and peoples with a love which does not await the day of wars or revolutions, but works with equal yearning in peace; as nobly and more purely thus than in conflict, to give right direction, earnest action, and pure loves to all life. Margaret Fuller was a patriot, but in the inclusive rather than the exclusive sense. An evil institution was no dearer to her for being American; a selfish, base, corrupt man, poisoning the channels of public or private life, no more admirable in her eyes that he was born in the land that gave her birth, than if he had first drawn breath in Carthage or Lapland.

She was an intellectual *person*, whose intellect was refined and ennobled in being womanly. It enlarged her feminine love, and her feminine love exalted and purified it, withholding it from the more selfish uses to which, in a man's nature, it might have descended, without reckoning itself prostituted, and directing it to ends of the noblest self-help and mutual help, toward development. She felt, by a prophetic quality in her nature, the Revolution that the coming days would bring to Woman, and referring to Dr. Channing, says: "He was deeply interesting to me, as having so true a respect for Woman. This feeling in him was not chiv-

alrous; it was not the sentiment of an artist; it was not the affectionateness of the common son of Adam, who knows that only her presence can mitigate his loneliness; but it was a religious reverence. To him she was a soul with an immortal destiny. Nor was there at the bottom of his heart one grain of masculine assumption. He did not wish that Man should protect her, but that God should protect her and teach her the meaning of her lot."

Of the correctness of my estimate of her large love for humanity, I find, since writing the above, the following direct proof in her own words: "No! we cannot leave society while one clod remains unpervaded by divine life. We cannot live and grow in consecrated earth alone. Let us rather learn to stand up like the Holy Father, and with extended arms, bless the whole world."

Large souls, who have taken bitter experiences as their culture, and grown stronger and diviner through them, will appreciate this symbol given us from one of her manuscripts:

"There is a species of Cactus, from whose outer bark, if torn by an ignorant person, there exudes a poisonous liquid; but the nations who know the plant, strike to the core, and there find a sweet, refreshing juice, that renews their strength."

Her deep interest in the subject which I hope is just now engaging equally your intellect and heart, my patient reader, is amply and nobly expressed in her "Woman of the Nineteenth Century," from which I make the following extracts, before taking leave of her here:

"I have urged on woman independence of man, not that I do not think the sexes mutually needed by

one another; but, because in woman this fact has led to an excessive devotion which has cooled love, degraded marriage, and prevented either sex from being what it should be to itself or the other.

"I wish woman to live *first* for God's sake. Then she will not make an imperfect man her god, and thus sink to idolatry. Then she will not take what is not fit for her, from a sense of weakness and poverty. Then, if she finds what she needs in man embodied, she will know how to love, and be worthy of being loved. By being more a soul, she will not be less a woman—for nature is perfected through spirit. * * *

"Woman, self-controlled, would never be absorbed by any relations; it would be only an experience to her as to man. It is a vulgar error that love, *a* love to woman, is her whole existence; she is also born for Truth and Love in their universal energy. Would she but assume her inheritance, Mary would not be the only virgin mother. Not Manzoni alone would celebrate in his wife the virgin mind with the maternal wisdom and conjugal affections. The soul is ever young, ever virgin.

"And will she not soon appear? The woman who shall vindicate their fit right for all women? who shall teach them what to claim, and how to use what they obtain. Shall not her name be for her Era, Victoria, for her country and life, Virginia? Yet predictions are rash; she herself must teach us to give her the fitting name."

But for the cutting short of this noble life on a treacherous, midnight sea, what bloom and fruit, fairer than any that time had ever produced for and of womanhood, might we not have expected of it?

Of like relation to her sex, but of very dissimilar individuality, is she whom all women, proud of womanhood and of honors won for it by itself, may proudly name as the first of living Poets. In tenderness, human love, and religious passion, no man or woman of our

day can take a place beside her—Elizabeth Barrett Browning—the impersonation of the feminine spirit of the nineteenth century—the "large-brained and large-hearted," as she sings of another of her sex. Will not every woman and man who reads these pages, accept her as the woman in whom re-appears the powers that have vindicated her sex in time past, and who is also its prophet? She is the true woman, who, saying only what she feels, and less, as in such great souls feeling always exceeds speech—the one being of God, the other of humanity; yet utters truths which inform us of a purely divine spirit, whose inspiration they are.

"—— Fame indeed 'twas said
Means simply love. It was a Man said that."

A woman knows in truth that fame is not love—is not any true thing, indeed, except as the incident of true work. This again is a woman speaking:

"What form is best for poems? Let me think
Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit,
As sovran nature does, to make the form;
For otherwise we only imprison spirit,
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward—so in life, and so in art,
Which still is life.
* * * * * * *
I am sad.
I wonder if Pygmalion had these doubts,
And, feeling the hard marble first relent,
Grow supple to the straining of his arms,
And tingle through its cold to his burning lip,
Supposed his senses mocked, and that the toil
Of stretching past the known and seen, to reach
The archetypal Beauty out of sight,
Had made his heart beat fast enough for two,
And with his own life dazed and blinded him!
Not so: Pygmalion loved—and whoso loves
Believes the impossible."

Spake ever in words a more genuine woman heart than this!

"And wilt thou have me fashion into speech
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,
And hold the torch out while the winds are rough,
Between our faces, to cast light on each?
I drop it at thy feet; I cannot teach
My hand to hold my spirit so far off
From myself—me—that should bring thee proof
In words, of love hid in me out of reach.
Nay, let the silence of my womanhood
Commend my woman-love to thy belief."

The pure philanthropy of womanhood is amply vindicated in the lives and characters of many hundreds—nay, of thousands of the sex, who, from all the walks of life, have devoted themselves to the mitigation of human suffering, or the increase of happiness for others, finding their own in the effort. I will take time and space to name here but four of the many whom I might introduce. Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, and Mary Carpenter. The last three are yet living, and all but Miss Dix, are English women. Elizabeth Fry made her name honorable by her labors for outcast and imprisoned women. She began them unmoved by any experimental knowledge of the horrors of incarceration, such as urged John Howard to his good works after his release from the French prisons. They were undertaken spontaneously, from the pure, genuine sympathies of her nature. A woman born and bred in luxury and refinement, she went, fearless and unshrinking, into the foulest prisons in London, where depraved and despairing women were shut up like wild beasts in pits; and through her courage, firmness, and persistent compassion toward

them, saw, at length, the realization of her own divine faith in the deathless nature of good in the human soul. She was remonstrated with by the prison-keepers, who told her that her life would be in danger among those fiends. She was urged to speak to them, if she must, from outside the grates, and that failing, she was earnestly advised to leave her watch, light shawl, and everything about her person that could be easily removed, as they would almost certainly be stolen or snatched away from her in the crowd she was about entering. But she replied that she would treat them with the same confidence, in trusting herself and her possessions among them, that she would any audience outside; and in a few moments the rich, refined, honored lady stood face to face with a crowd of the restless, half-insane, wild, dissolute women of the city; Ishmaels, who had found all the world against them, and were themselves impotently arrayed against it. They looked into each other's eyes—till tears blinded them that they could see no longer. Then, feeling the pure compassion and love which had brought her there, they burst into a wild, fearful outcry of pain, remorse, shame, longing for a better state, which her presence brought so near them. Agonizing entreaties for help, wailings of despair, sobs, and half-suppressed shrieks of intolerable anguish, awakened in souls that had known no such revulsion for years, and had lost faith in their own susceptibilities—all these demonstrations of the wretchedness she had come to, poured in upon her strong, loving heart, and calmed and quieted it for high resolve and patient doing in behalf of these beings, who (her womanly intuition told her) could not be lost, when a simple act of real kindness like that visit, could so move them. From that time during all the

active years of her life, her labors were continued, enlarged, and extended. She gave up her ease, her leisure, the pleasure of home and society, in a great measure, to them, and her name became equally with Howard's, in England, the synonym of benevolence and tender, human charity.

Miss Dix, of our own country, and Miss Carpenter, of England, have, in later years, carried forward the same noble work, in different departments; the former devoting hers more especially to securing humane treatment of the Insane. Being without fortune in early life, she applied herself to teaching for several years, that she might furnish herself with the means of setting out in her work. By the practice of a severe economy, as I have been indirectly informed, she at length saw the way clear before her, and went forth. Her labor consisted mainly in visiting public asylums, (and often prisons), acquainting herself with their condition and plan of treatment—making improved methods known, memorializing Legislatures, preparing and printing documents of statement and elucidation, and in short, by every means that could be commanded, making herself the efficient friend and protector of the afflicted class she had adopted. She is a bright example of the good which can be accomplished by one, apparently feeble, delicate woman. She has traveled thousands of miles, forgetting her fatigue in the earnestness of her purposes. Her journeys have often been made through the rudest portions of the country, at the most inclement seasons of the year, to meet distant legislative bodies. She has had to contend with official bigotry, narrowness, and arrogance, in men from whom she had everything to ask—to bear misunderstanding, slander, sneers, and ridicule;

to hide her wounds, feeling that the work must be accomplished—to nerve herself against the weariness of body and spirit which the bravest must feel at times, in such a service; against the discouragement of repeated refusals, which must, at any cost, be overcome, for the sake of those who had neither friend or succor, but in her—to press her attack, often when it seemed ill-timed, because there was no other time; and in ill-taste, because it was a weariness and a bore to its object; but so she has made her name to be honored among the good of the earth.

Of Miss Carpenter's life and labors I have very little knowledge, and that only of the most general character; but such as it is, it is sufficient to entitle her to the best place I can give her in this illustrious catalogue of names. She is Mrs. Fry's successor among outcast women in her country, and the earnestness with which she has devoted herself to their reform, and the improvement of their treatment as criminals, has caused her to be held in honor of all good persons, and her work to be reckoned prominent among the practical philanthropies of Britain in this day.

I should be glad to set forth more fully the testimony which in my heart and consciousness I know that her life furnishes, for the cause I am pleading; but as I am without any memoir of her, or memoranda that would avail me in doing so, I must content myself with this passing recognition of her as one of the witnesses for womanhood.

The Crimean war had many features to make it memorable. It was the first important interruption to a longer and more beneficent peace among civilizees than the ages had seen—a peace fruitful in Arts, Discoveries, Inventions, and Ideas, whose import to human

growth and happiness no soul living among us to-day, is yet able to estimate. It was a war characterized by many traits of a better time than war had ever before fallen in; of which the leading one was the open array of the female against the male element, not in conflict, but in their characteristic works of destroying and saving, of mangling and healing. The troops engaged there, represented their respective countries and sovereigns, and were in no wise distinguished from thousands of men who fought and died a century or two ago, unless in their physical inferiority and in its compensation by the use of improved implements and arts of destruction. The representative Idea of the age—the fact which testified to higher intelligences, had they taken note, that the conflict they witnessed was in the Nineteenth, and not the Fourteenth Century, was the presence there and the work of a woman; a lady, born and bred to ease, luxury, refinement and elegance. Florence Nightingale and her train of female friends and co-workers, bore to the Crimea the testimony of the sum of the world's advancement in godliness since its last battles. She and they counterbalanced on the love side, the Minié-rifles, the Paixhan guns, the torpedoes, and other sub-marine deviltries which centupled the destructive power of every pair of male hands engaged in that war. Fewer in number than the smallest regiment of armed men sent to that peninsula—scarce equaling numerically indeed, an average company—they did the ever memorable and distinguishing work there.

Balaklava, Inkermann, the Charge of the Six Hundred, the taking of the Malakoff—these have each their scores of rivals in the history of man's wars. A little more or less bravery than had been exhibited before—a

little keener piece of strategical driving or resisting, a little nicer study of the availabilities wherewith Art or Nature had supplied Allies, or the Victims of Allies—these and their like, were the possible means to the masculine forces employed, of distinguishing *their* war from a thousand others no less petted and lionized in their day, now long past, and apt to be reckoned somewhat more to the disgrace than the human honor of those who initiated and conducted them.

It is not Woman's mission to *order* that wars cease, but to subdue the fierce selfishness which creates them; to neutralize their horrors, to disarm the ferocity which urges them on; and, by making herself present and potent in them, to put them gently from the face of the earth.

The initiative in this womanly part could no way be so effectively taken as by a woman of rank and refinement, as well as one full of the divine tenderness and compassion which are characterizing traits of her sex. Hence, Florence Nightingale becomes, through the wisdom and firmness with which she pressed for her position, the heroism with which she filled it, and the high fortitude with which she overcame its horrors —thereby showing herself practically equal to all that she claimed the liberty to do—a Representative Woman. She stands, with her broken health, but unbroken spirit, a prophet of her sex's portion in man's future ferocities. A name never to be forgotten, and a part never to be ignored, are hers from those days and nights of self-enforced duties, of spirit-agonies, acknowledged only to be suppressed, or to become incentives to more strenuous effort—of horrors never permitted in their hour, to unfold to the full their paralyzing aspect and stature, but examined only to discover their true

point of attack. She is cherished by all Christian men and women. Girls and boys glow with admiration and reverence as they read or hear of her; and, separated from the ranks of those whom the world delights to honor, she will hold henceforth her own sacred niche in human memory. And this not alone because she nursed, soothed, and comforted the suffering and dying; not because poor, rude, mangled bodies—fragments of men who had been torn to pieces, and half left upon battle-fields, turned, in their impotent gratitude and love, to kiss her shadow as it fell athwart their sleepless pillows, in her walks and watches; nor because, forgetting her own delicacy and feebleness, she devoted herself to her terrible labors from year to year, while they were needed—as faithful, in her woman's tenderness, to the humblest soldier as to his starred and titled commander; to her enemies, as her countrymen. Not, I say for any or all these doings; for hundreds, perhaps, first and last before her, thousands, of women had individually done the same things, to the extent of their ability; but because, moved by a noble courage fitted to her day, and touched by the subtlest and divinest pulsation of the age, she stood before the men of her Nation and the world, and said, "I perceive that my sex has henceforth a part in the wars you prosecute. I perceive that we belong henceforth to fields of conflict no less than you. You supply money, men, and means for their destruction; you send Chaplains to *symbolize* the *Christianity* of your fighting—send us to *realize* its *Humanity*. I can go, and will, with a few sisters who are of like mind with myself, and do what women may, for the sufferers you will multiply around us, and that will be good; but it will be better that you recognize the need of our labor,

furnish us with means and clothe us with authority to carry it forward. So will you honor, not us, so much as yourselves; not yourselves so much as your country and age; and not these so much as their humanity, of which you bear witness."

It was a prayer not to be denied. Coarse men, and many, many such there are in high places, jeered and insinuated what was eminently worthy of—themselves. Worldly and experienced men looked coldly at her; refined and fastidious men were horrified, and only noble, Godlike men, with souls like her own—reverent of humanity in any form, whether of peasant or peer, and capable therefore of recognizing in its tender treatment, the true Christ-mission, heard her sympathetically, and were moved to further her angelic purposes.

And thus Florence Nightingale's fame has become a part of the treasure of every fireside circle where pure and loving deeds, kindle an answering glow in pure and loving bosoms; it is welcomed from every pulpit where human goodness is enough revered to warm the sympathy of speaker or audience, and it embellishes the pages of books and the columns of snail-pace journals, where, but for her, there would perhaps be written a sneer against her sex. She has already taken her place, an exalted one, among the few

"—— Who give
Better life to those that live."

She is quoted by grave men as authority for the organization and management of hospitals; she is looked to by women who hope for wisdom and inspiration to works like her own, from her; and when she shall pass from the life she has adorned here, to the higher one awaiting her, what love and veneration will follow her hence and welcome her thither.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow,
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead;
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went;
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

The reigning Queen of England is, in many respects, worthy a place among the women who are giving a warmer color of hope and prophecy to our day. Her position is one which unites great difficulties with great advantages for individual growth. The exercise of power by a right-intentioned person, is so helpful and healthy, that one feels it cannot have failed to compensate so pure-hearted and earnest a woman as Victoria for bearing, even from youth, the cumbrous fetters of form and ceremony it has laid upon her—the bondage of many heavy cares, ill-suited to her quiet nature, and the burthen of pomp and show so exacting and relentless, that they must often have been a heavy oppression to the affectionate wife, the loving mother, the tender friend, and the simple-hearted woman, always more impatient of shams as the testimony of a merely external power not craved by her, than man is.

The women of her day would owe her, in behalf of womanhood, their thanks, if she had not pleased herself more than she could possibly please any other, in the purification, through her own purity and firmness, of Court-life in her realm; in her persistent adherence to the best persons who could be drawn and kept about her person and family, in her steadfast and efficient discountenance of gossip—the vice of royal

menages from time immemorial, and all the more difficult, therefore, to uproot, and in maintaining under all circumstances, so clear and spotless a character, and withal so individual a one as Woman and Sovereign.

One sees clearly that only a candid, right-minded and true woman could so have sustained herself through such a life, and as clearly that her reward has therefore come to her without thanks. A genius for personal goodness, and a disposition faithfully to adhere to the right, so far as the world will permit it to be done, are perhaps the happiest gifts in a monarch, King or Queen. These seem to belong in an eminent degree to Victoria, and the immense influence which, as the mistress of the highest and most observed Home in her realm, she wields in making her family circle an example of social and personal purity, firm, wise discipline, and wholesome order, cannot fail to have been one of the substantial benefits of her reign—a strong incentive and aid to the development of those good motives which find their best and most peaceful culture at the fireside of a high-toned, earnest, truthful wife, mother, and Woman.

I have now, perhaps, cited from history and from the lives of living women, who have not yet passed to their destined place in history, as many illustrations as my purpose will justify me in placing here. The many, many more demonstrations of the assertion we are engaged in proving, which might be offered, would burthen rather than aid the argument. I will stay, therefore, barely to mention, of the women of our day, and of the preceding generation, a few others whose names will suggest to the reader that were I to extend this branch of evidence through the whole of

this volume, a great deal more would still be left unsaid than could be said or even hinted at. Thus consider the names and history of Joanna Baillie and her sister; Hannah More, Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Miss Burney, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Siddons, Madame de Stael, Lady Franklin, Miss Mitford, Madame Dudevant, Grace Darling, Mary Lamb, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Herschel, Mrs. Norton, Miss Martineau, our own venerable Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. Taylor, a highly valued teacher of British navigators, Mrs. Patten, who sailed her husband's ship from Cape Horn to San Francisco, Miss Mitchell, the American Astronomer, Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer, Miss Muloch, Miss Evans, Miss Shephard, Miss Sedgwick, Lucy Stone, Anna Dickinson—and the reader will doubtless remember, as I do, scores of names, some more brilliant, and all equally worthy to be noted, which I must not stay to set down here.

If it be true, as no one, I apprehend, will deny, that many of these women have proved the *noblest possibilities of life for themselves, and helped others to realize theirs*, as not many of the men of even more brilliant intellect have aimed to do, it is no less true that there are great numbers of the best women, the most faithful and aspiring, whom neither fame nor history lays hold upon in any manner. We all know some such—one or two, if no more—or we are particularly unfortunate in our acquaintance with women, and ought to begin to redress ourselves at once, in seeking higher relations. In our country at least one good woman, pure in heart, *loving progress for herself and others*, willing to work for it, who can be relied on always to speak her highest word, to counsel the unselfish deed, to turn her face away from the politic

and worldly side (which are so often the really unmanly and unwomanly side) of any question to be decided, or any measure to be taken, and bring to notice something more worthy—at least one such woman is, I repeat, within the reach of almost any man or woman who desires her acquaintance. If you do not already know her, seek her—find her; she will bring you nearer to yourself and to God. In your trials she will be a more living preacher to you than dull formalists in the pulpit—in your sufferings a wiser physician than he who will diagnose and medicate only your body, forgetting the while that there is a soul within it; for your high needs a more helpful friend than all the devotees of the world and its pleasures and successes, whom you can know, though the sweep of your circle include hundreds of such.

For reasons stated in the opening of this section, history is not often happy in its treatment of females, be they never so rich in the pure womanliness, whose presence would make them weighty witnesses in our cause. If a woman is *only* or *chiefly a woman*, though she behave sublimely as such, her conduct and claims are settled by most historians in an admiring paragraph or two—at most in a few pages, and she is henceforth lost sight of. Because history, as I have before said, is made up of external details and statements—the signs and evidences—often misread—of the unseen, interior motives which move and control life. It therefore offers little analysis of character, and no real solution of questions, to the student of human nature If it attempts to do either, it is in the treatment of men, and of the few women who have acted more or less the parts which commonly fall to men, and who are therefore recognized less as women than as mon-

archs, diplomatists, or intriguers. Their womanhood is more or less laid down or overlooked by the writers, and their skill or power only acknowledged, which often might as well have been a man's as theirs. The manlike women, Elizabeth of England, and Catharine of Russia, (I name them as rulers, not as women, having a lively and grateful appreciation of their differing natures), are amply recorded, but mostly for what is manlike in them—their successful exercise of external power, their large participation in masculine action—their brave, and often triumphant competition with Kings and Emperors for goods which men crave, and appreciate a keen, determined struggle in man or woman to acquire. But while they lived, and fought, and ruled, there were to be found on the earth, women of as great or even greater ability than they possessed, coupled with the true nature of their sex—not ambitious, but aspiring—careless of external greatness, but keenly alive to the true inner greatness—the Godlike expansion of soul that could calmly reject worldly power while diligently cultivating the interior clearness of vision that would discover its insufficiency *for them.*

Life must give Woman a theater, and history must rise above wars and diplomacy, and concern itself with human progress in its finer and subtler leadings—must ascend, in short, to the plane of psychical motives and forces, where she has *her* stage of influences, before it can furnish testimony at once copious and just of her life and powers.

CHAPTER IV.

POPULAR SENTIMENT AND COMMON OBSERVATION.

Section I.

The Testimony of Man's Sentiment touching the Rank of Woman.

Having thus far shown, according to my ability and opportunity, the grounds of appeal to Mythology, to the Scriptural Theology, to Art and History in behalf of Woman, I proceed to the broader and more fertile field which is most conveniently designated by the caption to this chapter, the Popular Sentiment and Common Observation of Humanity, with regard to her.

Much of these are already shown in the Arts, which the People revere; in the Poetry, which they receive and love because it illustrates more perfectly than any form of expression which they can command, their own thoughts and feelings: and in the Annals of Life, which, whatever their errors and poverty, the People accept as authentic, because they contain so much truth, as to persons and events, that there is greater profit in having only them, (till better come), than in being without any.

Human Sentiment *is*, before all forms of its expression; and Sculpture, Painting, Poetry, and Music,

the Arts which serve its highest attained development in this life, have their appeal to us in confirming, not contradicting it—in verifying, not setting aside or denying those truths and ideas which the daily and hourly observation of Men and Women testify, of themselves and of the world of objects and forces around them. The Arts spring from Human Sentiment as a stream from its fountain, and must as necessarily exhibit its qualities; and they inspire us with their nobility, command our admiration and kindle our emotions or passions so far as, in their treatment of human life, they express or suggest its interior as well as its outward properties and traits. Hence Sculpture is colder than Painting, Painting than Poetry, in the perfect languages; Poetry than Music. The inflexible and ungracious Marble will neither receive nor reflect the Spirit, as colors may. If Pygmalion had been Beethoven, a goddess had not been necessary to put a soul into his work. He would have found a portion of his own there. The mechanical character of his Art is further felt in its working *toward*, instead of *from*, a center—the reverse of all spiritual outgrowth and creation. A stroke too much, and perfection falls a sacrifice at the feet of the artist. Hence Sculpture will never, I think, become so ready an Art to Woman, or be so beloved of her as of Man, whose less subtile nature will not so often feel itself fettered in the unyielding stone. But this by the way. To return to the line of our argument.

The acceptance, through the Ages, of the ideas and truths conveyed by any Art is unimpeachable testimony to their verity. They could only exist through their truth, and could only be true by being, centrally, if not in their length, breadth, and detail, one with the senti-

ment and observation of Mankind on these subjects. Thus Painting could not give Woman the lineaments of an angel, and serious, elevated Poetry could not address her as angelic or divine, if in doing so, they outraged our common perception of her nature, as compared with that of man. We feel no levity in such recognition of her. No sentiment is shocked or pained by it, but on the contrary, when the lover, be he artist, poet, or philosopher, attributes to her a higher purity and divinity, we feel, in his expression, a joy which is deep and sacred in proportion to the depth and sacredness—otherwise the reality and earnestness of the perception and belief in him, from which his utterance springs. And there is one form in which this sentiment of man flows more or less into every woman's life. It may have but a transient utterance. It may even be quickly followed by hard, abrupt, cold and cruel, or brutal, denial. It may come to her but once only in her life—in that most sacred hour when a heart and life are laid down for her acceptance, or she is besought to take them into her keeping and guidance—to become their sovereign. It may be like the swift gleam of sunshine that descends in an Autumn day through a rift in its black cloud-continent, which closes so quickly, that ere you are aware, all is darkness again. But however it comes, how brief soever its stay, it enters into her soul, whence it can never wholly vanish away, except before the grim presence of vice and degradation.

Every woman that is born cannot look upon the pictures of Raphael or Guido, Giorgione or Correggio, Reynolds or Kneller; nor read the verse of Spenser, Petrarch, Shelley, or Wordsworth; but every woman who preserves her self-respect has, once in her day, if never again, a lover, who declares that she is to lead

him to better and nobler things than he has yet attained to—nay, that already she has done this, that the thought of her has molded him to higher desires—shamed him from low and gross indulgences—made the light and coarse speech of former companions seem a profanation of womanhood, which he has come to revere in her if he were incapable of it before; that he needs her for his own redemption—that with her all good seems possible, without her nothing but desolation, weariness, and even ruin. From the polished man of the world, to the boor—from the elegant scholar, to the hob-nailed peasant, the varieties of expression in which this sentiment clothes itself, are well known.

"I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet.

"The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
The champak odors fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!"*

And this same loving, reverent soul wrote elsewhere these lines:

"Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Vailing beneath that radiant form of woman

* Shelley.

All that is unsupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality!
Sweet benediction in the eternal curse!
Veiled glory of this lampless universe!
Thou moon beyond the clouds! thou living form
Among the dead! thou star above the storm!
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song,
All of its sweet mortality and wrong,
With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through."

Here is another lover who prays like this poet, in other and less elegant phrase truly, but no less earnestly, that somewhat of the mortality and wrong may be blotted from him by the woman he loves. "And when I say I love 'ee, I beant said all—no not all, Joanna. I tell 'ee there be summat in thee, girl, better'n what's in me, great big-bone fellow," stretching out with the words his huge arm, that she might see its strength, and wiping the dew of earnestness from his craggy features; "an' I want thee, Joanna, t'help me along up to thee."

Did Joanna ever think, whatever her love for this strong, reverent-hearted man, of his helping her up in the same way? Certainly not! No woman who is good enough to kindle such a sentiment in a man, ever does. She looks to him for something assuredly; for love which she craves, for kindness, a measure of sympathy, and for worldly support, but not for incentives to a better and more unworldly life. She knows that these must come from herself.

"When I approach you," wrote a gifted man whose name the world acknowledges, to the woman he loved, "I rise into a purer atmosphere. All that is sordid or selfish in me shrinks away, rebuked, from your pres-

ence, and I am shamed at the memory of plans and schemes which I stay neither to approve nor condemn till the clear, calm, heavenly purity in your eye, looking through me, brings me to measure myself and them, by a standard which I find nowhere else. Forgive me if in aspiring to companionship with you, who are so much nobler and more unselfish than I am, I acknowledge that love is not the only motive. What is the other? you ask, since you have neither fortune nor the recognized social position, which the world as often commends as censures a man, for seeking exclusively, in marriage. I will tell you, dearest: I heartily desire help to become a truer man. I pray for a hand that will draw me from the current to which years ago I surrendered myself, and which is now bearing me almost irresistibly on, to a goal that in my heart I despise. You have consented to extend me yours, and in my soul I devoutly thank you. Believe that I speak these words in the earnestness of my nature, and come to my soul, with yours held strong and high for my rescue."

When a man of common stamp loves earnestly a good woman of his own class, one of the first outward evidences of it is the desire to shake off some coarse or vicious habit or degrading association. How often are the appetites temporarily checked; the exalted action of the whole nature, no doubt, helping to these alas! too often perishable, spasmodic movements toward purification, but the sense of approaching a purer life, and the desire to make self fit to meet and mingle with it, being the first, and remaining always, while they last, the leading incentive to them.

Your neat, thrifty, industrious, good Ellen, or gentle, Catholic Mary, tells you, dropping her face lower and

lower, as you inquire about her lover, that "he has promised me, ma'am, to shtop the drinkin';" and Bridget, if you interest yourself in her fortunes, will inform you that "sure Patrick thinks a dale too mich of me, ma'am, for he says he'll give up the swearin' whiniver I say I'll marry him."

The self-respecting, bright Yankee girl who earns her wedding outfit in a factory, and looks understandingly forward to a life of hard work with the man whom she chooses for a husband, does not like that he should defile his mouth and person with tobacco. It is not only offensive to her, but she is sure that it is injurious and degrading to him. "I shall leave it off," he says. "I can do it very easily, for since I have come to think of you so much, I often forget it."

The man addicted to gaming or dissipation of any sort, swears that it shall cease in honor of her he loves. He feels that she is on one side and his degradations on the other. They do not belong together, and in the days of his love, he would shudder at the thought of defiling the purity and good he respects in her, by familiarizing her with them. His low, loose companions never looked so low and gross to him, as since he has met them occasionally, fresh from her presence; and he secretly resolves that he will break off from them. He would be pained and shamed, while his love is in its divine phasis, to have her learn that he ever mixed with them.

"I long," says a rough, hard-handed, working man, writing to a nobly cultivated woman, whom he loved in spite of the wide social distance between them, "to sit down again in your little crowded library and listen to your interpretation of those glorious old and new poets who always before have seemed to me so dry and

dead. You will not be Offended I hope if I tell you that since those days at your house I seem to have come into another world Everything is brighter and more beautiful The skies look softer and the mountains grander. The plains that I walked over in coming home never in all my journeys showed me before such plesant lights and shades The Sea never seemed so much like a big-Souled tranquil companion as I walked by its side And it was becaus they all spoke of you my good friend seemed to reflect you You were if I may say it back of each looking through it upon me and into my life. You seemed to question me through them and as I walked along I saw myself plainer than ever before All the hardness and worldliness and eagerness for gain which I have been indulging ever since I was a man stalked out before looking hateful and mean as you must see them I am sure After this you will see I must be a better man You preached me a sermon not from a bible text which I shall never forget." * * * * *

The chirography of this manly letter was very rude and cramped; the spelling and capitalizing, as will be seen, occasionally at fault, punctuating quite overlooked, but one does not often read epistles that furnish, in themselves, stronger evidence of having made their way from the deepest depths of the life speaking through them. "And what of this man?" I asked of the woman who showed me this letter, suppressing the name of the writer, "has the faith you kindled in him remained a living one?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it has, in a thorough and most satisfactory sense. He has since married, pretty well, I believe—a woman of his own class—and is living a sound, rational, improving life; tells me, when I meet

him occasionally, that he takes time for reading, and evidently provides himself with the best books, since I find him acquainted with them. And as his wife is an uncultivated person, he will have to act the woman's part in the best salvation of his family—the culture and direction of his children. He has more than once alluded, with irrepressible signs of gratitude in his eyes, to the experience which divorced him from the pursuit of money as a leading purpose, and showed him, as he acknowledges, higher and more worthy objects in life."

Here are a few lines from a letter written years ago, to a young friend of mine, who, in the helpful spirit of a true-hearted, thoughtful woman, held, as opportunity seemed to invite to it, an occasional earnest conversation with an ignorant but manly and well-intentioned young mechanic, who was employed for a time in her mother's house.

"I don't kno as I shal be abel to tel you, Miss, jest what I do mean in sending this letter, becaus I aint mutch ust to riting letters, spessially not to ladys an I kno I've got no rite too say all I feal, if I was abel. So I shant go on to tel you how mutch I love to hear you talk and sea you look at them yure talkin too, and the good it dus me. Thoes good words all took a holt of me I can tel you, Mis, and I haint so mutch as looked at a piece o' tobacker or a glass o' whiskey sence I seen you last time, an I don't bleave I shal ever want to agin."

"I *rise* to your presence," says another man, "and am dissatisfied with myself and the world on leaving it, for I feel that I descend into outer and common things again. That I return from you somewhat nobler after my visit, I honestly believe, because, in the search-

ing self-analysis of these deep experiences, I find the common, the selfish, and ambitious motives of former days so weakened in their hold upon the future, that I almost seem to see them falling beneath my feet. I, who have been so wedded to the honors and goods of the world. What is the secret virtue in your life and speech, which shapes me thus? Which, with never a word of *preaching*, a syllable of rebuke, or a spark of assumption that you are the better of us two, does actually transform these once ruling motives of my life from pleasant and shining leaders to mean, unworthy tyrants, whom I despise? In my wonder at my own present state of mind, I ask myself this question so often that I am moved to repeat it to you. Will you answer it? At least give me your view of our present relation, and tell me what hope you see of its perpetuation in the years we are looking forward to."

Momentous question and inexpressibly significant prayer this, from the heart of a man to a woman! I shall endeavor to answer, for those who desire it, the first in some of the following pages.

A *man* in love, acknowledges in the woman whom he loves, the *Mistress* of his future happiness, and of his future good, so far as his love is worthy the name, and its object is a true and *grown* woman. The word Mistress was, until very recently, the one universally used in addressing or designating a beloved and honored woman. It still prevails in the drama, where the truths of passion and emotion are intended to be most strongly and purely expressed, and is also retained by many popular and standard novel writers. That it is used in the meaner sense of expressing a degraded character and a vicious relation, does not in any degree detract from the confession, (implied in its adoption), of preponderance of

power on the woman's side in the pure and worthy one, since no woman, however lowly or humble, ever addresses or names the man she loves as Master, *because she loves him.* A woman becomes the Mistress of a man, in the grave sense, only through his love for her, but whatever her love for him, or his appreciation and love of it, he would not be pleased that she should acknowledge him her Master. Mastership, when it is asserted or confessed, is never from love, or for its sake. That state of the relation, if it ever appear, is reserved for a later day—a dimmer and less divine one—a day when the co-working of common, external, and earthly motives, makes it easy to apostatize from the divine inner truth of the soul.

We delight in the sense of a man's LOYALTY to a woman, while he is her lover. Now loyalty is the sentiment of the heart toward a superior, and could only please us when expressed in harmony with our perception of the qualities of the natures giving and receiving it. It would offend or disgust us to see the higher paying loyalty to the lower. But that which is a characterizing trait of woman's love—perhaps *the* trait which men most admire, and take pride in finding exhibited towards themselves, is *Devotion*, the opposite of loyalty. In the human relations devotion is exhibited toward an object who is either less happy and fortunate, or intrinsically less exalted and worthy than the person showing it; and its greatness and depth are in the inverse proportion of these circumstances or qualities in its object.

I am aware that this definition is not in accordance with the lexicons, but I do not think the authorities have treated all words exhaustively as to the meanings which mankind employ them to express. And I believe

the common heart of woman and *man*kind will consent to this use of a most noble word—the more, that there is no other in use among the *people*, which so well expresses the spiritual phenomena often seen and experienced by them in their human relations. We do not call that a *devoted* love which makes its *subject* only, or chiefly, happy. The devotee is one bound by a vow—a high sense of duty—an overruling obligation to pay the devotion, the care, the love, whatever be the pain thereof; the greater the pain, the greater the devotion.

Thus, a noble, loving parent exhibits devotion to a degraded, irreclaimable child, whose persistent depravity has destroyed all hope of returning love and compensatory tenderness. A friend proves his or her devotion, in faithful and uncalculating adherence to one once beloved, who has degenerated, or fallen into a condition of disgrace. A wife shows her devotion to an oppressive, cruel, brutal, drunken, or unfortunate and spirit-broken husband—a tender husband to a careless, selfish, unloving or profligate wife, though human experience does not so often furnish man, as woman, opportunities for illustrating nobleness in this experience.

There are other ways in which this capacity of the nature proves itself, as where one loves another, and the affection maintains itself persistently against coldness, neglect, and even scorn; or, where we devote ourselves to humanity, through certain labors and causes which are identical with its growth and good. In the former case, there will be somewhat that is lower, in the nature, whether man or woman, which permits the devotion to continue fruitlessly; in that, if it cannot return love for love, it does not tenderly

and carefully, and with such wisdom and firmness as it may, attempt to heal the wound of its giving; to build up strength on another side, and lead the suffering life out in other directions, whereby the unprofitable sentiment might be supplanted. In the latter, it is easy to see that those only can devote themselves to humanity, who are, at the lowest, so far above its level, that they look down on some real or imaginary want of it, which they hope to supply—see, in short, that it needs help from them.

Loyalty is the tribute of the lower to the higher; it flows toward what it reverences, and at the same time sustains, by service which it recognizes as dutifully, naturally paid, *because the servitor is the inferior of the served.* Subjects are loyal to a monarch, and joyfully submit to hardship and defilement of their persons in menial labors (when necessary) for him, which they would feel grief and shame in seeing him perform for himself. Soldiers suffer and die for their leader, but are unwilling that he should descend to the common service of the field. Their loyalty is wounded if he expose himself to the inferior dangers or vulgar toils which they feel to be unworthy of his exalted relation to them.

Thus, laying down all externals, it is clear that loyalty is *commanded* by the qualities of a nature or position superior to those which render it; while it is equally clear that devotion *proceeds freely out from* qualities which recognize in its object an inferior, in so far, at least, as there is need of service, of a quality which it cannot render itself. Thus it is that political loyalty becomes devotion, whenever the person or fortunes of its object become so degenerate that the original relation between giver and receiver is reversed.

Now I know that in the established relations between woman and man, there often arrives a time when the order here indicated as natural, seems, and among superficial, common-place people, actually comes to be, so far reversed that we hear the loyalty of the wife spoken of, though rarely the devotion, in any high, earnest sense, of the husband. It is not a reversal to each party, but only to the woman, from whom *both* loyalty *and* devotion are expected, *after marriage has put her in man's possession*, either as a chattel or a subject. We shall be better able to estimate the justness of the position thus imposed on her, if we remember the *fact* that our present system of marriage, whatever its merits or defects, is purely of MAN's contrivance; and we shall see how much more respect is due to the authority of the natural sentiments shown by each sex while in a state of freedom, previous to it, than to the expression or usage of either, after they have entered into this relation—of which the elements only are natural—all its features, of authority on one side and submission on the other, of transientness and durability, being defined by laws of purely masculine origin.*

* In answer to the statement which may be set against this, that marriage is of Divine origin, a sacrament, and therefore indissoluble, it is only necessary to point to late facts in the social and civil development of the States and Nations which the world acknowledges as its leaders. In many of these, the movements of the last quarter of a century, but especially those of the past ten years, mark a line of progress in the opposite direction. I offer neither comment nor opinion here on these facts, it being out of the question to do so much as lift my eyes, at this stage of my argument for woman, to the vast and chaotic field toward which they point. It is unquestionable however, and I suggest no new theory in stating it, that the necessity of remodeling or creating

If it be urged that the sentiment shown in the above extracts and statements is that of men in love, and therefore not to be trusted in proof of nature, or of mankind, I reply that no sentiment is more reliable for the expression of primal truths, or the indication of real qualities in the life whence they flow, than that of those rare and holy experiences—I will not say in noble, but in average MEN and WOMEN.

According to their capacity to aspire or hope for a better life than they have before lived, men uniformly look to the woman they love, to aid them in realizing it.* They expect help from her. They plan the surrender of some indulgences which their own self-respect has permitted, but which their respect for her greater purity and refinement makes

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divorce laws is growing more urgent in all the Protestant and progressive countries, and that wherever it is yielded to, the movement is *uniformly* toward granting liberation from the bonds [a cord, a chain, a rope—see Webster] of *ill-assorted* or *unhappy* marriage.

* To this statement, with the limitations here given, the single exception which now occurs to me, is that of highly intellectual men—men who live in the intellect alone, or chiefly; or, worse still, in the intellect and passions. Of this order are many eminent Statesmen, Diplomatists, Legislators, Jurists, Advocates, Physicians, Clergymen, Men of Science and of Letters; but very few Artists, Discoverers, or illustrious Inventors; these latter callings drawing men more into communion with primary truth, than with the secondary truths, falsities, or errors with which the former familiarize their followers; and being, therefore, more favorable to the preservation of natural sentiment in the character. That men of distinguished, manlike intellect have been very apt to marry *silly* and *pretty*, or *cold* and *stately*, or *managing* and *brilliant* wives, is not less notorious than that they have been apt to leave behind them children who are content to reflect, without adding to the luster of the name they bear.

them hesitate or feel ashamed of continuing; and they tell her of their good purposes, if taste or delicacy do not forbid, expecting to be smiled upon like a good child—perhaps praised a little for it: certainly thanked. If they feel weak or weary in endeavoring to keep themselves always to the right against the temptations that beset them, they look to woman's higher and purer strength as a rest, which they shall reach and be blessed in, by-and-by. She will decide, he thinks, when he is at a loss, and having led the way, will always be in it, an attraction to draw him thither. He always feels supported in some new faithfulness to convictions he has before neglected, (for which he is perhaps laughed at by those unused to such behavior in him), by the thought of her, and her warm sympathy and approval.

"The whole, low world of pleasure and sense in which I have lived," said a strong man once to a woman whom he worshiped, "seems at moments when I am near you, or recall you vividly, to turn to dust and ashes beneath my feet. God is my witness, that at such times, no other feeling is possible toward it but one of unmixed scorn and loathing; and all because of you, and the thought of you: which is sufficient to suggest and supply me with something so much nobler." Alas! that such influences should so often wither and vanish away before they accomplish their divine work of redemption!

Thus much of the sentiment of man (as a lover) touching the spiritual superiority of woman. How does woman answer it? She uses, we know, no such language toward him, however deeply and unreservedly she may love him. She has seldom to propose to herself a reform from any vicious or gross habit, because of this new and stirring experience. It is oftener seen to

be, in some degree, the reverse, and that so far as she lets his control supersede self-control, and his influence lead her away from herself, she leaves, in so doing, the pure, orderly, tranquil habits of her previous years, and takes on, in conformity to his wishes, slight if not serious irregularities, dissipations or light habits, which have led him a long distance, it may be, from the point in his life where it was as well regulated and balanced as hers is. If he looks to her to be himself improved and regenerated in respect to the things wherein he condemns himself, she does not look to him for the same or similar blessing and help. Something, certainly, she does expect from him, as I have said, which is much—very much—to her, but not this; nor often anything like this. And she feels so much reality in the grounds on which he claims it of her, that if she smiles at seeing herself addressed as an angel or the angelic creature who is, somehow, to get it accomplished, it is not a smile of levity, or derision, or unbelief, but rather one which expresses deep and serious happiness that her soul has taken its prize in the arena of life; and the task that comes along with it is sweet to her, not alone because of the love she gives and receives, but because in the loving, somewhat of the divinest action of her divinest capabilities as a savior, is called for. Her own sense of truth, if she be not utterly unintuitional or conscious of some grave, repeated or willful derelictions, is not outraged in the imputation to her of angelic qualities. For by such language she understands her lover to mean what, by comparison with himself, she knows is true, her greater purity, refinement, and delicacy of nature, with a correspondent deeper love of, and attraction to, all that is related to these beautiful attributes. At least, so much

is meant, and perhaps something more, which we shall find under succeeding heads of this argument. If she be a true, worthy woman, with the deep, religious heart that belongs to such an one, she hopes, in the humility of her soul, that she shall justify this great faith in herself—shall prove her angel-nature to him who affirms it, in doing him the good he prays for at her hand.* [Please *read* the note below.]

All that he makes personal to her, she feels to be true of womanhood, if not of herself, and therefore never denies it; for, according to the depths that are moved by the love appealing to her, she more or less yearns to excel the truth of her sex, rather than fall short of it. So she takes his words of adoration earnestly, or, if with chiding, it is more in fondness than sharpness, and in her heart prays that it may be even so.

But think of reversing this language in its application, and addressing it to man! How foolish, how absurd, how shocking to taste would it be! How would it offend and disgust him! How incapable would any woman be of writing or speaking seriously to a man in such a strain, except in those peculiar and very rare

* There is grave difficulty in stating, in an acceptable manner, or even, as above, in hinting, at the real nature of Woman, arising from its very general perversion through miseducation, slavery or dependence, or all these combined. But I cannot sacrifice what I feel to be truths of Woman to accommodate my statements to any standard of false development, prejudice, or false judgment of women. All these being temporary effects of temporary causes, must in time disappear, and the true Woman will be commonly seen, as now she rarely is—so rarely, indeed, that I can scarcely expect all readers to recognize her portrait, even were it much more perfect than the broken lineaments of her which I now present to them.

cases, whose extreme infrequency proves that their opposite is the uniform experience of mankind. Even his *materiel*, and the most obvious of his mental and spiritual faculties forbid it. Conceive the utter falsity of addressing a bearded, booted—perhaps bald—collared and cravatted man, as an angel! His eye is full of the resolution of external conquest and worldly success. In the expression of his face are mingled the sense of, and the desire for, external power; intellectual acuteness, the challenge to competitors, the alert, persistent self-defense, the complacency of attained or near success, the pain of already-endured, or the anxiety of impending defeat. Is this an angelic being? A very efficient, able, resolute, just, brave, and even tender man, he may be, but no angel, certainly—not angelic in any sense that he would be pleased to have expatiated upon, by one standing face to face with him. The men to whom these terms *can* sometimes be applied, are the womanly men—the St. Johns, not the St. Peters; the Oberlins, not the Luthers—the Raphaels, not the Buonarottis—the Channings, not the Beechers.

But if a sentiment so uniformly expressed as this of man, proves, (and no one, I think, will deny that it does,) the existence, in woman, of the qualities and capacities it supposes and appeals to, no less must its absence in woman prove that the same attributes in him are not his leading ones—not those which she most broadly recognizes, and builds her hopes of happiness and good from him, upon. It is quite clear that each of the sexes in loving the other, has its chief delight and most abundant and substantial satisfaction, in those qualities wherein their personalities are opposed; and that, of the two, the larger personality,

as a whole, must bear the most detailed analysis, and command the most respectful, reverential treatment and development.

> "When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
> Wi' ae buik on our knee,
> Thy lips were on thy lesson, *but*
> *My lesson was in thee.*"

The man says: "If you cast me off, I shall die heart-broken. I am in your hands. Do what you will with me, only be merciful and loving. Rule me as my sovereign, but be at the same time the Queen of Love; for I am your subject. Love me, and make a man of me. You alone can do it." Thus it is that men delight to acknowledge the superiority of the woman beloved, over themselves. Not only this, but they fill pages and even whole sheets with statements of herself—to herself: these being mostly, when not wholly, the unfolding, as they see them, of the spiritual and affectional elements of her being, and the showing of her power in those directions which are delightful and refreshing to man, because they are the opposite of the physical and intellectual directions in which his power unfolds most spontaneously. Nor is it vanity or egotism which makes a woman receive and read such sheets, without impatience or protest. It is, as I have said, a perception, an intuition, that in the broadest sense, if not wholly in the personal one, they contain truth. They are the treatment of her personality as a whole, and the reverent recognition of what is at once its strongest and noblest side. But man's personality receives but a fraction of the treatment given to woman's in such a correspondence, because, being the lesser of the two, it does not kindle the inspiration, in either soul, to handle it so. We never, in such high

hours as those of pure, exalted love, voluntarily choose the less noble of two themes or subjects that are before us.

So if woman says little of herself in answer to all that he has said of her, she also says little of him compared to the space she is spread over. The *nises* of his development being in the direction of the physical and intellectual, as opposed to her intuitive and affectional; worldly and external, as opposed to her spiritual and internal; it follows very clearly that without inordinate egotism in him, or silliness and inanity in her, he will command, by much, the lesser space in their discussion of themselves. Hence, the love-letters of women who are capable of departing from personal, local, and transient topics, pass, after what is allowed to these, and to the emotions and hopes common between them and their lovers, to impersonal matters—statement or question on things high or low, according to the writer's range of vision; but they never say: "I hope to be regenerated by your purity and goodness. I feel myself made better and nobler in approaching you. I pray you to keep watch and ward over my hardness, and soften it; over my worldliness, and put something higher in its stead; over my ambition, and transmute it into aspiration; over my selfishness, and make it less eager for the gains and goods it craves."

Whatever a woman's love for a man, and her candor with him, she never asks him for such help. Her love will induce her, for his sake, and that she may be to him the best and noblest of which her life is capable, to endeavor to cure herself, it may be, of some hurtful weakness, some infirmity of temper, which will mar his happiness if not overcome or eradicated. But the good she expects of him (besides the inestimable

good—which is his as well as hers—of full and true relations) is of the external, material, or outward kind; to the securing of which an energetic body and brain, a brave heart, and a strong arm, are more necessary means than the fine spirituality, the aspiration, the love of purity and beauty, and the attraction to these, which, according to his capacity to appreciate them, he hopes to find in her. This kind of good, high natures shrink from asking, in any manner, of another, even where it is their right to expect it; and still more, feel degraded in parading or discussing at any length. It is a shame to ask bread or raiment; but a glory and a brightness in one's day, to ask for spiritual light and guidance.

A very brief reference to the sentiment of man toward woman in the minor forms of its expression, must suffice me here; and it will be found to be entirely harmonious with that we have seen in the major one of Love.

In the era of man's ascendency, society, because of his sensuality, has been too gross, and the standards, therefore, too arbitrary, and the forms too despotic, to admit the existence, except very rarely, of simple friendship in any near, living warmth between the sexes. For the same reason, its open acknowledgment and cultivation where it did exist, were practical social impossibilities. It is only within a few years that there could be found, anywhere in the societies of which we can get knowledge, circles of persons who could hear of a real friendship—one leading to frank, affectionate and interior relations—between a woman and man, without a raising of the eyebrows, a shrugging of the shoulders, a sidelong glance of unbelief. Women, who, knowing their own natures, could of themselves have

had faith in it, surrendered their judgment to the suspicion or disbelief which men created everywhere about them, and infused through the social atmosphere. Hence they shrunk from permitting, or acknowledging, relations which would subject themselves to such criticism; and hence, too, there is little to be found, even in personal history, that shows the existence of such attachments. Man in his passional life being sensual, as distinguished from woman, who is spiritual; and intersexual friendship being that relation which calls for the frank and warm exercise towards its object, of whatever capacities for attachment the nature possesses, save those which are sacred and exclusive to the high relation of love, there have been as yet but few examples of its brightest and most beneficent existence. Of these, fewer still have been permitted to appear before the world's eye, or pass to record in the memory of the lives they blessed; so that this relation of men and women, which is destined to become, in the purer and higher era of Female Ascendency, one of the common, most helpful and valued experiences of mankind, has been hitherto a rare phenomenon. But even so, we find here and there a life brightened by it. Can any person doubt, for example, that Mrs. Thrale's friendship for Dr. Johnson was a gracious and softening influence, falling upon that rigid, inflexible nature of his? Can any one read the letters of Cowper to, or about Mrs. Unwin, without feeling how invaluable her cheerful, tranquil, self-sustained and sustaining affection must have been to his morbid, suffering soul? On all the levels of private life, where one can gather the inner soul-experience of people, how often good men acknowledge themselves to have been essentially helped by women who were only their friends! How many men

one hears, in the various moods which lead them to self-disclosure, declaring that in this or that strait or difficulty, now perhaps long past—when they were disheartened, broken in spirit, ill in body, or anguish-stricken from loss of fortune, or disappointment in love, or the utter frustration of hopes they had been building or resting in—some sympathetic, tender, thoughtful woman spoke to them the needed word of encouragement; put new strength into their souls; presented to them the silvery lining of the dark, overshadowing clouds; and in short, fitted them anew for struggle.

How often are men arrested, after years of profligacy, degradation and crime, by the vivid memory of a mother, a sister, or early friend, whose appeal had been strong to their better nature; or by the sudden presence before them of such an one! He whom a father or brother's face and voice would instantly challenge and put upon his self-defense, feels in a good woman who approaches him, a fountain of tenderness and compassion, which disarms him of his hardness, silences the self-justification or the cant with which he is prepared to meet men, and makes him yearn in heart for the fitness he once had to mingle with those purer lives.

Woman is called an angel of purity and wisdom to the sinful and ignorant; an angel of innocence among the corrupt and depraved; an angel of peace among the discordant and fierce; an angel of mercy in times of suffering—as in pestilence and wars; of harmony in music; of motion in the dance—all forms, these, of expressing the sentiment which man entertains of her fitness to diviner uses in these relations of life than naturally belong to him.

"Whatever I am," said Dr. Spurzheim, "I owe to

my excellent mother—to her cherishing tenderness—her pure examples—her faithful and judicious care of my infancy and childhood." Lamartine acknowledges the like obligation to his mother, especially for the culture of the deep, living tenderness of spirit which is diffused throughout his works. Mrs. Hemans declares that the truest, most sustaining, helpful and sympathetic friend she ever had, was her mother; and Margaret Fuller writes to her mother these words: "The thought of you, the knowledge of your angelic nature, is always one of my great supports. Happy those who have such a mother! Myriad instances of selfishness and corruption of heart cannot destroy the confidence in human nature."

"I must in justice admit," says one of the purest and most gifted men I ever knew, "that I am deeply indebted to every pure woman that I have ever been acquainted with. All that I have ever learned of true love I have derived from woman—from feeling the sphere that surrounds her, from the influence that emanates from her love, from hearing the sound of pure affection in the music of her voice, and the harmonizing melody of her words; from seeing the heavenly love and purity of her countenance, and the angelic grace of her form and actions; and above all, from a knowledge of her internal life, and from communion with her pure, lofty, generous, heroic spirit."

I could go on to fill pages with quotations or statements conveying the same meaning, but these must suffice me here. Before taking leave, however, of this branch of the subject, I must beg the reader's indulgence in the repetition of what has been said in substance elsewhere, viz.: that the sentiment of Man toward Woman, as we have seen it, is founded, as the sentiment

of all other intelligences in the Universe, whether they be super- or sub-human, must be, upon the actual, imperishable, though perhaps long-hidden, truths of the nature toward which they exist. There is no durable, widespread sentiment like this, anywhere in the Creation, but must have its basis in a truth or truths, which are intuitively felt, if not yet analyzed by reason, and weighed in the scales of knowledge. It is forbidden in nature that mere falsity or error should originate or sustain such a growth.

Section II.

Sentiment of Women toward Women, of Woman toward Women, and both toward Woman.

I.—*Of Women toward Women.*

Having thus shown what is the sentiment of Man toward Woman, as expressed by the various methods which are either exclusive to him, as in love, or common to both sexes, it remains for me to examine and state as best I can, the three phases of Human Sentiment named above, beginning with the first in order—the sentiment of Women toward Women. And here I must beg careful attention to the distinctions, more important even than nice, between these three. They are not only distinctions, but differences also, so wide (as we shall, I hope, see,) that he who runs may read them.

Hitherto I have treated exclusively of *Woman* in these pages. I shall now be compelled, for a brief space, to turn aside from the pleasant and living fields of Truth, where we have walked with her, into quite other barren, flowerless, desert wastes, where we shall

find her mis-representatives the *women* of our day—of every day the world has yet seen.

Woman, whose acquaintance we have made, is the being, according to Nature's design; at once the primal and the ultimate truth of our sex—not as yet abundantly expressed in its *phenomenal* phases—only here and there shining through a representative, who adds to the *organic* facts of her sex, the *ethical* ones which entitle us to the grand deduction — *Womanhood.*

Women, whom all of us know better than we know this glorious creature, are the products of what we agree to call life, otherwise of Society; and they become whatever they are, much less by virtue of interior forces than of outward conditions, falling, as it were, accidentally around them; the most craved and dreaded of these being found at the two extremes of the social scale—idleness, luxury, self-indulgence, and spiritual self-destruction through them; or toils, rudenesses, hardships, and self-destruction through these—the end essentially the same in each case.

As gods, whatever their number, still misinterpret to us THE GOD; and as men, though seen by thousands, yet misrepresent MAN, so women, by whole generations and ages, misrepresent to us WOMAN; and the more widely as they become more wholly the creatures of the civilization defined, molded and stamped by the energies, intellect and passions of men. In the preceding pages I have endeavored to show the nature of Woman, in some of those traits wherein it differs essentially, intrinsically, and therefore eternally, from the nature of *Man.* In those immediately following, I shall attempt to show some of the differences, not between Woman and Man, but between Woman and Women.

Woman is, comparatively at least, the *free* being of her species and sex. She is one in whom the divine, interior, spiritual forces overtop the outward, belittling constraints which Women take on and fit *themselves* to. One subordinates, by the force of her own life, the outer to the inner, making of its helps, means to the end of her growth—of its hindrances, the stimuli to noble and more strenuous effort toward self-emancipation and development; from trial and suffering, extracts, by the divine distillation to which her high fortitude and courage subject them, their one drop of pure strength for her firm soul; from joys, their heavenly aromas for its nurture.

The other subordinates the inner to the outer; suffers circumstances to be kings and queens over her; makes of means, ends; converts often, through her weakness of purpose, helps into hindrances, and allows hindrances to become impossibilities—fixtures in her road which she is never to pass by. Thus she loses sight of her true goal, and, lingering at the very entrance, or midway, in her career, may join herself to any of the stand-still classes, according to the leadings of her nature; but whatever she does, always infallibly accepting a low thing for a high thing—a mess of pottage for the bright birthright of an aspiring spirit. Alas! how often daily, is the experience of foolish Esau repeated among us, and we see in it no significance or warning!

Women who have touched, it may be sensibly, the sphere of aspiration; who have caught the golden light, and breathed the fine airs of that high world, and seen its glorious steeps, not fading, but mounting to the very heavens; whither they too, by faithfulness, might rise and sun their souls, sit down at the mountain's base, and surrender all that it offers them, perhaps, for a

career in the world of fashion; perhaps for a life of degrading, because dwarfing and stultifying ease; perhaps for a few years of empty stagnation which they miscall peace; or for the approval of persons already so dead that they can only bury those who are a degree deader, but give life to none; or they perhaps enter into the pure worldly spirit, and become drudges for gain; or they surrender as slaves, suffering their native love of good and growth to be overruled by the mercenary spirit which dominates their own; or, if very amiable and gentle, they may give up the highest and best they are capable of to the exactions of hospitality, becoming entertainers of bodies merely, and losing, while they are devising and ministering palate-pleasures to successive rounds of visitors, all capacity to receive or give mind- and soul-entertainment.* Or, possessing some spirituality, yet lacking the courage and moral fiber requisite in the battle-field of life, and seeing others go forward whom they would fain accompany, they may grow, in their irresolution, querulous and complaining, when pressed or jostled by those whose

* Among the middle classes of our American women this is often the strongest feature of their social condition. Thousands of comfortable farmers, mechanics, small traders, physicians, and other professional men's wives. live only or chiefly to spread laden tables before swift succeeding platoons of guests—the times between their going and coming being chiefly occupied in setting the house in order, and filling the empty pantries for the next arrival. Nothing that we call social pleasure could be more misnamed than this senseless round of feasting, which to its victims is not visiting, but a series of visitations in the sad Scriptural sense. It swallows up years of the best part of life, that would have been inestimable for the self-improvement of the mother, and the culture of her growing children.

places in the march they ought long ago to have left vacant for them.

She is a Woman, whatever her culture or her ignorance; her position or want of it, who feels that her real good must come, at least as much from within as without herself; for only so does she prove her reverence for her own nature; who has insight to find in herself and others, and to touch seasonably the springs of help and harmony; who concerns herself, whether amid cares or pleasures of her own, whether with ease or difficulty, to work for the real, the most interior and lasting good which she can feel to be possible, and not merely for the present comfort of those she is in relations with; who, foreseeing the approach of evil, rises spontaneously to front and put it away; or perceiving the good that is latent, hesitates not to strike off the fetters or forms which hinder its freedom of action, and fulfill her mission, if needful, in the spirit of him who declared that the Christ-office on earth was not to bring peace, but a sword rather; who does not shrink from disturbing the slumber of sluggards, no matter how deep, if beyond her act there is visible any little ray of light which the agitation may broaden and brighten.

But of *Women*, is she who delights in the opposites of these things; in whom apathy takes the place of earnestness; and politeness neutralizes all deep conviction. Very elegant and polished she may be outwardly, but within she is full of spiritual and mental darkness and stagnation. Her interior is not a glowing landscape, brightened by swift-running clear streams, genial sun-light, flowing breezes, and waving herbage; but a gloomy marsh, filled with sluggish, mantling waters, decaying plants, and wide-spread mire. She may be indifferent to good, either from a love of ease

or a desire to win the verdict of her world, which, well she knows, will refuse to stamp as current any but its own conventional coin, and *will* stamp that, however base it may be. She will not believe that Christ is represented in her, and makes demands upon her to be the savior of those who may be saved by her, for such a belief would put away her irreligious indolence, and make her vitiating ease an impossibility. But she lives in the love of external, finite and paltry goods—goods of self-indulgence, of fortune, of position, to which the world pays court; of shallow, social power, whose fountain dies like a mountain stream, with the fading of her beauty, the departure of her youth, or the loss of her comforts; and she reckons these, with their like, higher and more satisfying than a divine ability to help persons to their salvation—more desirable than the spiritual, infinite good which might be hers; more dignified than heroic self-denial and faithful effort, out of which come spiritual growth, power, and joys unspeakable.

Thus *Women* are slaves, and the offspring of slavery in one or another of its three forms, Domestic, Social, or Civil, or of all the three combined. But *Woman* is superior to slavery, and, whatever her outward or temporary lot, can no more be caught and fixed in *this* lot, than the fountain can be pent at its source, or the wind stayed where it rises. The forces which make her *Woman* are keener, subtler, more penetrating than the impalpable searching ether, and if they have been strong enough originally to individualize her *as a Woman*, with the true attributes of womanhood, she will never be a slave; never, though she should become a chattel in Louisiana or Algiers. There is that in her which cannot be enslaved; which escapes the condition;

evermore eludes it as we may suppose an angel would elude the clasp of arms of flesh.

Woman, in this sense, may be found in a hovel, a cotton-mill, or your kitchen. *Women*, in the corresponding sense, abound; they may be found in palaces, the highest conventional circles, or your own drawing-room.

We are now prepared to see why society is enriched but rarely with the presence of a *Woman*, while *Women* can be produced, a score or fifty to every one of them. This same society which demands, also produces them. They are molded and stamped by it; the natural character of girls born of such women being favorable to the perpetuation of the processes which brought them forth to the condition of their mothers. Society supersedes her, (the mother), and becomes father and mother both, to the extent that it subordinates individuality and deep personal conviction of duty, in the women and men who are rearing families; and I leave any candid person to look over its face, and say how small is the proportion of those who are able to resist its influences.

Each social level has its stereotyped front to which the young candidate is brought, as the heathen youth before his idol, whom to know is ever after to bow down before.

Thou shalt worship here first and last.

Thou shalt not go away seeking other and higher gods.

Thou shalt covet, and strive for, the gifts and possessions which other worshipers bring to this shrine, for this is honoring him whose it is.

Thou shalt not honor father, or mother, sister, brother, or friend, when they urge thee to the shrine

of the unknown God, for lo! am I not always before thee?

This is the decalogue of the young neophyte of our day. Society, within whose pale she has taken her place, neither recognizes nor respects the spiritual motives which alone can develop a *Woman* out of a girl. If it finds them in her, it presents its frigid side instead, and chills them into numbness, or it jeers their possessor till she is ashamed of her best gifts and acknowledges them as weaknesses; or if she will not be so defaced of her individuality, it turns its back upon her, or perhaps with a shrug and sidelong glance expresses a charitable feeling toward her eccentric nobleness and enthusiasm, giving it clearly to be understood the while, that she would be infinitely more approvable without them. Because society, in its existing spirit, sees and respects only external objects, and low, external, and swift-perishing good. How can it, therefore, educate and fashion a *Woman?* In conforming to its standards and accepting its awards, the young female sets before her a good or goods equally limited in nature, and inestimably more so in diversity and extent, than are those which the young man accepts as his aim; the larger nature being thus compressed into the lesser measure. But it cannot know rest or peace in this confinement, and when, accordingly, it protrudes in grotesque, angular and inharmonious proportions, its keeper laughs, sneers, flouts or groans at the spectacle it exhibits. For that soul has entered into sore bondage who has taken society for its ruler. No inquisitor can be so relentless—no torturer so ingenious and untiring; as thousands of women, martyred to its diabolic spirit, have testified in their sufferings, and continue to, up to this hour.

It is this spirit supplanting the womanly one, which makes the Sentiment of Women towards Women. They are all competitors for the same or like goods in life—goods which, in their very nature and essence, are so limited and perishable that those who pursue them must become rivals—must, therefore, as they prize success, keep a bright watch upon competitors. Is it strange, then, or unnatural, that in this keen race there should arise the temptation to throw obstacles in the way of those who are gaining on the runner; that this temptation should be yielded to; that in the antagonism of such narrow and mean interests, and the spiritual poverty which their cultivation engenders in the character, Jealousy and Envy should replace the generosity, the sympathy with the defects or triumphs of others, the consideration for them which are characteristic of *Woman?* I think not.

Is it strange that the fruits of Jealousy and Envy, viz.: ill nature toward those who excite them, detraction, petty back-biting, puerile, childish slander, should appear in the intercourse of those who entertain those unworthy feelings? I think not.

Is it strange that the forms in which they are expressed in the lives of women, should differ from their correspondents in the lives of men, and seem, by all the difference, more contemptible? I think not.

Because the common envy and jealousies of men, are provoked in strife for successes which they are constituted to win; and for all the ages thus far, do respect themselves in winning. To this strife they bring the weight of their best intellectual and executive powers, their strong passions and forces, wont to deal with opponents in various forms of earth, rocks, mountains, forests, winds, seas, and men. Their encounter with

human rivals is thus more dignified in its manner, and by its objects; and they respect, in each other and themselves, the sagacity, shrewdness, over-reaching, strategy; or, in the last resort, the brute force, by which, for certain provocations, they put a rival out of their path. What merchant is less esteemed, in the active business world, for drawing the trade from his neighbor to himself, provided always that he succeeds in "realizing," as the commercial phrase is, largely from his efforts? Is not man's whole world of business organized on the principle of rivalry, and does not this justify any not gross or unreasonable depreciation of the neighbor's wares or products, whether in material or skill? If delicately managed, is it not allowed to a man as a valuable and sure element of success? Not always open, perhaps, but is it any less depreciation, that you assure a purchaser that you have the best and cheapest wares, when you know that your neighbor's are equal in quality, and bear the same price? Consult the advertising columns of the newspapers, if you think this an over-colored or severe statement of the principle on which the world of masculine business activity is based.

Now, when women devote themselves to the pursuit of good, which, as I have said, is equally limited in its nature, and inexpressibly more so in diversity and quantity, what can be expected but that, like rival candidates, merchants, artisans, physicians, or advocates, they should become also, at least so far as success and the interest in their pursuit is involved, enemies; depreciate each other, since themselves are, for the most part, the material to be given for what they seek, and thus become the beings they are most impatient of, *Women;* wanting, alas, many of the developed attributes, without which a *Woman cannot be.*

In his Essay on Woman in America, the Rev. A. D. Mayo has thus clearly and bravely stated and defined this evil among our country-women. I quote his words, because they exhibit a clear-sightedness on this question, very valuable to those who are endeavoring to solve the riddle of the social position, relations and influences of Women.

"During this formative period of social life, the material advantages of our condition have a fatal fascination to our young country-women. There was never a race of men acquiring wealth and position so fast as the young men of America; so every farmer's, mechanic's, or merchant's daughter; every girl at her needle, her studies, her school-teacher's desk, has a mighty temptation to keep the brightest corner of her best eye open for the coming man, who shall appear in his coach at her mother's door, carry her to a beautiful home, and bear her on from triumph to triumph in her social career. Honor to those who fix their eyes on the higher spiritual prizes of American freedom, and live out the resolve to found their success on something better than money and ease; but they are the chosen few. The crowd of American girls do what women would do everywhere; neglect the higher culture of the soul in the scheming or waiting for the sensual advantages of life, and spend the first quarter of a century rather in superficial occupations, and inquiring after desirable husbands, than in toiling to become good wives and Republican mothers.

"This fearful push for the material prizes of our national life, explains the imperfect education of American young women. Mothers and daughters vie in the cultivation of those temporary graces and accomplishments which are supposed to bring young men to a crisis in the affections, while the solid qualities which can alone retain the love of a rational man, or fit a woman for genuine success, are postponed till life is upon them. It also accounts for the ridiculous imitation of foreign fashions, which makes Boston a sham

London, and New York a sham Paris, and arrays the girls of every Western town in obedience to the fashion-plates of Godey and Harper. It is the chief cause of the restlessness of women, and the want of peace in family and social life; for young women who are crazed with this ambition, cannot be quiet enough to develop that sweetness and strength, which is the rock at the center of earthly life, and, next to God's love, the best support of man. And this is the secret cause of the fearful collapse of female health in America; for, standing on tip-toe and watching a chance to leap on board a fairy's floating palace that wavers over a stormy sea, is not a healthy, though an exciting occupation. It forces children through the grades of girlhood with steam-power rapidity to young ladyhood, while they should be romping in pantalets, learning science or household duties under their teachers or mothers. This rush of energy to the surface of life, the excitements, hopes and fears of a young lady's career, leave the deep places of the heart dry, and create a morbid restlessness of the affections, that preys upon the very springs of physical existence; so the majority of American girls, when they have obtained their lover, are not physically fit to become his wife and the mother of his children, and the bright path of girlhood dips down into the valley of shadows, that married life is to woman in thousands of American homes.

"This material ambition of the girls drives their companions of the other sex into over-heated exertions in business, and exhausts their health and freshness, by awakening at one-and-twenty the sense of obligation belonging to forty; while their ill health and practical effeminacy prevent thousands of young men from marrying, and thus fearfully increase the sensuality of the community. It drives the young couple to live beyond their means, and sacrifice constant comfort and true family life to occasional splendor and periodical excitement. American men wear out in business, keeping up the household, and women wear out in straining after social position. Children are born with the mark of this career upon them, and brought up in a more

exaggerated style. The mother at last breaks down under social cares and family distractions, and the father has no spot of rest on earth. The American woman has not yet created the American home. As a nation we are jaded, sad, nervous. Our men do not come out of their fine houses with the glory of the Lord shining in their faces, as Moses came down from the mount, but as tired and restless as they went in. The Republican home that shall cheer, console, and elevate the American people, and the Republican society that is but its extension and idealization, are yet a vision."

But let us not comfort ourselves in the belief that this is true only of the females of this Republic. *Women* are unspiritual everywhere throughout the civilized nations. They love material good in Britain as well as in America. They love ease, elegance and pleasure in France as much as we of the West. In Germany they stay undisturbed from generation to generation, waiting for the men to *think*, (which is eminently their function), and for the world, (if it please and is able), to plan and execute its own good, or to forego it. In any event, it is not they, good, careful housewives and affectionate mothers, who are to concern themselves in its behalf. And throughout Europe it is only the few women—the fraction, proportionally smaller even than with us—who afford the world any sound thinking or brave doing; society any large, gracious amenities; or their own sex any calm, liberal judgment, divested of the narrow, cramped personality in which women commonly exercise it. It is only the few who are assured by birth, or the accident of position—who have all, in the outward sense, that they desire, and are freed from jealousy and envy therefore, not by heroism and nobleness of nature, but by the amplest satisfaction of their demands—the same terms on which the speculator

would leave you your possessions, and the burglar your house undisturbed—it is only this few, I repeat, who can afford to be tenderly or liberally cognizant of the presence and claims of other women.

The law indeed of *Woman's* nature forbids her becoming a competitor—(as she must whenever material good becomes the supreme object of her life)—without degradation of her spirit, which is not framed for competition and rivalry, but for harmonious helpfulness; for the joys, not of material successes, which so often involve failure to some other; but of spiritual victories, every one of which is a source of help, strength, courage, and triumph to another.

Is it not plain from this, why *Women* do not love *Women*, and treat them always tenderly, absent or present? and that they fail in so far as they enter the masculine world of motives, and are penetrated by its selfish, striving spirit; in so far as they adopt its standards and abandon the exalted aims of the Woman-Nature, for the pursuit of material good? Thence the whole life, with all its perceptions, purposes, impulses, hopes, fears, desires, is vitiated, narrowed, chilled, clouded; its endless bright vistas closed in dim mists of disappointment; its glorious blooms weighed down by the rain of anguish, sorrow, self-reproach, or deep-hidden, silent shame before their own souls. Benumbed in spirit, impatient of nerve, and irritated by failure perhaps on both hands—infallible loss, for life, and for ages beyond, it may be, of the highest; and no less certain lack of satisfaction in the lowest, whatever the measure of success in its attainment—they become the harshest judges of their own motives in others of their sex. They know the unworthiness of them from experience, in their own bosoms, and hate the lives which

they govern. Denouncing the world while they let it rule them, they become, all the more, sticklers for its authority; as a man is never so blatant an advocate of his cause, system, or party, as when he loses faith in it, yet, for self-love, or pride, or the hope of advantage, puts down his conscience and sticks to it. After that the meanness must be deep indeed, to which he will not descend in its defense. So Women, who have given up their individual life for the life of the world, adopt a social creed of its framing, which justifies any bigotry and severity in defense of its tribunals and canons. They become the most merciless judges of a sister who violates the laws which are the bulwarks of their false dignity. Apostates themselves, fallen from the high worship they owe, and walking with eyes that see not, and ears that hear not, along the paths never designed for their footsteps, they are awful and relentless toward her whom their lynx-eyes may detect treading, by so much as an inch, upon the more forbidden ground beyond. They are like a company of guilty, suspected persons, who feel themselves exposed and injured by the slightest questionable act, look or gesture of one of their number, which honorable and pure persons would fail to see, or seeing, would not even suspect, or suspecting, would immediately, from the wealth of their own conscious uprightness and strength of position, excuse.

II.—*Of Woman toward Women.*

The reader who has followed the line of distinction thus far drawn between *Woman* and *Women*, is by this time prepared to accept the assertion that the sentiment of the former toward the latter is quite the opposite of theirs toward each other, in all that indicates

the quality of her personal attributes. From her exalted stand-point Woman looks over the checkered fields of life, and intuitively perceiving, where her reason is not equal to searching them out, the causes of false sentiment, ill-behavior and unfriendly eagerness in behalf of self among her sex, she sees them as features of perverted conditions which her sympathies treat tenderly. She reveres the latent Woman even in the Women who repel her reverence by the lack of fitness and beauty in their lives. Womanhood, however dimly it may shine out of Women, she sees and knows, has in it a divine appeal to her inmost soul which gives a certain gladness and joy to her thought of them as its representatives. She looks for the days of their enlargement and ascent into their own world, where a more heavenly light will fall around them; diviner airs purify and stir their souls, and *truer* motives, because their own instead of Man and Society's, will move them.

Her faith in herself gives her faith in others, even at their worst. However depraved, she finds them Women still, and some deep chords in each soul vibrate in unison to certain sensations, hidden hopes, trusts, sympathies, and yearnings which are common to their natures—*and only to theirs.* She may be central in this high realm, and her unhappy, undeveloped sister may but touch its circumference, with eyes blind to its unmatched beauties, with ears deaf to its pure, sweet harmonies—with sense and faculty dulled by disuse or so warped by perversion that truth has never been, or possibly, (and this is more lamentable), is no longer their chosen pabulum; yet in this poor, dumb, distorted soul; this tenant, it may be, of an ulcerous, blotched, bleared and trembling body, she hails a being kindred to her own, in its separating attributes. The same mysteries,

the same pains, the same pleasures; like desires, like aversions, like attractions, like vague, suspensive, delightful, or instant, defined, firm, painful repulsions, possible to each: theirs and theirs only—impossible forever, through experience or speculation, to man. Every *Woman*, I suppose, can imagine the hour and the circumstances in which she, from pure joy at meeting one of her own sex, could clasp in her arms the most despised harlot. Let her fancy that she has journeyed or lived for months, or if that be not sufficient, for years, in the society and presence of men only—I care not that she has been treated with the utmost reverence and the tenderest consideration by them—there will come a time when the sound of a woman's voice, and the sight of her person, and the words of her blessed, intuitive, deep-searching speech will seem, for a moment, like the opening of the gates of heaven to her weary, yearning, unsatisfied soul.

Whatever education may have done for a true Woman, to mislead her intellect as to the destiny of Women, she cherishes a deep, silent faith and consciousness that, given right circumstances, time to heal wounds and correct perversions, they *will* turn out lovable and worthy, and vindicate her trust and pride in them. This trust and pride confirm to her the reasonableness of man's worship, however absurdly, ridiculously or painfully she may see it misplaced upon individuals; for in heart and brain she knows that there is in the Woman-nature the true, actual basis for the sentiment, of which the special recipient only, is unworthy.

She rejoices, silently, if not with demonstration, at every step taken in the development of new conditions for her sex; for beside that she naturally and sponta-

neously believes in good, in its increase and nearer approach to us through all changes, she longs for the hastening of the day that shall prove before the world, the being in whom she trusts; the divinity which she feels, sees, and knows, in a thousand unstateable ways; and unfold its latent, untried powers to bless mankind and purify life of its selfishness and foulness.

WOMAN is ever ready, with the open ear and the tender heart, which alone, a living faith in any high being or truth can inhabit, to receive the experiences, hear of, and believe in the sufferings of WOMEN: to forgive their errors, both of intellect and feeling, their blindness and short-comings, and to pour the healing oil of a tender, reverential sympathy over the wounded self-respect which underlies their moral hurt, whatever its degree.

But she is equally ready to require of those whom she treats thus, the faithfulness to Womanhood in themselves and others, which she exercises. She exacts the seeking of light, not darkness and content therein. She demands courage to face, for the truths of her sex and its freedom and glory, the irritating blasts of public opinion, the sneers of worldly men and parasitic women; the grim displeasure of the argus-eyed beast, society; the scornful rejection, the proscription, the venom of the bigoted; the floods of low abuse, and the thinner, colder currents which polite life is ever ready to let loose, from its boreal hights, upon those who threaten the solidity of its gelid structure with their sympathies. A WOMAN exacts, in short, from one of her sex, the exercise, in the degree that they are present, of those moral attributes, the culture of those high aims and living aspirations which make her life and power what they are, and she can rebate nothing from these de-

mands without apostatizing from her own measure of truth and faithfulness. To require less than the most that is attainable—lower than the highest that can be reached—*good* merely instead of the *best*, is not in the nature of WOMAN, except as each is a means, a step towards its next greater, higher and better. Compromise is for man: long stages, slow progress, frequent halting-places and mistaking them for the goal, (witness his nameless and numberless systems of metaphysics, slowly and laboriously dismissed one after another, and his many theologies which have shared and are sharing the same fate), faith in the lower as the practicable, sensual, tangible—and infidelity to the highest as the impracticable, intangible and UNREAL—these are features of his era; measures in his system of action, which, perishable though they be, seem to him primary and enduring.

But from this creed, WOMAN, (not always, or often, WOMEN), is ever a dissenter; a provoking and irritating one sometimes; it may be from lack of fine, sensitive judgment, or of taste, or of genuine womanly tact; or from a stubborn, because unconquerable earnestness of soul, that will be subordinated to no thing or quality inferior to itself. But with the reverence and tenderness which we find in the sentiment of WOMAN toward WOMEN, these demands upon them, more or less expressed, more or less clearly felt, always co-exist, and are to be weighed in estimating WOMAN's appreciation of her sex. For a nature is as clearly defined in what we do habitually and calmly *require* of it, as in what we acknowledge analytically *in* it; and WOMAN differs from WOMEN in nothing more broadly than in this one expression of herself, namely, the expectations she entertains of Womankind, and her persistent adherence

to them in the face of repeated, mortifying and painful disappointment in individuals, and in defiance of the wise admonishings of worldly, *prudent*, *practical* people, backed by that awful mount of human experience, against which they calmly lean in uttering them.

With our present false ideas, it takes often many years to make a Woman out of her who will finally arrive at that high estate. The girl-children who are born intuitive, brave, clear-headed, and tender-hearted enough to take, from the first, their place in the ranks of this small, exalted company, are few. A few more escape after a brief season of cloudy, dim wandering, among the quagmires and quicksands of public opinion, custom, and conventional order, and come up, while yet in youth, to their places; but in these days the larger number, I think, of those who are true representatives of Womanhood, reach that position after much struggle, laborious thinking and resolving; and, when the worldly condition is one of dependence on man, or of self-dependence, it must needs be in general, after much courageous renunciation of shallow peace in the daily life; perhaps of comforts, perhaps of friends, and of the cordial respect, which is so welcome and dear to all good females, because they feel instinctively it is their due, and are wounded both in their self-love and their love of harmony when it is withheld.

Need I add to the foregoing, that the being therein sketched is not a distruster of Womanhood, however she may be called on to lament the perversions, follies and selfishness of her sex; or to admonish, reprove, rebuke and even judge numbers of its faithless representatives? I feel it cannot be necessary, yet I will appeal to every Woman who reads these pages, to confirm their truth to cavilers, if she meets with such, by

an unshrinking statement of her self-knowledge, a candid utterance of her unquenchable yearnings for the pure, the unselfish, the best—to furnish the test of her own faithfulness by confessing the pain with which she detects any self-wavering in her devotion to truth—to declare if her aspiration does not always live, in an ardent desire for true growth, and if her consciousness does not report the high origin, capacity and destiny of her nature in *steadfast leaning toward the divine, unseen as the real good*, in opposition to the *earthly and seen?*

I know that I address a small audience in these words, but I know also that it grows from year to year, and proves itself thus, no less than in its opinions and positions, the party to which we are to look for the affirmation of Womanhood before itself and the world. May the few speak the Truth, in fear of nothing but Falsehood.

III.—*Of Woman and Women toward Woman.*

Very little need be added, I apprehend, to illustrate to the attentive reader, if she or he has not already considered it, what must be the sentiment of both the parties defined in the preceding pages toward the smaller of them, either individually or collectively. We have by this time become acquainted with too many of the truths underlying long familiar outward signs in human life; and have seen too much of their coherent harmonious relation to each other, not to be prepared, in advance of all statement and illustration, to affirm that WOMAN—the Representative of Womanhood—must be universally revered, trusted and beloved by her sex, as the purest exemplar on earth of the Divine, the true

possible, if not always the actual, practical, working source of highest good to humanity.

That her sex should so revere and repose in her, for the good which man cannot give to his race, is as natural and necessary as that flowers should bloom when the south wind blows, or stars shine when the sun is in the nadir. The moral attraction of the one to the other is, by a law of their natures, as universal and invariable as that by which the aroma rises from the rose or the apple, or the spirit of calm and content is exhaled from a cultured, varied, and peaceful landscape.

But it is needful, perhaps, that something be said of the sentiment of the larger party of her sex, which I have designated as WOMEN—something of it as a fact in social conditions—something of its expression and suppression, and the causes that favor each. WOMEN reverence and admire Woman invariably, if their distance from her in time or space be sufficient to preserve them against annoyance from the exercise of the qualities that make her WOMAN instead of one of themselves. They are often capable of revering and loving her as a neighbor and friend; even as a critic and judge, though her criticism and judgment be upon themselves. But these are exceptions rather than the rule toward WOMAN, the cotemporary, the country-woman, or neighbor. We like that she should do her work and let the pleasant, peaceful, creditable report of it, so comforting to our self-love as WOMEN, come to us from another Continent or a preceding generation; and thus, when we have been spared the soil and dust of her conflicts—their trials and humiliations—the slander, abuse and misunderstanding they have provoked—when only the sweet pæans of praise and the honoring songs of victory come to us, we too wreathe the laurel and chant

the hymn, and praise the victor—praising ourselves the while in praising her, whom, had she prayed our help in her work, we might have denied; and so we accord what cannot be withheld from her high command—our love and admiration.

There is no failure of the reverence of Women toward Woman under such circumstances; of their pride in her, and their grateful acceptance of their personal share of the credit she may have won. Let the most radical and troublesome *genuine* woman of any day or community, be transported to another country, or put a generation away from those who sneer at her and her labors, and let her life be honestly reported to them, exhibiting fairly its love of the Good and the True; its delicate and unfailing recognition of the *rights of life*, its tenderness to the suffering, its earnest aspiration and helpfulness to the needy, either in soul or body—above all, let it be understood that she added these good works to the natural affections and cares of a woman's life; to the household relations, the attentions due to her family, or, as many have done, to the labors of self-support, and there will infallibly be secured to her a place high in the honoring sentiment of Womankind. The dead and the alive will agree in giving her praise, the latter because they would do it as the true and just thing in any case, the former because she is at a safe distance, and neither disturbs their ease nor urges any present and annoying trial of the standards of their community, especially those of its grand tribunal, the masculine judgment.

From all slavery there must come, according to its character and duration, a more or less painful, disproportionate development of certain attributes in the nature of the enslaved. In our sex, whose bondage, in one

form or another, has been from the beginning of human existence to this day, the most manifest fruit of the condition has been what it always is, in some measure, an overgrown, overruling desire to please those who dispose their fortunes and dispense comforts or privations, pleasures or pains to them. So that we now witness an absolutely absurd, grotesque education of this sentiment—nay, its actual transformation in the practical lives of millions of civilized women, into a passion, whose reckless selfishness converts its possessors from Women into human apes, and the society to which they belong, into a wide menagerie, where she is most conspicuous and pleasing to the assembled spectators, who most apostatizes from her own nature, and builds, molds, and fashions on the original foundation, an artificial creature for their pleasing—making them first and nature second; the compliment the more to be appreciated as the latter is more effectually put out of sight in the result.

The evils which spring from such distortion of the affectional nature are numerous, and some of them press with an inflexible and mournfully destructive weight upon the personal and social character of Women. A female who is determined to be admired, even though admiration be won at the cost of self-respect, of social, intellectual and moral faithfulness, and be paid for by the concealment or sacrifice of real opinions as to measures, or as to persons who may be unpopular with the admirers; by the suppression of growing convictions and honestly entertained views, and the utterance, in their stead, of rude, idle speech, despised formulæ, or open, though perhaps bleached falsehood; by various affectations of sentiment which never existed save in their most latent form in her mind—such a person

lives in the daily prostitution of the best and sweetest attributes which the wisdom and love of God could fashion into the noble harmony of her exalted nature. She hourly tramples under her feet the richest opportunities that life can afford to an immortal soul, opportunities of truthfulness, faithfulness, and of high triumphs through them, which, once touched and tasted, would fill her bosom with shame at the bare memory of what she had been seeking and craving in their stead. She is in a dangerous way for the attainment of growth and the unfolding of the real worth whose germs are in her. Grapes may be gathered of thorns and figs of thistles, as naturally as true sentiments towards those of her sex whose lives and theories visibly and practically rebuke her weakness, folly or wickedness, may find a place in her disordered, famishing soul. Her social creed is a jumble of inconsistencies or open contradictions, of which, in her anxiety to secure its acceptance by those who are to judge her, to admire or criticise her by it, she is often ludicrously unconscious.

These motives, acting with the intensity which a narrow, thin life, allows them in such natures, often lead Women to violate, in expression, their genuine sentiment toward Woman. They may dispraise in their speech, while in their hearts they pay the homage which nature will not suffer them to withhold. Or perhaps, disturbed by her demands upon them and upon the society, out of whose superficial luster they have no hope of shining, they utter sneers in the drawing-room which they may sigh or weep over in the unreserved self-communion of the chamber. But beyond and above these false conditions, and that other deplorable one of sheer, stolid ignorance, Woman is uniformly

revered by WOMEN. Is there, for example, any worldly, shallow, flippant girl, so worldly, shallow and flippant that she would dare to utter a sneer, or smile in sympathy with one, at Elizabeth Fry, Madam Roland, Margaret Fuller, Miss Dix, Mary Somerville or Florence Nightingale, provided that she knew the actual facts of their lives and labors? Not unless she is also an imbecile.

Is there one of the many, many worldly, selfish Women, however eager for her fill of admiration and applause, who would venture anywhere but in the company of fools, to speak light or derogatory words of the obscurest or the most brilliant Woman, whose history, fairly stated before her auditory, had shown a life of earnest, helpful activities; sympathy for the unfortunate; wise guidance to the bewildered; reverence for the rights of all, the lowly as well as the exalted, the depraved as well as the innocent; and ever abiding faithfulness to the truth? If there be I have never met her. If you believe otherwise, prove my statement by taking up the cause of any such Woman, in the most external circle where you find her name introduced; state it with entire fairness but earnestness, and watch the vanishing complacency of the shallow faces, as it grows before them, through your speech; see the careless eyes droop, and here and there grow dim with the dew of appreciation; hear the half-breathed or openly avowed assent and approval that will echo your own feeling, and say then if these Women do not *in their souls* reverence that Woman. I care not that she was scoffed at in the day of her action as "strong-minded," "unsexed," "forgetful of her sphere," "masculine," and so on. Let her but get her work *done*, and your candid relation of it, with whatever scorn or ridicule it

provoked in the doing, shall infallibly command for her and yourself a respectful hearing from any circle of Women. Her scoffers and abusers will be denounced, and she and her narrator will receive acknowledgment and sympathy. Because the female *soul*, whatever the evidence of the clacking tongue, *always* responds to noble work and pure purposes; and, seeing, reveres them anywhere, in Woman as well as in man—in her the more that there has never been a day in which she could perform them, no matter what her capacity, on any scale larger than the household or neighborhood one, without having first surmounted almost insuperable difficulties. Thus foolish, thoughtless Women, either the young and untaught of experience, or worse, the old in years yet still untaught by that matchless teacher, may upon provocation, speak lightly or even bitterly, of the cotemporary near Woman who disturbs the stagnant waters about them; but their real, inner sentiment is not expressed in such speech. They utter that in calmer hours of deeper feeling: moments of finer insight which come, if ever so rarely, to all; seasons when the perceptions, the intellect and the affections shine unclouded, as they will temporarily at the worst, out of the lives of all Women; and more than all—more profoundly, sacredly and above every manner of question, do Women prove their trust in, and love for their sex, in their appeal to it for sympathy and understanding in their higher and rarer experiences, whether happy or unhappy. However assiduously and unscrupulously they may court the praises or strive for the affection of men; however they may dance idly for their admiration, and become, as many do, mere glittering insects in its shining, the time comes ultimately when they turn away, sick and unsatisfied, yearning

for the sympathy of a life capable of addressing itself more deeply and religiously to their interior nature. And thus in their hours of deep grief or profound happiness, when they mount the peaks flushed with the warm light of Hope, or descend into the valleys still and dark with the leaden twilight of suffering, ALL WOMEN make their appeal to Woman. It is ever her hand they reach to clasp in theirs, ever a Woman's eye which they yearn with aching heart to look into; ever a Woman's bosom on which they long to lean for support in their anguish, and repose in their happiness. Though the lover's homage move her, or the husband's noble, pure affection make her count herself the blest among women; though the brother's abiding, protective love, or the son's reverent, watchful care, enrich and content her—every Woman still craves another as the sharer of her feelings; of these no less than any. The best man, and the noblest friend she can possess in the other sex, outside of these relations, is insufficient for those sacred experiences, which, as they can come only to Women, can also only by Women be understood and appreciated. And she will accept an inferior female, if none other be near, before a noble man, for many such confidences, because into the kingdom of her life whither she must invite and sit down with the friend of that hour, he cannot enter. It must be a sister Woman who comes there.

Moreover, as the slavery of women becomes modified through the spread of more liberal ideas of them, and a consequent braver self-assertion by the good and true, the whole body of intelligent faith in Women toward their sex, becomes year by year, broader, more firmly knitted, more clear, persistent, unwavering and sustaining.

If we consider that in a perpetuated slavery like ours, many of the tendencies to falseness and moral dislocation are cumulative from age to age, growing into every generation from its own practical experiences, and descending by inheritance from each to the next; that not only the natural sentiments and feelings have become thus perverted in themselves, but that the courage to speak out what social bondage bids us hide, can hence be moved, in the mass of Women, only by a support which assures them of sympathy; and that we have but just reached that point of Revolution within the second quarter of this Nineteenth century when Ideas can come to our aid and emancipation, no earnest lover of our sex can fail to find in its position to-day, abundant cause for rejoicing, and rich inspiration to noble faith in its future. Within fifty years, to go no farther back, Woman has done for herself a vast work—an initiative work, of which the consequences can, at present, be but imperfectly estimated by the most prophetic soul. And, while we cannot forget that this Revolution has its foundations in the preceding labors of man—the discoveries, sciences, arts and systems which he has developed—so neither ought it to be forgotten that our deepest need of it also springs from him—his selfishness, his love of power, his coldness to justice—the professed law of his era—and his forgetfulness of equal rights. The systems and conditions to be revolutionized are the fruits of his sovereignty, and the remote truths upon which the approaching revolution is based, are of his discovery; but it is Woman who must make their application, and follow them up to their high sources, in the divine of her own nature, and the higher divine to which she is of nearer kindred than man. It is she who must show of them fairer flowers

and more delicious fruit than he could ever find. It is she who, leading the career of inquiry into human nature, beyond the point where he stops, arrested by the fineness and subtilety which he cannot grasp, from lack of fineness and subtilety in himself, must carry forward the work in her own behalf, and thus verify the eternal prophecy that who would enjoy freedom, must first win it.

Nothing is clearer than that Woman must lead her own revolution; not alone because it is hers, and that no other being can therefore have her interest in its achievement, but because it is for a life whose highest needs and rights—those to be redressed in its success—lie above the level of man's experiences or comprehension. Only Woman is sufficient to state Woman's claims and vindicate them. Hence the deep heart-joy that is felt in each one of those who, with the courage and firmness of her sex, tempered with its gentleness, stands up in the armor of God's high truths; makes her presence known through them, and announces that she comes to demand emancipation in His name. Victory is hers when she rises. If the sun shines, the air must move; swiftly or slowly. If the stream set out, it must reach the ocean at last. If the sap circulate, the budding life must testify of its track and motions. Effect must follow cause, and Woman in the attitude of revolt against man's sovereignty over her, is as sure a prophet of its overthrow, as the sun of wind, the current of a lower level, and sap of buds, leaves and flowers. Her pretensions and efforts are oftener derided now because of the weakness, apathy, or opposition of selfish, undeveloped or parasitic women, than for any or all other causes combined. The outward strength and dignity of revolt are in the cohesion and mutual confidence of

those engaged in it; and men, who judge a cause rather by the outward, visible signs of its strength; and who are less apt to estimate moral force and the gravity of irresistible truth, than numbers of supporters and their affiliation, laugh at the idea of a revolt in behalf of Woman, which seven-tenths of the sex reject and even ridicule more bitterly than themselves.

But it cannot be difficult, I apprehend, for any fair-minded person to see, first, in the nature of the cause the guarantee of its sure success, as founded upon the deepest and highest need of humanity, viz.: its need of capacity for spiritual freedom and culture, a capacity everywhere desired, but as yet nowhere realized, save in the souls of a few women and men; and, second, in the fact of its progress, proof of the rapidly cumulating forces necessary to its accomplishment, the most essential of these being the growing sentiment in women, of trust, confidence, and respect toward those of their own sex to whom nature assigns its conduct.

To estimate its strength at this point, make a catalogue of the names of females who have left evidences of their position in the world of thought and action within the last half century; sum up their works, grave and light, fictitious and substantial (omitting the many that bring no strength to Woman or her cause), their books, Art, philanthropies, reforms—educational and social; weigh their opinions in behalf of social and moral freedom, the steadily increasing assertion for Woman, shown in their works of every sort, whether literary, artistic or humane, and in the journals; meetings and discussions, called and conducted wholly or in part by them—the augmentation of real power, individual, moral, social, industrial and spiritual in their hands—the daring aspiration in the eye with which

they survey their future—the keen, religious purpose of realization which animates thousands of them, and the growing pride in the leaders of these movements, now liberally expressed in lieu of the derision, contempt, and jeering of twenty years gone, and you will see that the sentiment of the sex toward its representatives amply justifies their faith, as Women, in the cause they are conducting.

Even women who take the dicta of men chiefly, for what is respectable, are not now ashamed to approve the female Poets and Artists; the Authors and Reformers; the Doctors and Ministers; the Philanthropists and Travelers; the Printers and Engravers; nor to second the entrance of females upon any walk of life or occupation, no matter how exclusively held heretofore by men—provided that it has been well proved by a few self-poised, heroic women, that it is possible to succeed in it without being a man, or becoming masculine. For, after all discussion of spheres and places, in the long run, *success in any position is warrant for taking it*, and *compels* respect to its occupant, whether woman or man.

And thus every Woman is a revolutionist, to the extent that she innovates the old, narrow standards, whether in practical doing or theoretical statement, thereby augmenting the self-respect, self-reliance and resolution of her sex, and their respect for their true representative Woman, in whatever capacity she may appear to claim it. Urging her way bravely to success, she enlarges the measure of mutual trust and sympathy among Women; gives additional courage to the faint-hearted; firmness to the doubtin : decision to the vacillating; and earnestness to t e idle, sycophantic hangers-on by man's exclusive pretensions.

Wherever Woman as Thinker, Worker, Artist, Reformer, Philanthropist, presses her way individually to honorable recognition, she leaves a broad, inviting path behind her, in which others of her sex will infallibly follow her leading, and gain assurance and renewed determination at every sight of her advancing footprints. And in this day, the most needed service to humankind is that which will commend Women to confidence in themselves and their sex, as the leading force of the Coming Era—the Era of spiritual rule and movement; in which, *through them*, the race is destined to rise to a more exalted position than ever before it has held, and for the first time to form its dominant ties of relationship to that world of purer action and diviner motion, which lies above the material one of intellectual struggle and selfish purpose wherein man has held and exercised his long sovereignty.

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